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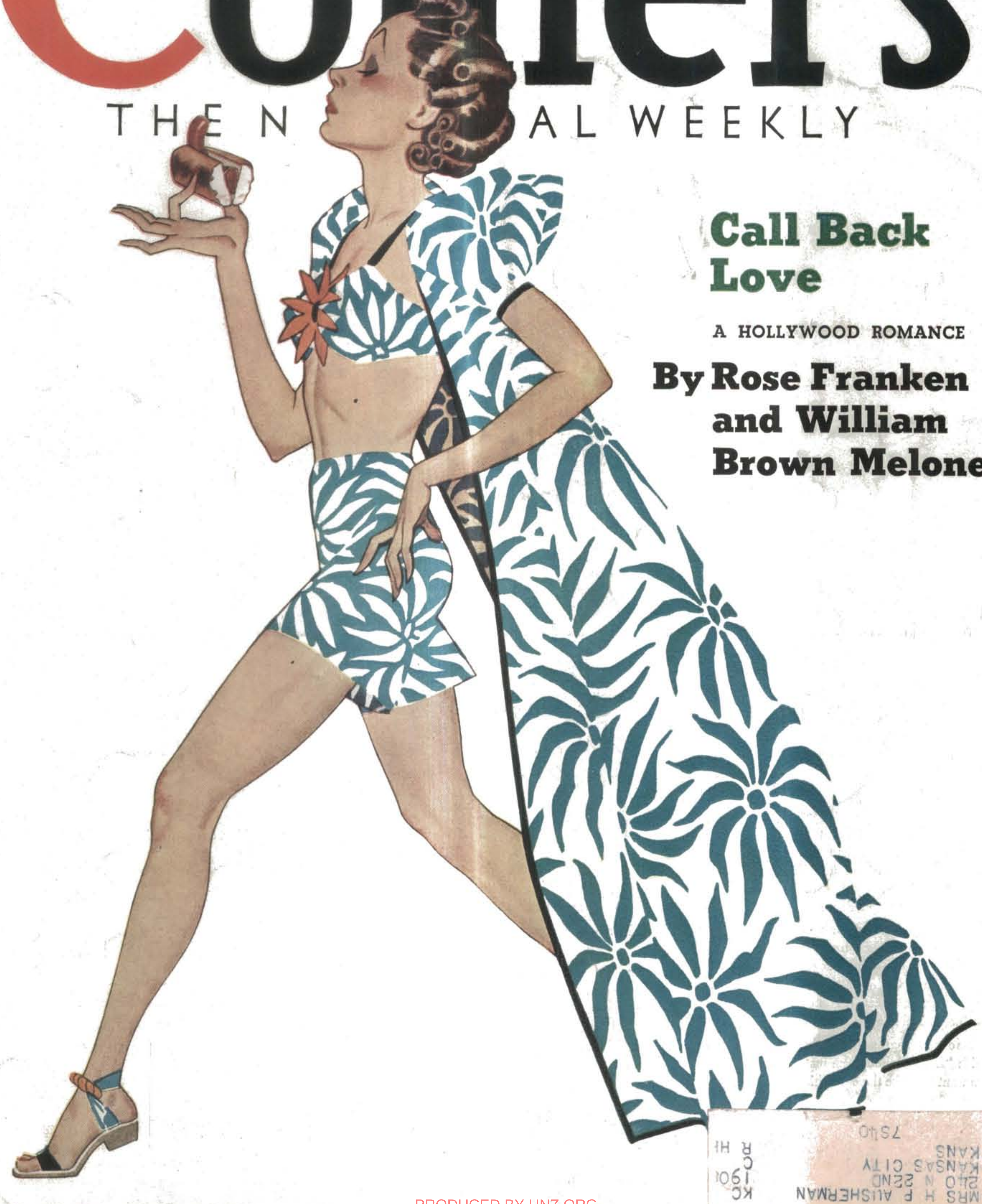
June 26, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE N AL WEEKLY



Call Back Love

A HOLLYWOOD ROMANCE

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

MRS H P AUSHERMAN
240 N 22ND
KANSAS CITY
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KC
190
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R HI

NE 26, 1937

Declaration of an Independent

We don't say that you have to be an independent distilling company like Frankfort in order to produce good whiskey. But we do believe that being independent helps.

For a family concern like ours, one that's been operated and controlled by the same family since its founding in 1865—such a company isn't beholden to outside financial interests. It has no fixed dividend requirement to meet. It can concentrate on the one business of making whiskey—*good* whiskey.

As our great-grandfather, the founder of Frankfort, said: "Let somebody else make the *most* whiskey—we want to make the *best* whiskey."

To make the best whiskey takes patience. It also kes the willingness to spend more money to pro- e better whiskey. But that's the way we operate.

buy the choicest grain—grain seasoned to a dry, ardness. (Because that's the kind of grain that makes the finest whiskey.) We cling to the old-fashioned sour-mash method of distilling—a method that takes one-third longer, and produces less whiskey per batch of grain. (Because that, we believe, is the only way to make a truly great whiskey.)

Nor do we stop there. We try to make sure that our whiskey is sold as honestly—yes, and as honorably—as it is made.

We try to see to it that Frankfort whiskies are sold through the most reputable outlets. And we believe you'll find that the places that display Frankfort goods are the best in your city.

Moreover, it is our earnest hope that those who buy our whiskies are people who respect them as we do... people who believe that fine liquor has a deserving place in the scheme of gracious living and who treat their whiskey moderately and discreetly ...people who share Abraham Lincoln's attitude toward liquor—that "*the difficulty lies not in the use of a bad thing, but in the abuse of a very good thing.*"

* * *

• *To obtain a free reproduction of the above natural color photograph suitable for framing, write to Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. D, Louisville, Ky.*

FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED

LOUISVILLE and BALTIMORE

MAKERS OF

Four Roses
90 PROOF

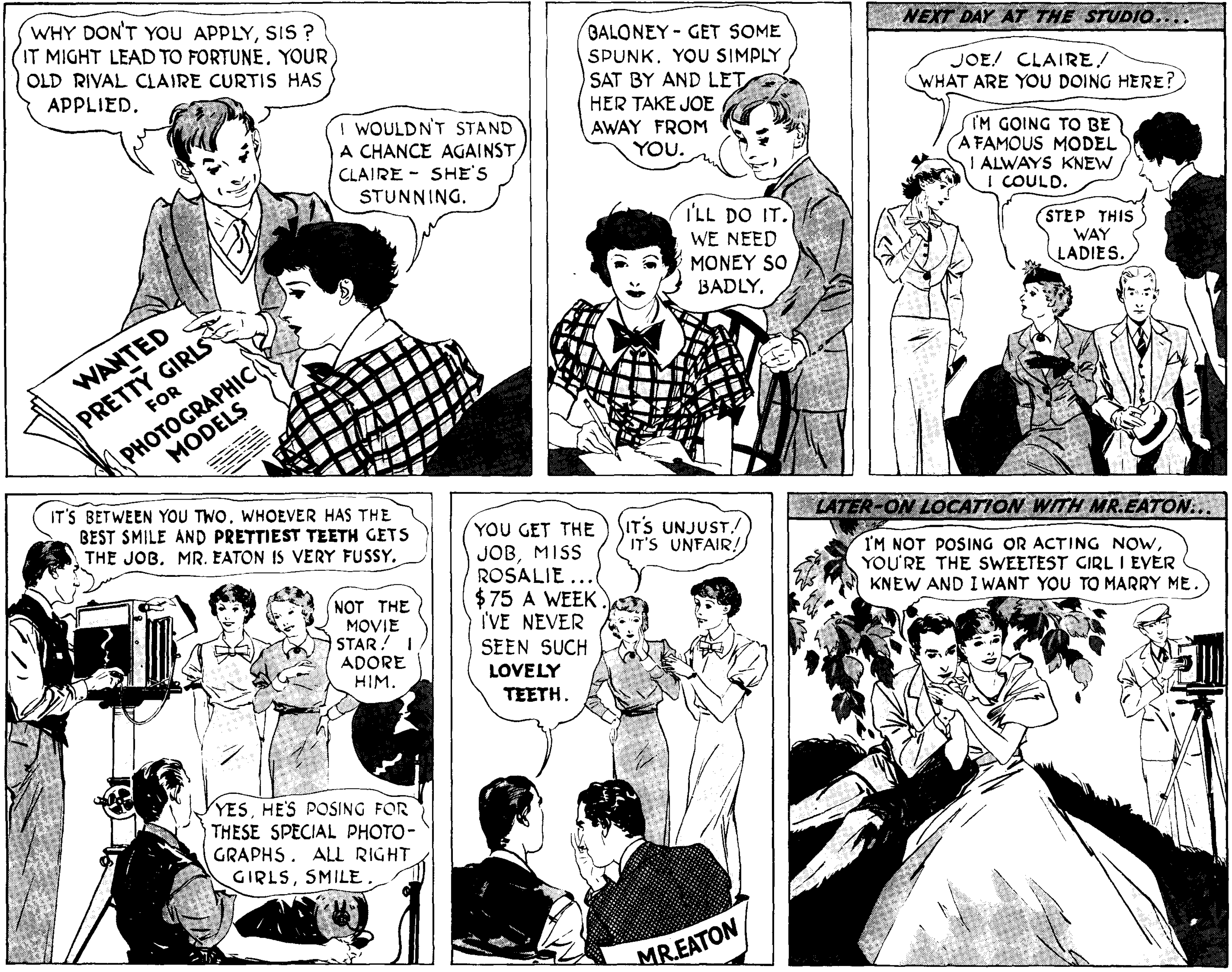
Old Oscar Pepper BRAND
90 PROOF

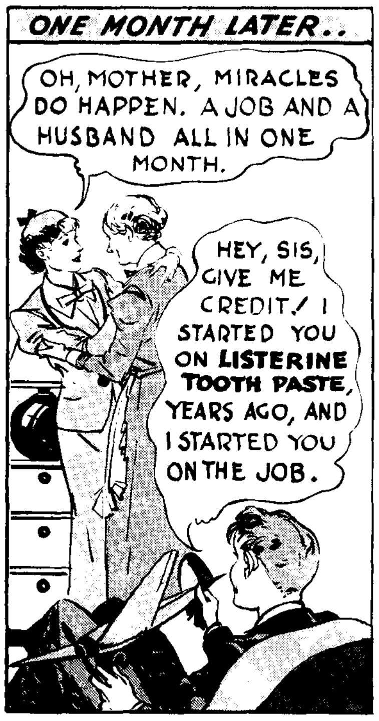
Paul Jones
92 PROOF

Mattingly & Moore
90 PROOF

All blends of straight whiskies

How Rosalie found a fascinating new world


WHY DON'T YOU APPLY, SIS? IT MIGHT LEAD TO FORTUNE. YOUR OLD RIVAL CLAIRE CURTIS HAS APPLIED.
I WOULDN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST CLAIRE - SHE'S STUNNING.
WANTED - PRETTY GIRLS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC MODELS
BALONEY - GET SOME SPUNK. YOU SIMPLY SAT BY AND LET HER TAKE JOE AWAY FROM YOU.
I'LL DO IT. WE NEED MONEY SO BADLY.
NEXT DAY AT THE STUDIO....
JOE! CLAIRE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
I'M GOING TO BE A FAMOUS MODEL I ALWAYS KNEW I COULD.
STEP THIS WAY LADIES.
IT'S BETWEEN YOU TWO. WHOEVER HAS THE BEST SMILE AND PRETTIEST TEETH GETS THE JOB. MR. EATON IS VERY FUSSY.
NOT THE MOVIE STAR! I ADORE HIM.
YES, HE'S POSING FOR THESE SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. ALL RIGHT GIRLS, SMILE.
YOU GET THE JOB, MISS ROSALIE... $75 A WEEK. I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH LOVELY TEETH.
IT'S UNJUST! IT'S UNFAIR!
MR. EATON
LATER-ON LOCATION WITH MR. EATON...
I'M NOT POSING OR ACTING NOW, YOU'RE THE SWEETEST GIRL I EVER KNEW AND I WANT YOU TO MARRY ME.


ONE MONTH LATER..
OH, MOTHER, MIRACLES DO HAPPEN. A JOB AND A HUSBAND ALL IN ONE MONTH.
HEY, SIS, GIVE ME CREDIT! I STARTED YOU ON LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE, YEARS AGO, AND I STARTED YOU ON THE JOB.

BERNICE GREEN OF INDIANAPOLIS, SAYS:

SO MANY GIRLS IN THE STUDIOS USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE THAT I HEEDED THEIR ADVICE AND USE IT MYSELF

DO AS NEW YORK MODELS DO, USE LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Nowhere in the world are teeth under the merciless scrutiny that they are before the camera in great New York commercial studios. No class of people must choose their tooth paste more carefully than the professional models. Without perfect teeth, not one model in ten has a chance of success. It is no surprise that famous New York models choose Listerine Tooth Paste. They realize that its ingredients are super-fine in their character, and amazingly gentle in action, yet give marvelous cleanliness and brilliant lustre.

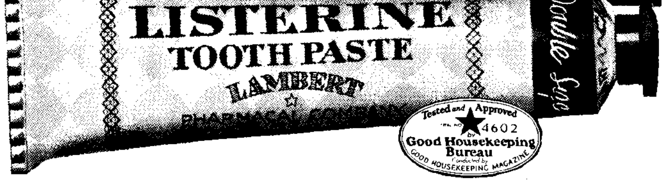
Why don't you, too, try Listerine Tooth Paste? See what an improvement it makes in your teeth in a few weeks.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS BECAUSE IT IS SO GENTLE IN ACTION

More than
¼ POUND
of tooth paste in the double size tube 40¢

Regular size tube · 25¢


LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Double Size
Tested and Approved No. 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor
THOMAS H. BECK
Editorial Director

Collier's

June 26, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREEL Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
WM. O. CHESSMAN Art
DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN
Associate Editors

Next Week

THERE'S nothing natural about a college musical show on tour. Around the special train that carries it hangs an atmosphere of too little sleep and too much alcohol. One city fades into another in a dizzy whirl keyed to syncopation and the jar and click of train wheels. And in every city there are the same tireless, eager girls.

Could anything real and lasting grow out of these fragmentary hours in the pale half-world of dawn? Lee Faber and Sue Vaughn thought it could. Their restless and exciting love story is told by Samuel Carter III in "Passing Show."

"TWEEDLEDUM and Tweedledee are two quite distinctive personalities compared to—" You guess to what. Or if you can't, Winston Churchill will tell you. He is talking about Fascism and Communism. Beneath their surface antagonism these two religions are strangely alike. And their effect is the same: they force democracy to take count of itself. In a brilliant and important article Mr. Churchill analyzes "The Infernal Twins."

IN THE Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico a visitor who strayed beyond the narrow thread of lighted passages might grope through the dark until he starved. There's no living thing there—except the bats. At any rate that's what one young newspaperman thought until he met a human being in the cavern. His weird encounter with "The Bat King" is described by James Hilton.

TO ANYONE alarmed by the increase in deafness we bring the best measure of prevention—a complete description of the mechanics of the ears and how to keep them working. The author is Hannah Lees.

NINE men and a girl adrift in an open boat three hundred miles from land. That was the training school in which Henry Gardinet, stimulated by "The Burden of Command," grew to the stature of a ship's officer. Jacland Marmur dramatically tells his story.

HOW would you like the job of foster parent to a movie star? There are apparently those willing to do it. They talk to the heroes and heroines of the screen like Dutch uncles—and make them like it. These strong characters are celebrated in "Star Straighteners.

ADDITIONAL stories and articles come from Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, William MacHarg, Weems O. Baskin, Jr., George F. Worts, Rose Franken and others.

This Week

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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. A couple of quick ones. Page 6

EDITORIAL
Drive On. Page 74

COVER ROBERT O. REID

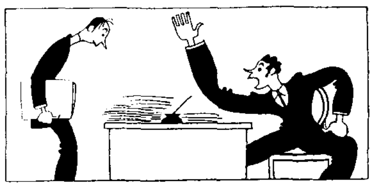
Any Week

WE HAVE a friend who, erroneously believing that a slight defect in her hearing has been depriving her of considerable of the joy of living, has been taking a lip-reading course. She struck up a nice friendship with another young lady in the class. About mid-course the second young woman deserted the class. Our friend made inquiries. "Oh, Lucy won't be here any more," they told her. "She says she won't need any more lessons. She's going to be married."

WE ARE informed that it is quite impossible to know what complete elegance is until one has seen the Honorable Grover Whalen, head man of New York's coming World's Fair, sit down at his desk amid mahogany and orchids and affix his signature to Chesterfieldian letters advising certain of his fellow citizens that he has the honor, etc., etc. The Honorable Frank J. Ryan, Secretary of State for the proud but prairie commonwealth of Kansas, received one. It was all that Mr. Ryan could do to keep himself under control, so vast was his appreciation. Says he: "I have been tendered an appointment to something or other, by Mr. Whalen, in connection with the fair. My emotions were considerably beyond my powers of description. Yet later when I learned that our governor and various others in our statehouse received similar princely appointments, my confidence was disturbed a little more than perhaps necessary. And when the colored gentleman who so adequately does the janitoring for my department tottered in under the weight of similar Whalenic honors to show me his appointment I began to wonder. Finding no one who had not been requested to honor Mr. Whalen and the great state of New York I began to suspect dirty work from San Francisco where a rival fair will be held in 1939. However, I have accepted along with countless others these lovely lavender honors so unexpectedly thrust upon us humble hinterlanders. How far is the fair from the depot?"

"AUTHORS," says Mrs. J. E. McDonald of Tellico Plains, Tennessee, "are forever writing about successful people. And successful people are eternally writing about themselves. But who is there to write about us unsuccessful ones? Take me. I am probably more unsuccessful at more things than most. I play the piano and everybody within earshot wriggles with delight when I finish. I write but my manuscripts beat me home from the editor's office. I try to make a home but dust and newspaper litter are always ahead of me. I grow flowers but my neighbors always carry off the prizes. I can eat my own cooking (and my family, God bless and help them, have to), but for some reason my guests seem a trifle too happy when dinner's over. I make dresses but when I show the fruit of my genius the beholders invariably say, 'My dear, what lovely material.' Once I thought I was going to be a successful mother, but my young son's ambition is to be a radio announcer. If this keeps up I'm going to feel slightly futile. Maybe I'll turn columnist."

WE ARE too old and much too experienced to argue with a lady. Yet we're having some trouble accepting Mrs. McDonald at her own subzero estimate. If all that she says is true, how does it happen that she is not occupying a high executive job in Washington? Tell us that. We have a letter here from a young man who applied for a job in the Attorney General's department and, somewhat to his amazement, got it. Modestly he assured his new boss that he would do his very best and in all ways try hard to justify the confidence which had been reposed in him. "Don't worry about that," said his boss—an old-timer who has seen things. "The thing to strive for these days is to fail with a flourish and collapse amid cheers."



WHICH reminds us to publish one we received from Miss G. Heissler of Alexandria, Virginia. Miss Heissler met a United States senator at a cocktail party and fell to discussing Mr. Roosevelt. Miss Heissler wanted to know whether the President had any hobbies other than ship models. "Yes," said the senator. "He collects fish, some of which live and swim in the water."

"I HAVE a Collier's magazine printed in about 1776," writes Mr. Warner Cregger of St. Louis, Missouri. "I want to know if it is of any value. It is in very good shape except that it is very brown."

HOW time flies!

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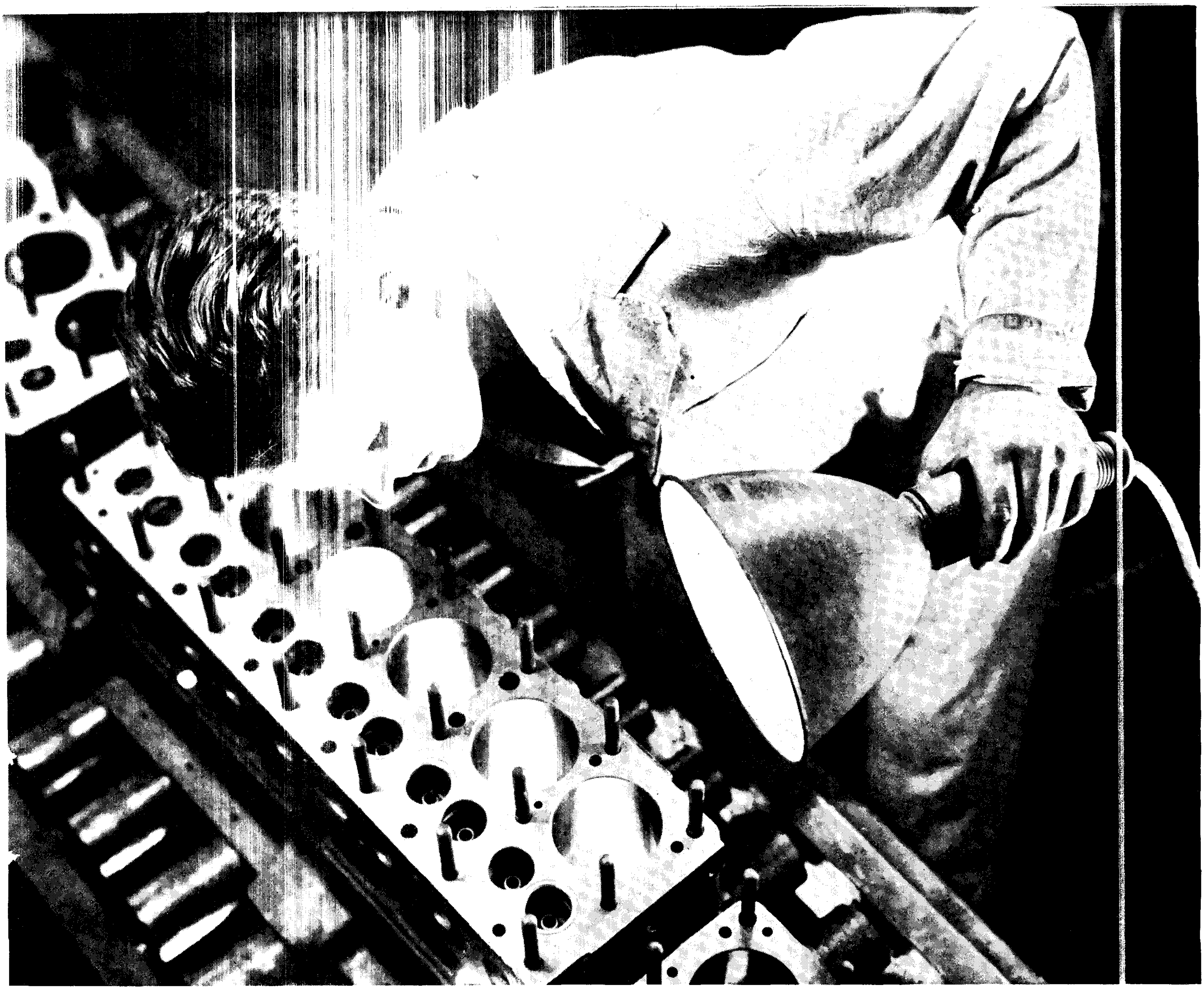


It's All Done With "Mirrors"

HESE LITTLE WELLS of reflected light are cylinders in a Plymouth engine...and to say they ive a mirror-like surface is putting it mildly.

The *deepest* variation in their polished finish only 15 *one-millionths* of an inch!

This almost incredible smoothness is one of the asons why a Plymouth engine *keeps* its com-ession and power so amazingly...*keeps up* its illiant, sweet-running performance...mile after ile, with least possible wear.

Every part of this great engine shows the same nd of extra care and precision...in engineering id in workmanship.

Pistons are of light-weight aluminum alloy... id they are matched in weight to within a few *undredths* of an ounce. They have four rings, instead of three, to give better compression and oil control.

The massive, forged crankshaft goes through 50 operations to attain the required accuracy in measurements . . . and to give it perfect weight balance, both in motion and when still.

• • •

THIS CARE IN WORKMANSHIP is the main reason why Plymouth owners get such an extraordinary degree of satisfaction. It explains why Plymouth cars stay quiet, run smooth...save you money while you drive them, and command higher resale values when you turn them in.

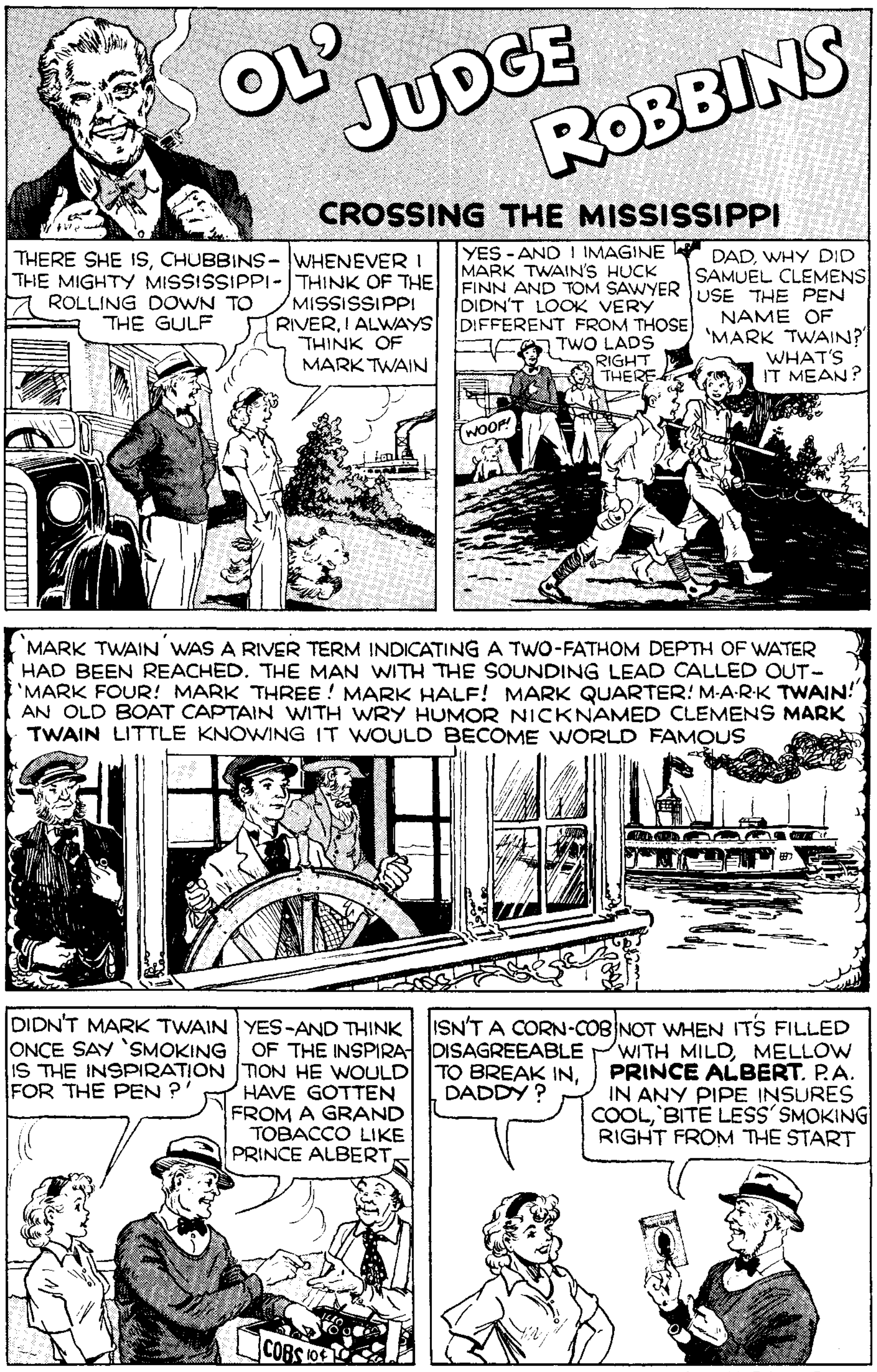
It's why Plymouth is famous as "the car that *stands up best.*"—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

EASY TO BUY

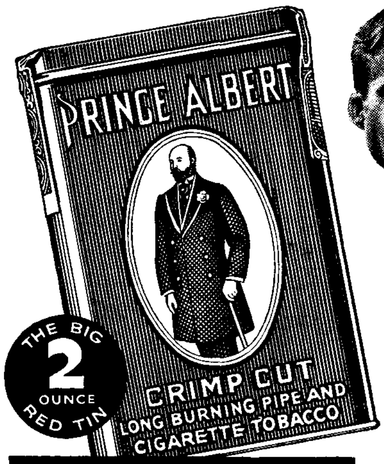
Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest...and you can buy a beautiful new Plymouth on small monthly payments. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—through Chrysler, De Soto and Dodge dealers—terms which make it easy to purchase a new Plymouth — *the car that stands up best.*

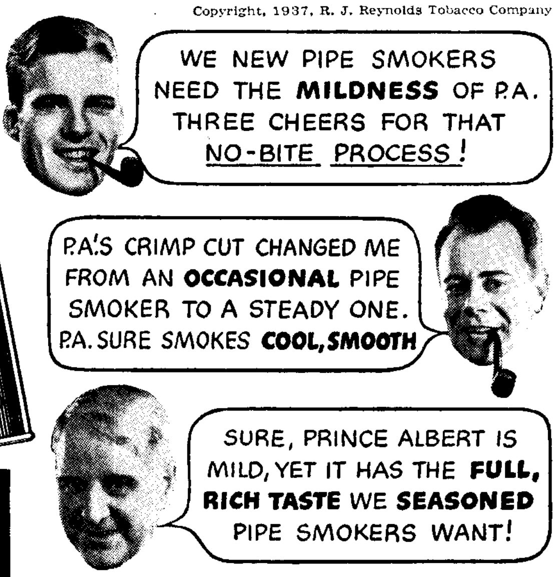
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR—Columbia network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 p.m., E.D.S.T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI
THERE SHE IS, CHUBBINS—THE MIGHTY MISSISSIPPI—ROLLING DOWN TO THE GULF
WHENEVER I THINK OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER, I ALWAYS THINK OF MARK TWAIN
YES—AND I IMAGINE MARK TWAIN'S HUCK FINN AND TOM SAWYER DIDN'T LOOK VERY DIFFERENT FROM THOSE TWO LADS RIGHT THERE
WOOF!
DAD, WHY DID SAMUEL CLEMENS USE THE PEN NAME OF 'MARK TWAIN?' WHAT'S IT MEAN?
'MARK TWAIN' WAS A RIVER TERM INDICATING A TWO-FATHOM DEPTH OF WATER HAD BEEN REACHED. THE MAN WITH THE SOUNDING LEAD CALLED OUT—'MARK FOUR! MARK THREE! MARK HALF! MARK QUARTER! M-A-R-K TWAIN!' AN OLD BOAT CAPTAIN WITH WRY HUMOR NICKNAMED CLEMENS MARK TWAIN LITTLE KNOWING IT WOULD BECOME WORLD FAMOUS
DIDN'T MARK TWAIN ONCE SAY 'SMOKING IS THE INSPIRATION FOR THE PEN?'
YES—AND THINK OF THE INSPIRATION HE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN FROM A GRAND TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT
COBS 10¢
ISN'T A CORN-COB DISAGREEABLE TO BREAK IN, DADDY?
NOT WHEN IT'S FILLED WITH MILD, MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT. P.A. IN ANY PIPE INSURES COOL, 'BITE LESS' SMOKING RIGHT FROM THE START

Copyright, 1937, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN


WE NEW PIPE SMOKERS NEED THE MILDNESS OF P.A. THREE CHEERS FOR THAT NO-BITE PROCESS!
P.A.'S CRIMP CUT CHANGED ME FROM AN OCCASIONAL PIPE SMOKER TO A STEADY ONE. P.A. SURE SMOKES COOL, SMOOTH
SURE, PRINCE ALBERT IS MILD, YET IT HAS THE FULL, RICH TASTE WE SEASONED PIPE SMOKERS WANT!

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING TOBACCO BECAUSE IT'S

SO MILD—SO TASTY!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In 1894, when young women were rapidly displacing men as stenographers, an Anti-Women-Stenographers' Society was organized to defeat this "dangerous movement." The organizers, all women reformers, believed that "the familiarity resulting from the daily contact with men in offices would destroy the natural modesty and pretty reserve of women."—*By A. E. Ericson, Chicago, Illinois.*

Leprosy, which afflicts 39 women for every 100 men, has an incubation period longer than any other known disease, the minimum time between infection and manifestation being from five to seven years.

Japan's apparent belief in its invincibility in war is not without some justification. In all its history, a period of more than 2,500 years, no enemy has ever defeated it.

Of the many reducing medicines on the market today that may be obtained without a physician's prescription, at least 40 contain the dangerous drug known as dinitrophenol, which produces, not infrequently, cataracts and blindness, several skin and blood diseases, neuritis and even death.—*By Mrs. A. C. Mardon, Detroit, Michigan.*

A study of the human pulse, with the figures averaged for all ages from two to eighty-four years, shows that the pulse of the female is ten per cent faster than that of the male.

The American Civil War was noted for the large number of men who evaded the draft and deserted their armies. Thousands failed to report for service, thousands bought their exemption and a total of at least 300,000 deserted from both sides. In 1865 desertion grew so widespread that whole companies, garrisons and even regiments decamped at one time.

A very humane kind of execution is used in the Philippine Islands. Just prior to a condemned man's electrocution, he may be legally anesthetized and thus made unconscious before he is placed in the chair.—*By Marguerite C. Rand, Manila, Philippine Islands.*

In Hollywood, only one "extra" out of every 9,000 becomes a film star. The Central Casting Corporation, since its creation on January 1, 1926, has registered some 45,000 persons for parts in pictures, yet only five of these have reached stardom—Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Janet Gaynor, Jean Harlow and Carole Lombard.

An odd lawsuit, in which a man sued for the ownership of his corpse, took place in Stockholm in 1910. Twenty years before, he had sold it to the Royal Swedish Institute of Anatomy. Later, he came into a fortune and wished to cancel the contract. Not only was the case decided against him, but he had to pay the institute for two teeth which had been extracted without its permission.—*By James J. Cleary, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

ENJOY YOUR SUNSET YEARS

EVEN if you can take age 60 at full stride, it may be wise to slow down a bit. But that doesn't mean that you ought to begin pricing wheel chairs.

More people in this country have now reached the age of 60 than ever before—due in part to better observance of the laws of hygiene. Furthermore, their numbers will increase.

Whether one looks forward to a time when he can be increasingly useful, or to well-earned leisure and contentment, age 60 offers a wealth of future possibilities. Be ready to enjoy your sunset years. Follow these few simple, pleasant rules:

Good Mental Habits. Many have learned to make their lives richer and fuller by keeping their minds young and open to new ideas. Keep up your enthusiasm. Learn more about those subjects you like best, or take time to explore new fields. An interesting hobby adds to the enjoyment of life.

Sleep and Rest. Older people need more frequent periods of rest. While you sleep or rest, Nature does her best repair work—restoring the energy you have used up.

Food. Eat less as you grow older. Three "square" meals a day, easily digested in earlier years, may not be necessary as time goes on. You may find that if you eat moderately your meals will be just as enjoyable and more healthful.

Water. Drink plenty of pure water, beginning the day with a glass or two and drinking freely during the day. The body needs water to help carry off waste products. When Mark Twain facetiously said, "A moderate amount of drinking water never hurt anyone," he was entirely right.

Sunshine and Fresh Air. You need these two great tonics all year round. Let the sun shine on you; it kills germs and brings health. But in sweltering weather be especially careful not to overtax yourself. Fresh air, like sunshine, is a friend to good health. Breathe it deeply.

Exercise and Play. Get some form of moderate exercise every day. It is an excellent aid in prolonging life. Without exercise the muscles become flabby. If you can make play of your light exercise, so much the better. When recreation stops, old age begins.

Ask your doctor at least once a year for suggestions as to what you may safely do, as well as wisely avoid. Send for free booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life"—a guide to better health all through life—from youth to old age. Address Booklet Dept. 737-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

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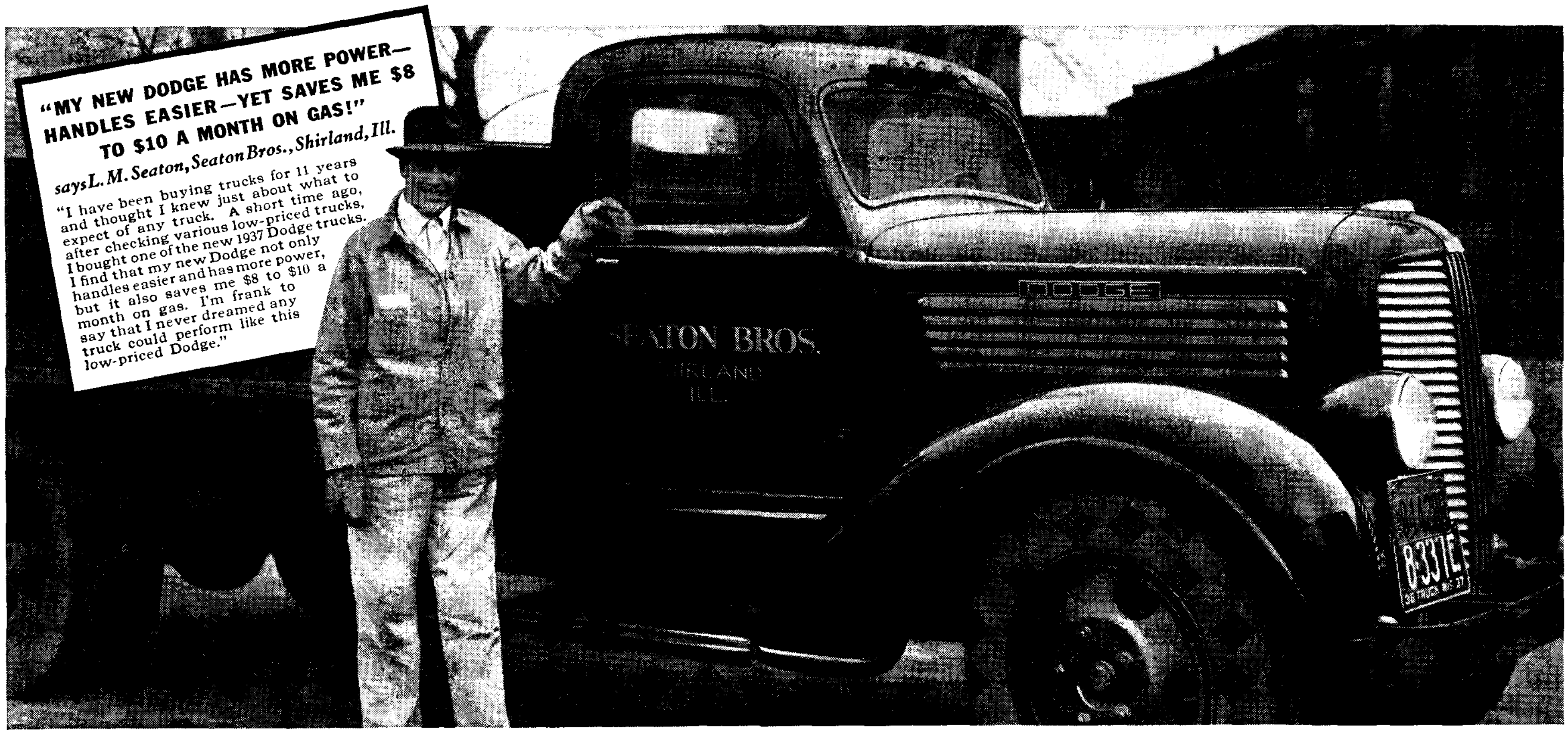
"I NEVER DREAMED ANY TRUCK COULD *PERFORM* LIKE THIS LOW-PRICED DODGE"...

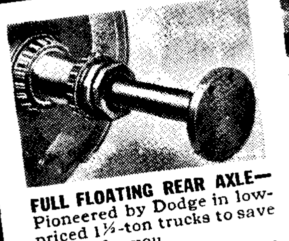


"MY NEW DODGE HAS MORE POWER—HANDLES EASIER—YET SAVES ME $8 TO $10 A MONTH ON GAS!"

says L. M. Seaton, Seaton Bros., Shirland, Ill.

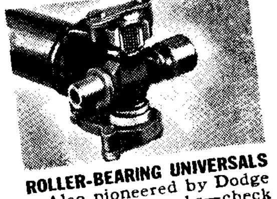
"I have been buying trucks for 11 years and thought I knew just about what to expect of any truck. A short time ago, after checking various low-priced trucks, I bought one of the new 1937 Dodge trucks. I find that my new Dodge not only handles easier and has more power, but it also saves me $8 to $10 a month on gas. I'm frank to say that I never dreamed any truck could perform like this low-priced Dodge."

THOUSANDS ARE SWITCHING TO DODGE TO GET THESE FINER FEATURES



FULL FLOATING REAR AXLE—Pioneered by Dodge in low-priced 1½-ton trucks to save money for you.

ONE-PIECE REAR AXLE HOUSING—Another feature pioneered in low-priced trucks by Dodge.



ROLLER-BEARING UNIVERSALS—Also pioneered by Dodge in low-priced trucks—check ruinous backlash.

AMOLA STEEL SPRINGS—Only Dodge gives you these longer lived, more resilient kind of springs.

FOUR PISTON RINGS—Other lowest-priced trucks give you only three rings—Dodge gives you four to save gas and oil.

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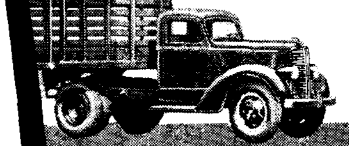

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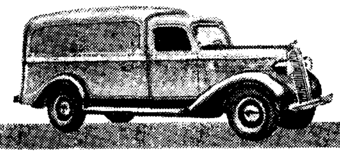

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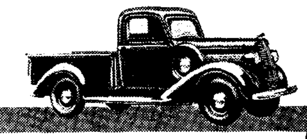

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Call Back Love

By Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney

THE rain slashed across the street in heavy diagonal sheets, like a rainstorm in a Japanese print. Cornelia huddled back under the awning of the market, but the splatter of the water still wet her ankles and a sneaky chill bit maliciously into her bones. "So this is Southern California," she thought ironically.

She checked over in her mind the things she had come out to buy—butter, silver polish, vegetables, also oilcloth for the kitchen table and a jigsaw puzzle for Jennifer-Jenny, who was getting over the measles. The misgiving entered her mind that it was probably too old for her, but Andy, who had the patience of a saint, could work it out with her when he had time.

A bag of string beans dropped to the ground, and as she grabbed for it the oilcloth slipped from her grasp. "Darn it," she muttered, "*darn* it!"

A passer-by thought she was talking to him, and stopped with a smile and a lift of his hat. She gave him an icy stare, and he walked on, leaving her to wonder regretfully if he could have been Martin Blakely, the movie star who owned the market. Movie stars were always running shops and restaurants and even schools. They were either the ones who were coming up or going down the ladder of success, but one way or the other they held an equal fascination for her. Last week she had bought a pair of sandals at "Dottie Davis' Shop" just in the hope of "Dottie" waiting on her. No such luck. She might be living back in Scranton for all of Hollywood she saw.

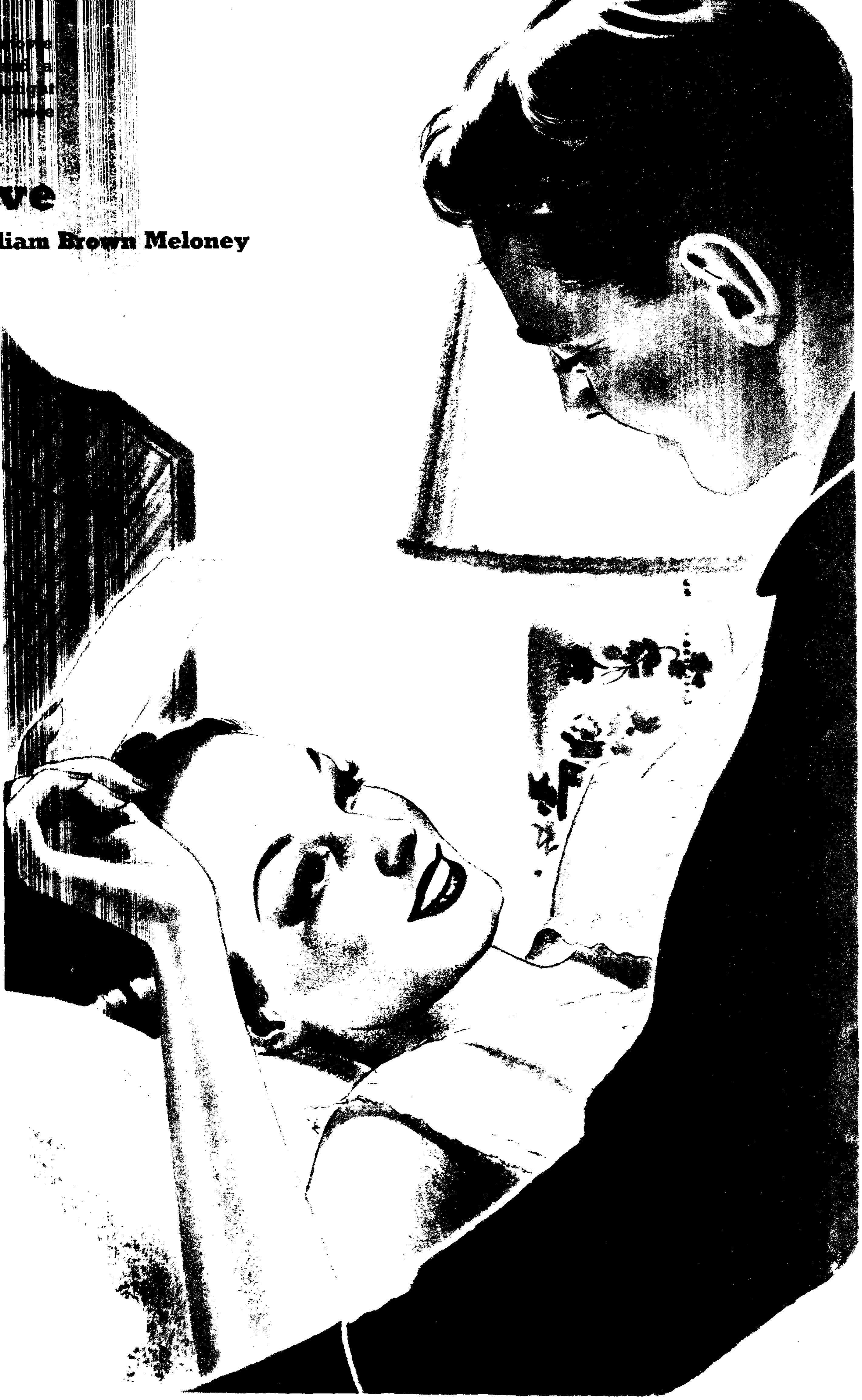
The rain whipped her to the necessity of getting out of it, but the car was a hundred yards away in a parking space. She looked back to the seething variety of the market rotunda. Maybe if she could think of something else to buy, the downpour might have stopped by the time she was finished. She racked her brain but she couldn't think of anything else, although she needed a manicure. The idea of a beauty parlor in a meat market! And a drugstore mixed up with green groceries, and a florist right beside the dairy department and so near that you couldn't tell whether you were smelling cheese or violets—though in California each smelled like the other anyway.

THE rain died down, and she entered the parking lot like a full-laden camel doing a schottische over puddles, with the jigsaw puzzle an inadequate umbrella and with the parking check between her teeth. She pushed her face out to the man who came out of the gas station, walking oblivious and jaunty in his white ducks. "Great weather we're having," he greeted her blithely, pulling the check out of her mouth.

"Lovely!" she threw at him.

As it grew time for Andy to get home from the hospital, she had ready, in addition to a good dinner, a full and complete bill of complaint against life in the sunny southland, public school for Jennifer-Jenny, the hours that clinical duties enforced on a young doctor and what a young doctor's life did to a young doctor's wife. She also had in readiness a list of crushing retorts to her husband's ever-functioning reasonableness. She always rehearsed them, and then never remembered to say them at the right time.

When he finally came, late as usual, he just



She saw it was a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. She gasped. "Oh, Andy! Where did it come from?"

stood there on the threshold, dripping water from all over him like a shower curtain. She had forgotten how good it always was to see him. She rushed to him, oblivious of his streaming coat, and as he leaned down to kiss her his hat tilted and a half pint of water cascaded down her back and over her dress. "Oh!" she sputtered, "this is adding injury to insult! Were you saving that up for me, or what?"

He laughed. "Sure. Walked all the way home, just for that reason."

"You walked?"

"Did I! The only thing I ever miss out here is bad weather. How's Jenny?"

"Fine. I let her up for an hour."

It was only after dinner that she finally got down to cases. The thing that had cramped her style was the way in which he had squinted up his eyes and looked at her when they were eating. He hadn't said a word, but had merely helped just enough with the dishes afterward to get in her way, and then had settled himself on the sofa with his filled but unlit pipe. She squared her shoulders behind the kitchen door and tried to phrase the thought that had been growing in her for days. "Andy, let's go back to the East!" It would be best to come right out with it. She walked resolutely into the living room, but before she could say anything Andy smiled at her.

"Well, spill it, Neal. You won't be able to hold it much longer without bursting." Then, lighting his pipe in the slow, deliberate, all-attentive way that some men have, he glanced up at her, with little wrinkles of amusement around his eyes. She was suddenly aware that she was standing there with her mouth open like a guppy fish in the bird store. She couldn't say it. Andy loved California. There were some people like that, she supposed, and Andy happened to be one of them. "There's nothing to spill," she said, and managed to laugh. But the way his arms went around her made her suddenly cry. She cried against his shoulder until she felt empty and weak but washed clean of all her bitterness and confusion.

LATER that night, as they lay side by side, she remembered that she had forgotten, as always, her list of clipped and clever retorts. The long and short of it was that she was satisfied with being anywhere, as long as she and Andy were together. But there were some matters, she reminded herself firmly, that had to be cleared up between them. Jennifer, for one thing—the public school.

He was mildly obdurate, as she had known he would be. "Jen is the kind of kid no school can hurt."

"It isn't the school hurting her," Cornelia attempted to clarify.

"Well, then I don't think she can hurt any school."

Cornelia stiffened beside him, and he hastened on with, "Look here, Neal, if you've got your heart set on it, all right. I'll tell you this, though, she won't get any better bugs at a private school."

He got out of bed and went to his dresser in the dark and rustled through his drawer. When he came back he slipped a piece of paper into her hands. He lit the light and she saw it was a check for two hundred and fifty dollars.

She gasped. "Oh, Andy! Where did it come from!"

"I present you," he announced elaborately, "with Mrs. Jacobs' busted appendix."

"She must have been satisfied!"

"She didn't die," replied Andy complacently. "Doctor Lane's first important surgical case outside the charity wards. We're going places, my lass."

"But what about the things you've needed for your office?"

"There'll be other appendixes, God willing, and in the meantime this will see Jen to Miss Florabel Lee's Select Seminary for Young Ladies, or whatever it's called, and you won't have to touch your precious house savings."

"It's called the New-way School—I certainly will touch my house savings. I'm going to buy you the best microscope I can find."

He looked upset. "If you don't mind, lady, let me buy the microscopes and the pipes and the tobacco for the household."

"I was planning to get one in pink enamel," she murmured.

He turned down the light and kissed her. The rain had ceased, and a moon was breaking through the clouds, cutting strange and friendly shapes through the rustling eucalyptus trees and laying them against the wall. A dog barked down the street, and then Suzie, the poodle next door, joined in importantly. "Now the concert's going to begin," mumbled Cornelia drowsily.

SHE was soon asleep, however, curled in the crescent of childhood, her dark head burrowed almost to her knees. How difficult it was for her to relax, even in sleep, reflected Andy. He wished desperately, as he lay wakefully beside her, for wisdom to help her bridge these difficult months. Her irritability, so swiftly superseded by contrition, her intense preoccupation with Jenny's well-being, her grudge against California (he grinned into the dark), were all symptoms to be expected after a shock such as she had so recently suffered. Never a very expert driver, she had backed into a truck, less than two months ago, and her small light car had overturned. Their little boy was prematurely born that same night and had lived only three hours.

Cornelia's superficial recovery was swift and uneventful. She was up and about within a few weeks' time, her energies inexhaustible and her lips smiling. But Andy knew that behind her wooden gaiety and her feverish desire for occupation lay the subtle, nagging void of the baby who had never rested within her arms. He spoke to his chief about it. Dr. Grayson said, "You have to expect a slight psychological trauma, and it'll take time for her to get over it. A change of scene—a boat trip perhaps—would help her." It hadn't been easy, however, to manage a vacation. Her illness had cut deep into their meager savings and, besides, he could not get leave from the hospital for more than a few days. "I don't want to go away," Cornelia had abruptly decided. "I feel perfectly well. The only thing wrong is, I'm not busy enough. I need a job."

He had an open mind about it. "What kind of a job?" he queried.

"I suppose you think I couldn't act?"

"I think you're a grand actress," he assured her gravely. "Too good an actress. I wish you'd just be natural, darling, and lie in bed all morning and play bridge all afternoon, and bawl your head off and be a silly female."

Her eyes grew vigilant. "You didn't marry a silly female. And I'd rather die than lie in bed, and I don't know any woman here that I can talk two words to, much less play bridge with, which I hate anyway. No, Andy, I need work. This tiny house and Jennifer at school aren't half enough to keep me busy."

He realized that both she and Jenny would be the better for some outlet to her pent-up emotions, so he had encouraged her to find a job.

"Only I don't know how to go about it," she told him. "I wish you had a movie practice—it'd help me get some sort of entree into a studio."

"I'm glad I haven't," said Andy devoutly. "I want to be a good doctor, not just give out prescriptions for hangovers. You get some other kind of a job."

"What would you suggest then?"

He said vaguely, "Oh, something congenial and not too taxing. The right thing'll turn up; have patience."

But she wasn't a very patient person, and several weeks of fruitless search left her more than ever dissatisfied with herself. She placed her name on every casting list, and waited interminably for the telephone to ring. "It isn't," she would say to Andy, "as if I didn't have any training. Five years in the Little Theater in Scranton isn't such bad preparation. And I've still got a figure. Haven't I?"

"A shade on the skinny side," he answered judiciously. "How about the cod-liver oil you're supposed to be taking?"

She made a face. "I'm giving it to Jennifer."

"Jenny doesn't need it. She's as strong as a little ox."

Cornelia's forehead contracted and a harassed look came into her face. "No, she's not. She's got no color, for all this wonderful California sun, and her little legs are like match sticks."

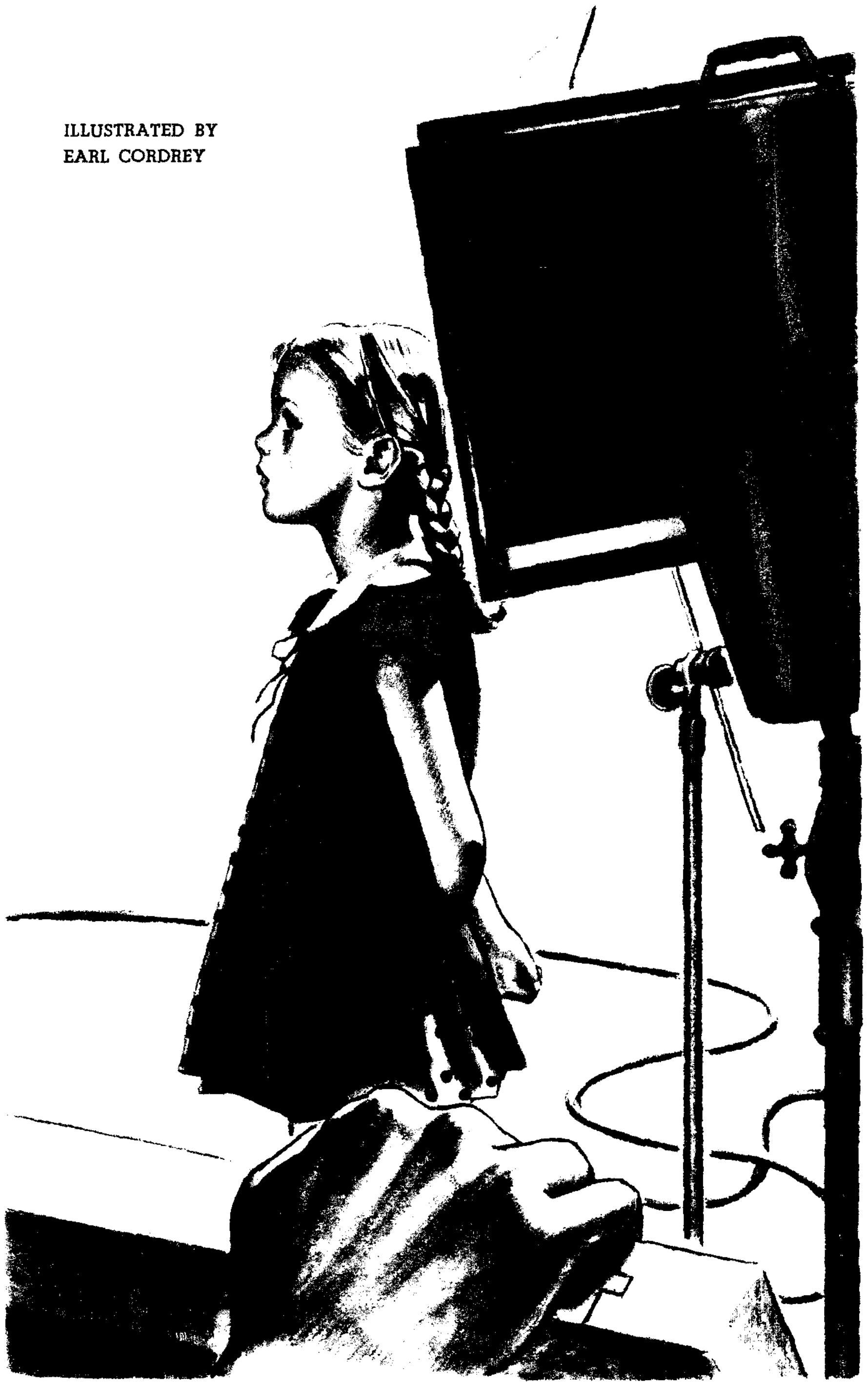
She adored Jennifer, but she never ceased to deplore the fact that the Lord hadn't bestowed upon the child her own crisp, curly brown hair and long black lashes. Jennifer was undoubtedly a plain little girl. Her taffy-colored locks were straight as a poker and the small, pale triangular face distinguished by unremarkable blue eyes, and a thoroughly inconspicuous nose and mouth. Andy knew that sometimes Cornelia wondered whether the new baby would have had curly hair and long lashes, and perhaps a dimple or so when he smiled—

"IT ISN'T as hard for me," thought Andy fairly. He'd have loved to have had a son to take up his practice and carry on the experiments which probably wouldn't be completed in a single lifetime; but on the other hand, there would never be anyone to take Jenny's place. Between them existed that perfect, fulfilled relationship which sometimes happens between father and daughter. They understood each other's inmost thoughts. He had confided to her, "You and I have to take care of Mother for a while, Jenny. If she wants you to drink milk, you go ahead and drink it—and if she wants me to put my rubbers on, even when the ground is dry, I'll go ahead and put them on." Jenny had nodded gravely. "I know," she had said merely. Andy wondered how much she really did know. Sometimes she seemed as wise and as old as the earth.

He felt, as he lay in his bed tonight, watching the shadows on the wall and listening to Cornelia's gentle breathing, as if he had betrayed his daughter. She was completely happy at the public school on the corner. The loud commanding bells, the crowded noisy recesses, the regimented lines (to which Cornelia so strenuously objected), had become the familiar landmarks of her day. And a small private school, with all its modern laxness, would mean a new adjustment.

"I'll talk to the kid and explain things to her in the morning," thought Andy. "She's a sensible youngster; she'll make the best out of it—" He pulled himself up on his elbow and, leaning over, placed a light kiss on Cornelia's lips. "You're the baby of this family," he whispered.

He rose, and said blandly, "A type. Will do. She is poor child. Not much chance in life. Comes from nowhere. But is coming." He jerked his head and exploded, "Make-up!"



ILLUSTRATED BY
EARL CORDREY

Andy drove them to the school the following Monday—much too early because he was due at the hospital at eight-thirty. Wednesdays and Fridays were his days at the clinic and Cornelia's days for the car. It was too bad that Jennifer-Jenny wasn't beginning on a Wednesday or a Friday, Cornelia thought. The rest of the days she wouldn't mind taking the trolley or the bus, but on the first day it would have been nice to have had a car at her disposal.

The nearer they came to the school, the greater grew her apprehensions about Andy's reactions, and the redder grew her memory of the particular henna wash that Miss Lee affected.

"She's a movie actress, Miss Lee," Cornelia suddenly informed him, as they turned into the elaborate grounds of their destination. "Or, rather, she used to be. Lots of picture people send their children to her."

ANDY put two and two together. "You don't say so," he noncommittally replied.

"Is this a school?" asked Jennifer-Jenny reservedly.

"Yes, darling," answered Cornelia, tremulously. "Isn't it simply lovely? Look at all those gorgeous cactus, Andy—cacti, I guess, isn't it?"

Cornelia was nervous, that was evident. Her hand which reached for Andy's was quite cold, although the day was hot.

Miss Lee came out to meet them. In the ruthless morning sun, Cornelia saw that she had had her face lifted. It was like false teeth, which never quite belonged, no matter how good they were. Miss Lee's gay, youthful countenance and slim figure clad in sailor slacks did not seem to be really a part of her. The soul which looked out of her full-lidded hazel eyes was too old and too tired.

"My husband, Dr. Lane," said Cornelia.

"So glad!" cried Miss Lee joyously. She fell to her knees before Jennifer-Jenny. "And this is my very newest pupil!" she cried with an effusiveness which was also an admission that she didn't know anything about children. "What is your name, darling?"

"Jennifer," Cornelia quickly answered.

"My father calls me Jenny, though."

"Jennifer's a charming name!" enthused Miss Lee. "Simply charming. We're going to have just the nicest time together, Jennifer . . ." She paused invitingly.

"Say something, Jennifer," prompted Cornelia, a little sharply, as Jennifer stared with her mouth unbecomingly agape.

"She's shy," Miss Lee made generous excuse. "Oh," she broke off, "the children are beginning to come already—"

Three long black limousines rolled soundlessly up the driveway. "Looks like a funeral," said Andy under his breath.

Miss Lee laid hold of the new arrivals and introduced them to Jennifer. They all bridled at the introduction and sized one another up with the reserve and wariness of strange dogs. They were just normal kids in spite of the limousines, Andy decided with relief.

"Let's leave them alone," cried Miss Lee, with a sly, broad wink. "That's the best way, I've always found. Come, let me show you the school, Dr. Lane—"

Andy said courteously that he was sorry, but he was already late for the hospital. He knew exactly what it would look like on the inside. There wouldn't be any blackboards, but there would be a great many bird cages and a lot of crayon drawings on the wall.

CORNELIA carefully changed her clothes before calling for Jennifer that afternoon. When she arrived, there was already a line of big cars halfway down the block, and a scrambling of youngsters being herded by chauffeurs toward their separate equipages.

Miss Lee brought Jennifer to her and said that they had had a very happy time, hadn't they, dear? Jennifer didn't look very happy, but she nodded politely. "I learned how to tap-dance," she offered, with her face lighting briefly.

"Isn't that nice!" cried Cornelia, wondering what Andy would think of the day's academic achievement.

"We have play supervision for a few of the younger children—perhaps Jennifer would like to stay on and get better acquainted," suggested Miss Lee.

Cornelia said she wouldn't mind waiting if Jennifer wanted to remain. "Would you, dear?"

Jennifer continued to be polite and nodded again.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Miss Lee approvingly. "You run over to Miss Letty and I'll kidnap Mother for a cup of tea!"

Cornelia flushed with pleasure. "I'd adore to!" she accepted happily.

As the tea was brewing, Cornelia glanced about the cheerful, cluttered sitting room, separated from the school proper by a short connecting passageway. In it was a little bit of everything that had gone into the making of Florabel Lee. Photographs on the wall showed her in every costume of her cinematic career, from Cleopatra to the Rancher's Daughter with a six-gun at her belt, while many of the group pictures bore the signatures of the famous and the once-famous of the movie world.

"I envy a woman with a life as full as yours," Cornelia said wistfully as Miss Lee brought cups and plates from a corner cupboard.

FLORABEL paused, her eyes suddenly luminous and brooding in the manner of a great actress. "You envy me," she repeated in a low voice and smiled a little sadly.

"Your career, I mean; the excitement of living that you've had; the work you've done; this interesting school!"

Miss Lee looked out the window to where Jennifer-Jenny was playing in a sedate, supervised way. Then she looked at Cornelia and slowly shook her head. "All that I have had is so little beside what you have had," she said. "And yet you, too, have loved and lost," she continued tensely. "Don't try to tell me you haven't. I understand things; I sense things—"

Cornelia experienced the same feeling she had once had at a seance to which she and Andy had gone for fun and which had turned out to be disturbingly provocative. It was as if Miss Lee had drawn back a veil and revealed the loss

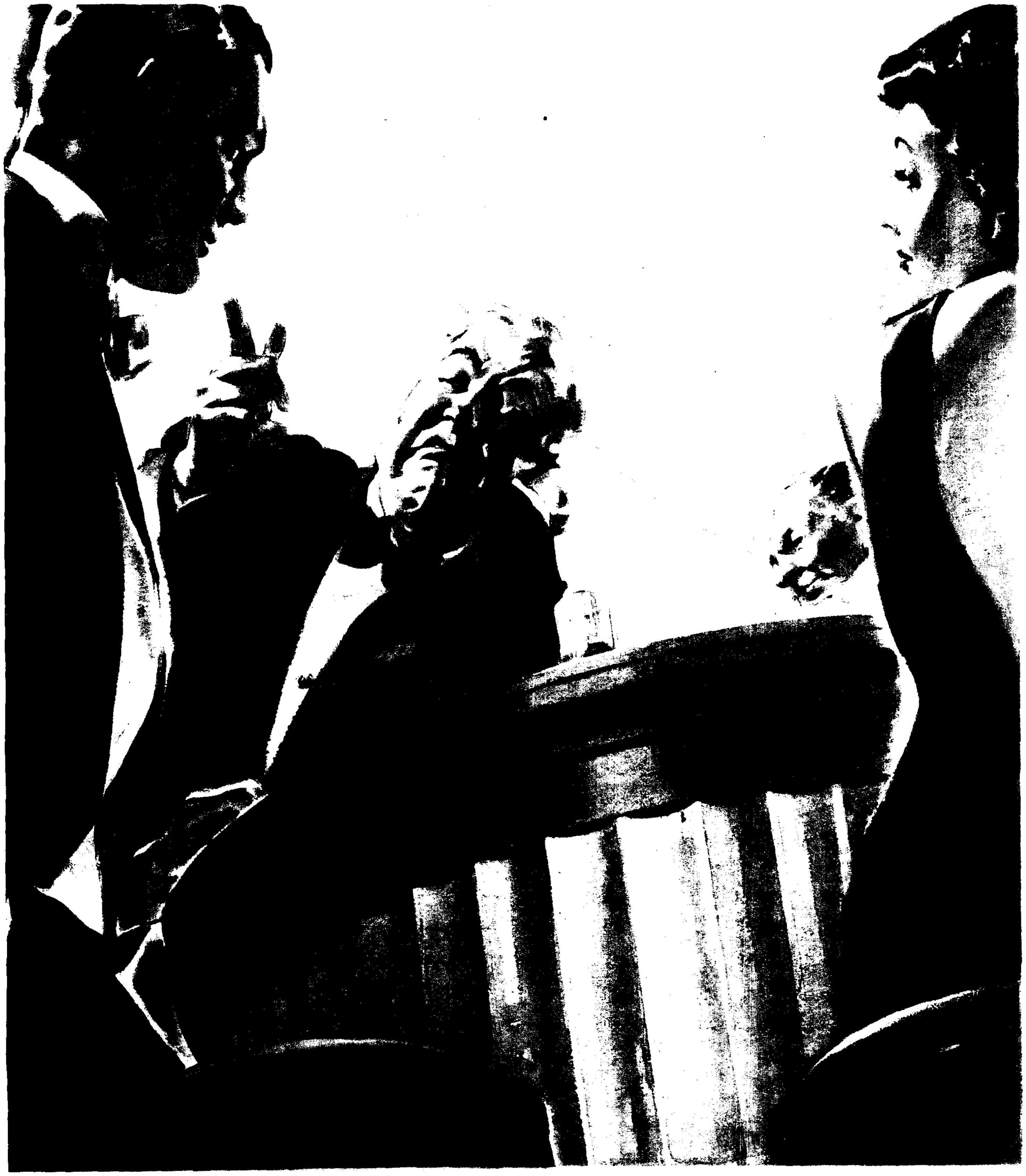
(*Continued on page 70*)

Reprieve at Eleven

By Frederick Nebel

A man dies and a man lives. The story of Walter Ridland, who attained self-respect at the expense of ambition, and the two women who were most concerned with what he did

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"What is it they got, Duke?" he asked. "Anything I touch turns to dough and yet you can't turn the dough into what they got; what you got? What is it you got, Duke?"

THE airways beacon was eight miles away, on the Ridge, and because the night was clear, moonless but full of stars, Ridland could see it plainly from where he sat in a casement window in the tower apartment of the Shane Hotel. He heard Ed Shane come into the room, grunting, crackling a newspaper; and after a moment there was the sound of Shane's raucous, bitter voice:

"Barrow's sticking his chin out on this. He hangs Bonofrio—and he hangs himself."

Ridland kept his eyes on the beacon. Preoccupied, he said, "Except Bonofrio hangs by the neck."

Shane threw the newspaper on the floor and dropped cigar ash. "He ain't hung yet." He was a hard-faced, fleshy man in dinner clothes. His face and hands, like the hair above his ears, were rusty, and his eyes were hard and blue and mutinous. He owned the hotel. He owned the Shane Theater and the Shane Bus and Transport Company. And he ran the city and county political machine.

"You'll never buy Barrow," Ridland said.

Shane came over and stood beside him. "There's other ways. He comes from your neighborhood, up there on the Ridge."

"I used to cut his lawn."

"Yeah, you used to cut his lawn. And once you saved him from drowning in the Sound. Twelve years ago. June, 1925. He said in the papers he owed you his life and he hoped he'd be able to pay back the debt some day."

"You've got a good memory, Ed."

"No. Ted Norcross, who used to be probate judge up there, told me this afternoon." He eyed the side of Ridland's face, took a slow drag at his cigar and said, "Seems like you're the guy with the bad memory, kid."

Ridland shrugged. "I never thought of it that way."

"It might be a good idea to start getting used to thinking that way. That Bonofrio bunch swings all the South Side and they been on my neck for weeks. If I let 'em down, if Bennie Bonofrio hangs, McGirty's chances of being mayor again next year are lousier than a Ship Street tenement. And if McGirty don't get in, surer than hell I'll lose that bus franchise."

"I'll think it over."

"Well, it's Wednesday and they want to give him the works Friday. Besides, what's there to think over? You work for me, which means you work all the way. Okay, I don't want Bennie to hang. I want a commutation. Life."

Ridland frowned. "Ed, you can't buy Barrow."

"I know. I tried. I ain't trying to buy him now. I'm asking you to go up and see him. You know, old times' sake—"

IRENE SHANE said from the entryway, "What's the matter, Pop; can't you ever come in here without making it look like a pigpen?"

"What'd I do now?"

"What do *you* think?" she said, nodding first to the scattered newspapers, then to the cigar ash on the carpet. She said to Ridland, "I thought we were going to dance tonight."

"I've got to run up and see my father. He's sick."

"A swell time to let me know."

"I just learned. You were busy dressing when I came in. I'm sorry, Irene."

"And I'm holding the bag. Seems lately you've been going around in a trance anyhow. Snap out of it, just for variety, won't you?"

Shane said, "I've been getting that all my life, Walt. Think nothing of it."

Ridland was looking at his watch.

"I'd better start. I'll be back around ten, Irene, and we'll go downstairs for a bite, and dance. I'll try to get back here before ten."

"Oh, really, don't, *don't* put yourself out. I'm only engaged to you. Skip it."

He didn't, he couldn't, look right at her, because he was thinking of Madeline. He had been thinking of Madeline all day. He said again, "I'll be back at ten," and went to the entryway.

Irene followed him to the foyer and leaned alongside the door, a small, rounded, voluptuous figure in a scant backless gown of deep peach. Her hair was jet black, pulled tight and lumped in a knot back of her right ear. "Ten, then," she said.

"Yes, ten."

He leaned, to kiss her.

"Some other time," she said, raising her hands, palms out.

He turned to the door and his hand was on the knob when she caught hold of his arm. "Listen," she said, striking him hard with her dark eyes, "what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, Irene."

"Listen. You don't have to act like a gentleman with me."

It was things, remarks like this that made his chest tie up, that made him feel at once angry and embarrassed.

She was saying, "And remember, we're going to buy that house on the Ridge, that big one, right smack in the middle of all those dirty snobs—"

He said quietly, almost apologetically, "Irene." And then quickly, "Here at ten." He gave her arm a little tap and went out the door, pulling it shut after him.

HE DROVE out of the city the back way, past the shoe factory and the textile mills, and hit the pike on the other side of the river. Country darkness closed down over the road and there were fields and woods on either side and the smell of spring grass wet with dew and intermittently the trilling double beat of tree toads.

He had moved from the Ridge to the city five years ago, when he was twenty-four, and though the distance was only eight miles he sometimes felt that he had traveled half around the world. He had wanted to get ahead in the world fast; the youngest of four brothers, he had felt an unquenchable desire to overtake them. To Ed Shane he had brought a good mind, some legal knowledge, a touch of elegance; he wrote Shane's speeches, his letters, and showed him how to dress. He had not figured on Irene growing up. Life was too easy, this way. You drifted. You even drifted into love. On the books, he was vice-president of Shane Enterprises.

The Ridge was high, eight hundred feet, and the old house, white among the elms, had stood there so long that you got the feeling it had settled solidly and immovably into the earth. The fanlight above the door was an amber glow and Emily, the housekeeper, let him into the large center hall. Upstairs, his father lay in the high four-poster. Madeline Halcott sat beside him.

"Hello, Walter," she said.

"Madeline," he said quietly, clasping her hand. He reached out and put his other hand on his father's and said, "Hello, Father."

"How did you know?" his father asked.

"Madeline phoned me."

He hadn't seen his father in five months and now he felt a little ashamed. He thought the old man's eyes were filling up and saw the way his lips, caught off guard by a quiver, grew lean and firm against his teeth.

"It's good to see you, son."

"How did it happen?" Ridland asked.

"I was working in the garden. I just fainted. But it wasn't much of a stroke. Was it, Madeline?"

She turned to Ridland. "Doctor Marberry said it was slight."

His father said, "It left my right leg a little numb. But that will pass."

"I'll be downstairs, Walter," Madeline said, and left the room.

"HAVE I been hard with you, son?" Ridland turned and looked down at his father. "No." He shook his head and said again, "No."

"You're not happy, are you?"

"Oh, I'm all right."

"When a man's on his feet and strong, he's apt to be hard. I was, I know. I may go any day now; no sense denying that. I'd like to see you happy. You won't ever be, son, until you're true to yourself; to your ideals, to your conscience. You won't ever be genuinely true to any man or woman unless first you're true to yourself. That's not sentimentality; it's the strictest kind of materialism."

"I've always wanted to make my own way, my own life."

"Life has something to say about that, Walt."

"I want to see Madeline before she leaves. I'll be up again."

He went downstairs and in the lower hall met his eldest brother Paul, who was editor of the Press-Dispatch, the city's evening newspaper.

"You really came up, eh?" Paul said.

"Nice, letting Madeline phone." Tight-lipped, he started past his brother but Paul stopped him, saying:

"There's a rumor that you're going to make a trip to the governor—about Bonofrio. If you do, you'll never come in this house again."

He shook himself free of Paul's hand and strode into the living room so swiftly, so violently, that Madeline started. His high cheekbones were splashed with sudden color. He said quietly out of his confusion:

"Thanks for phoning me, Madeline."

"I thought your father wanted to see you."

He sat down beside her and looked at her, discovering again her eyes and lips and the fine trim line of her jaw, after five, almost six years; and the way her rich brown hair lay in a soft wave across her left temple. She smiled openly, good-humoredly, at his frank scrutiny, her lips parting the way he remembered they had parted the first time he kissed her. Centuries ago. A little over five years ago. He had thought nothing of it then; he had been on his way, ambitious, and he had kissed a lot of girls. She had found him kissing one and he remembered the hurt and shock in her face and the way she turned and ran off, leaving a strangled sob behind. But he had been on his way, carefree, and it had meant nothing to him.

"YOU'VE been away," he said, dropping his eyes to her hands. They were slender hands, slender fingered, with pinkish nails and flesh-colored moons. She wore no rings.

"A year and a half."

"Where?"

"France and England. And Switzerland. And a couple of weeks in Austria. But mostly France."

"Where would you like most to live?"

"Here, on the Ridge."

"How are your mother and father? I haven't seen—"

"Oh, fine, splendid. Dad's a little bald, that's all. He's been repairing the summer house this week."

He remembered the summer house and the smell of lilacs and Madeline in his arms, that first time, slender and soft and strong and full of wonder when he kissed her. A vise seemed to take hold of his chest and a feeling—an ache—of nostalgia grew large at the base of his throat. He rose.

"I'll go up and see Father."

"I'll be going. I'll stop by tomorrow, to see him."

"I'll drive you home. Wait."

"Oh, I'll walk, Walter. It's—"

He put his hand against her waist. "Please wait."

In the center hall he found Paul again and Paul looked at him grimly, out of humid brown eyes. "Remember, Walt, if you play on Tom Barrow's sympathy, if you save that rat Bonofrio's life—"

"Mind your own business."

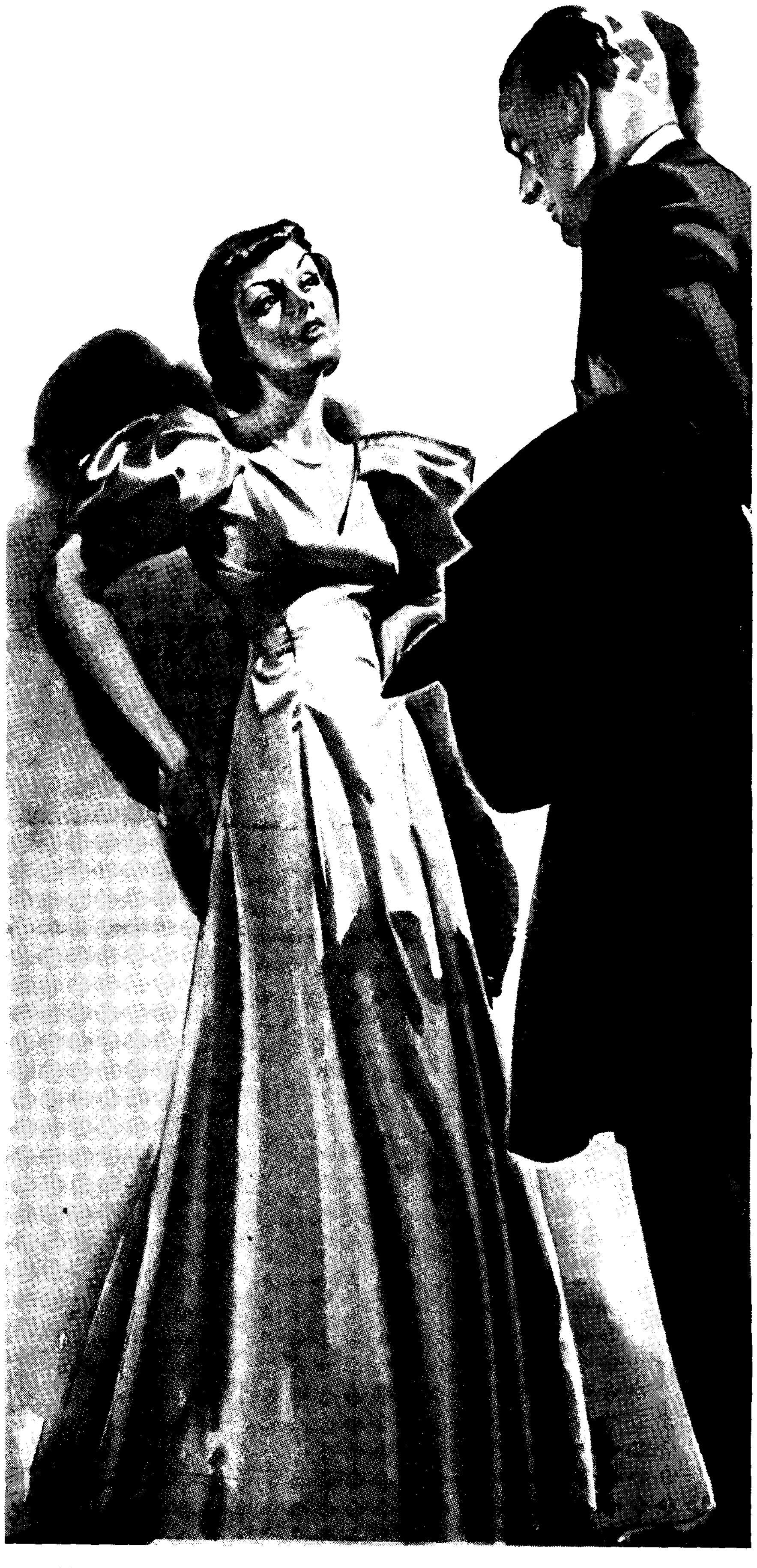
"His record—look at his record! Fifteen arrests in the past six years. Six indictments. He's stolen, he's blackmailed, he's committed every kind of crime from larceny to murder and he's committed murder half a dozen times. This time it stuck. Save his dirty life and I'll blast you in the paper, even though you're my brother!"

"You like to threaten people, Paul."

"I dislike threatening people, if you don't mind. But you owe some loyalty to your name, your family, to yourself."

"You can't bribe me with that, Paul. You can't make me do what I don't want to do." His voice was low, thick. "You've never let me alone—you and Eric and Pete. You were always free with advice. I was always the kid. You a great editor

(Continued on page 44)



She was in front of him at the door and she said in a low, passionate voice, "You can't get out of this. You're going to marry me"

Minnesota precedent for labor difficulties: the late and greatly lamented Floyd Olson set it in the 1934 truck drivers' strike

PICTURES INC.

Minnesota Worry-Go-Round

By Elmer Davis

The late Floyd Bjerstjerne Olson, when governor of Minnesota, said one day, between strikes, that he was eager to lead his people, "when they show me where they're going." Unhappily Mr. Olson died before his people had made up their minds. And they haven't done it yet. For a time it seemed to the nation that rebellion had broken out in the state of Minnesota. However, the danger passed in comparative quiet. And the struggles of the Farmer-Labor party offer an instructive lesson in fixing the place of radicalism in a democracy

EVERYWHERE else it was Thursday, April twenty-second; but it was still Wednesday in the Minnesota state Capitol, where the radical House and the conservative Senate were deadlocked on the tax bill. The next day it was proposed that Friday should be Thursday, but this subversive movement got nowhere; Friday was still Wednesday and so was Saturday morning; but along toward dusk of Saturday evening, Thursday dawned at last . . . Do you follow me? Well, anyway, the legislature adjourned without passing any tax bill; and the first clash between Farmer-Labor Governor Elmer Austin Benson and the conservatives had ended in an extra-inning tie, which had to be played off later at a special session.

All this finagling with the calendar was due to the fact that Wednesday was the last day on which bills could be passed, though the closing formalities could be transacted on Thursday. As Wednesday midnight drew near both houses curtained their clocks, figuring that the conference committee on the tax bill could reach an agreement before daylight. But the House conferees were mostly farmers who wanted to throw more of the tax burden on iron mines, utilities and cash incomes; the Senate conferees were all corporation lawyers who argued that high taxes would drive business out of the state; so the clocks stayed curtained and Wednesday lasted nearly ninety hours and still they never got together.

No doubt they will at the special session, which will have come and probably gone by the time you read this. Actually at the end the two houses were not very far apart; both sides had made considerable concessions and the House might have yielded the last disputed points but for Benson, who held out for as much as possible of his tax program with what his friends call adamantine resolution and his enemies' bull-necked stubbornness. But whatever compromise is reached is hardly likely to satisfy either side. They take their politics hard in Minnesota because it gets down to economic realities; more nearly than in any other state it approaches a real class struggle between the haves and the have-nots.

The division is made easier by the fact that Minnesota legislators are elected without party designation, so that you vote for a man's principles, if any, not for his label; and by the virtual disappearance of the Democrats since their candidates for governor and senator withdrew in favor of the Farmer-Laborites last fall. Once there were liberal Republicans, farmers descended from the G. A. R. veterans who "voted like they shot"; but most of them have turned Farmer-Laborite now, and what is left of the Republicans seems to be devoted chiefly to the defense of property.

As for the Farmer-Laborites, they cover a lot of ground from left to right—all the way from a sprinkling of Communists, who as usual make more noise and more trouble than their numbers justify, to temporarily disgruntled farmers who will vote Republican again the next time Minnesota gets enough rain. In 1934 the radicals got the upper hand in the party and adopted a platform demanding "the immediate abolition of capitalism in a peaceful and lawful manner," and "complete reorganization of our social structure into a cooperative commonwealth." Those spacious slogans backfired; the chief result of that year's campaign was the election, for a four-year term, of the state Senate that beat Benson's tax bill this spring. By 1936 the platform confined itself to observing that "natural resources and monopolized industries must ultimately be collectively owned," but Minnesota conservatives are beginning to discover that personalities are more important than platforms.

For years the Farmer-Labor party was dominated by Floyd Bjerstjerne Olson, governor from 1930 to 1936 and nominee for United States senator when he died last year. Genuine blown-in-the-glass radicals outside of Minnesota mostly distrusted Olson, doubting if he was a real radical at all. Certainly he was an opportunist; which may mean that he was out for Olson first or may only mean that he knew that no matter what you want to accomplish you can't do much about it unless you win the election. At any rate, he was one of the smartest politicians in the United States, with a genius for getting along with all kinds of people, conservatives as well as radicals. Candid Farmer-Laborites will admit, privately, "The big boys were never much afraid of Floyd"; and the big boys, privately, will admit it. But now that he is gone, conservatives are discovering that Benson is something different—and so are the radicals.

Benson's sincerity is unquestioned; "What Floyd used to say," conservatives will tell you, "this fellow really believes." Maybe Olson believed it too, but certainly Benson acts more like a radical than Olson usually did. Unfortunately for his party, however, he lacks some of Olson's conspicuous talents. His experience in politics is brief, and till last fall he had got all his jobs by appointment, not by election; he has had little of the rough-and-tumble of campaigning, little experience in dealing with legislators. Above all, he lacks Olson's gift for keeping everybody in good humor; he loses his temper easily, often antagonizes people whom a smoother man would make into lifelong friends, and is apt to say things in haste that produce an effect he never intended.

This Talk of Impeachment

All of which, good and bad, has had its effect; in the course of his first legislative session the conservative leader of the Senate suggested that Benson ought to be impeached for inciting to riot—not that there was a riot, but some of the senators were scared blue; and you can hear solid, respectable citizens say that Benson is an enemy of law and order, and that what we need is ten thousand vigilantes to run him and his crowd out of the Statehouse. There is no likelihood that law and order are going to be upheld by such methods, and nobody takes the talk of impeachment seriously; but you can see that they are getting tough in Minnesota. So long as Olson was in command, moderate conservatives could feel that he would never go too far, and that whatever he did he would do so skillfully that he could make people like it; but Benson wants to do more, and cannot do it so smoothly.

This talk of impeachment and vigilantes is mostly the reflection of the great uproar over the People's Lobby episode at the beginning of April. From some of the stories that went abroad about that, you would think Minnesota was on the point of revolution. That was nonsense, but the affair probably hurt Benson, and certainly sharpened the animosities of Minnesota politics.

Benson's inaugural address to the legislature had proposed a few measures that might be called radical, but nothing collectivistic; what drew the line between the haves and the have-nots—and scared a good many have-a-littles who had voted for him back into the arms of the have-plenties—was his tax program. He proposed to exempt farms operated by their owners from the property tax, up to an assessed valuation of $4,000; and would have made up the difference and the increased sums that would be needed for social security and welfare by increases in the taxes on income, invested money, public utilities and above all on the iron companies of the Mesabi Range, mostly controlled by the United States Steel Corporation. The iron companies already pay about twenty million dollars a year, a fourth of Minnesota's revenue; but Benson, by arguing with much plausibility that the present law gives them some unfair advantages, proposed changes which, if you can believe the friends of the iron companies, would have about doubled their bill. Probably that is much exaggerated; but Benson's taxes would have made a good deal of difference, and it is no wonder that lobbyists for the iron companies—and banks and insurance companies and utilities—were promptly at work in the Capitol.

Not all the opposition to his program came from lobbyists; when a bill which he supported was passed in the House, raising the present five per cent peak of the personal income tax to twenty-five, with increases in all the higher brackets, a lot of people of moderate means let out a yelp. But the lobbyists were hard at work; the Senate proposed an alternative tax bill letting wealth off more easily; the deadlock that actually took place was in sight a long way ahead. So some of Benson's friends organized what they called the People's Lobby and held a convention in St. Paul on April 4th to work up sentiment for the House tax bill.

"The people" is a vague term; the People's Lobby undoubtedly represented a larger proportion of the population of Minnesota than did the lobbyists for railroads and mines and utilities, but it was about as extreme in one direction as they were in the other. Of the various groups that composed it, the biggest were the Farmers' Holiday Association, the most radical of the rural organizations; and the Workers' Alliance—consisting mostly of WPA workers, with a good many Communists among its leaders.

Advice to Invaders

The convention listened to a speech by Benson, adopted resolutions supporting his tax program, and appointed committees to present its views to the legislature—meaning chiefly to the Senate, of course. Nobody could object to that; but the radical leaders decided that there must be a mass demonstration, so the next day a few thousand People's Lobbyists came up to the Capitol.

"Invaded the Capitol" is the phrase conservatives use. It is hard to see why

(Continued on page 41)

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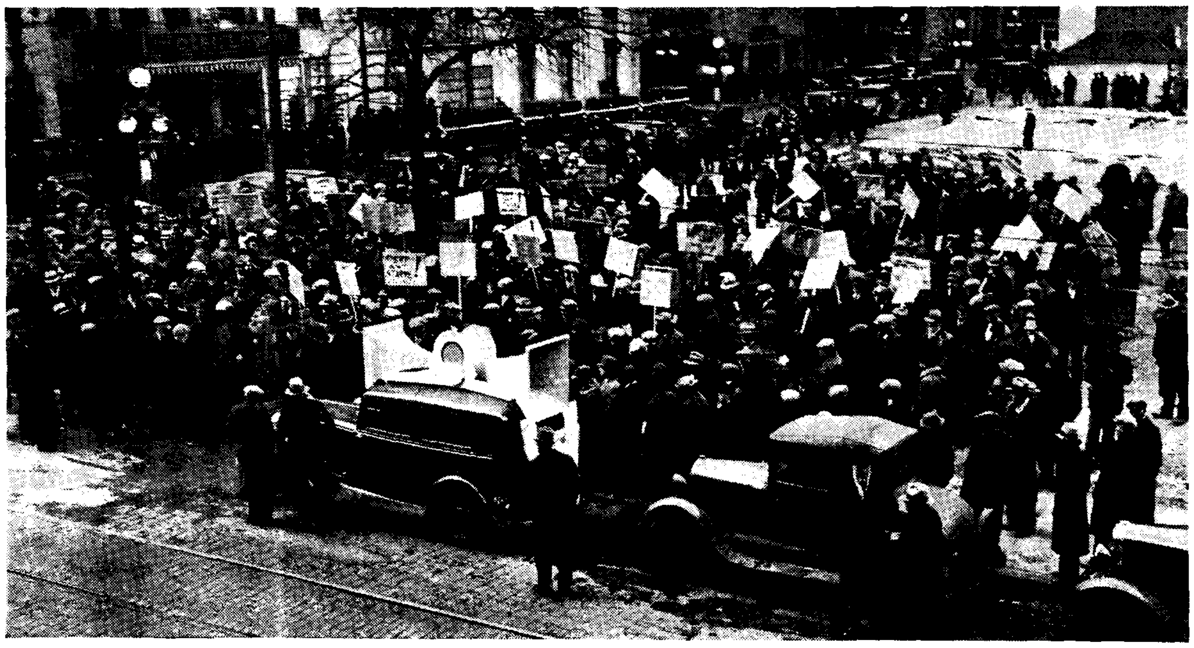
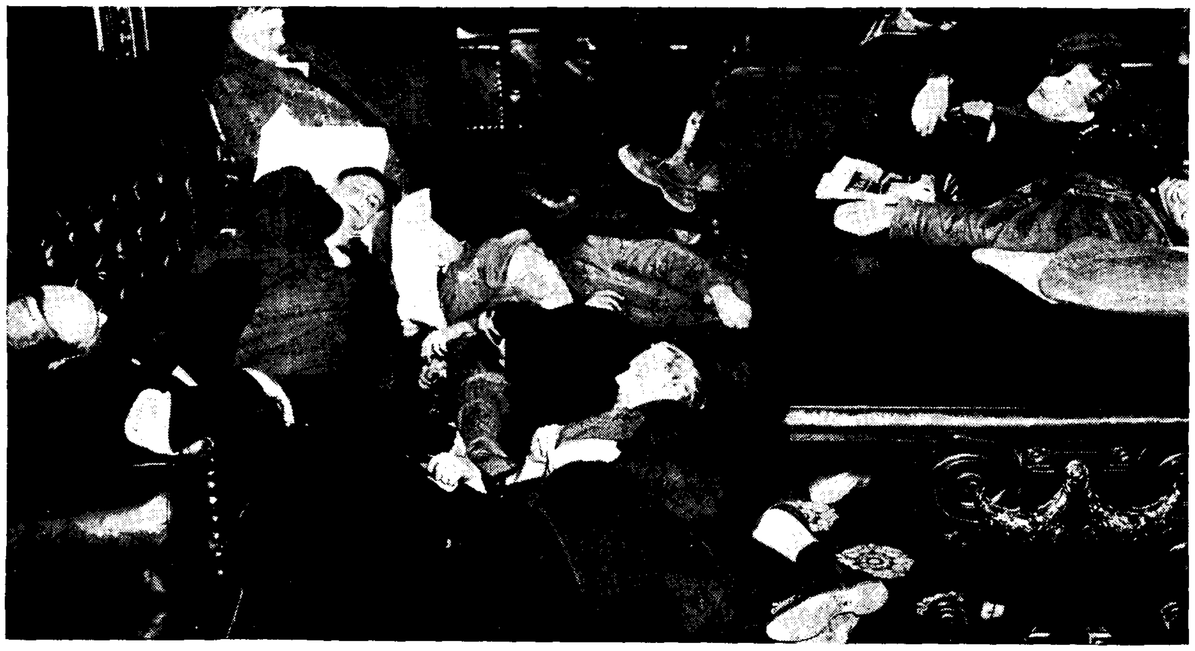
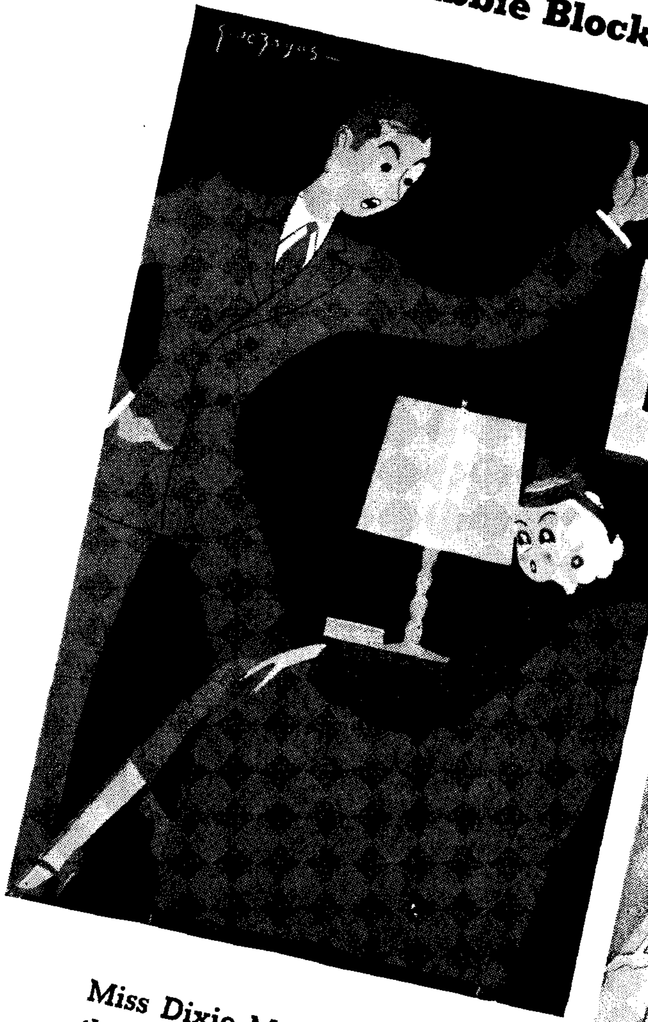

WIDE WORLD

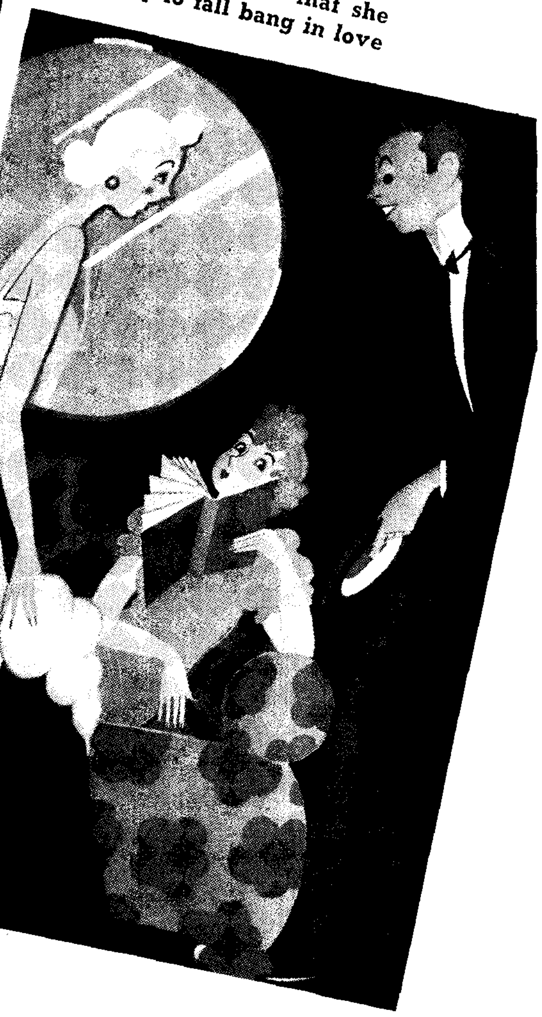

ACME

Love on Credit

By Libbie Block



Miss Dixie Margeran and the primrose path. A perfect example of the wrong place to take the right man



"You went out with me because you thought I was rich," he exclaimed. "An easy mark"

"I'm all ready," she said and what she meant was that she was ready to fall bang in love

SHE had made a mistake that day, and was going to make some more before she slept, but at seven P.M. she thought that life was peaches and cream and she was going to eat a big dishful.

For it was some date! She enjoyed going dinnerless to have an extra hour beautifying time for it. Behind a locked door she settled down cozily to spend two hours and much emotion so it could be Cleopatra and not Dixie Margeran who'd step out with the unsuspecting Philip Nord.

Ever since she'd started at Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks, Insurance, she had been working on Philip Nord. The way a girl knows how to work on a man, smiling at him if she has good teeth and using her eyelashes like semaphores when she's "unconscious" of his presence. And people who think it isn't an effort to plan to get the same elevator when he leaves the building at night, what with elevators running at the rate of three a minute—well, they don't know what honest endeavor really is.

Yes, Philip Nord was the gilded pot at the end of her rainbow. He was a college man, important in the business of Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks—and besides all that, her boss. The only swell guy she'd ever had a chance to meet. Where did he go in those secret after-office hours? Home to a little penthouse maybe. And then out with glorious feminine things who could actually buy the legendary dresses advertised in the swank magazines. For he wasn't married. She had made it her business to find out. So he had been her dream hero, within arm's stretch but as far out of reach as Clark Gable.

Well, this morning it had been changed. Maybe it was the new way she was having her hair cut. The top all smooth and blond and neat as a small boy's at Sunday school and the ends turned up in a long curl all the way around. It made her look like a little devil of an angel. Maybe it was spring. Anyway, something had happened. And this was the way of it.

He had brought her a stack of policies to file. Awful things, policies, with all a human's fear of death and destruction squared off into stiff printed folds. Even gold seals with red ribbons sticking out don't make them gayer.

"Nice morning," said Philip Nord, who looked like Tom Sawyer—if Tom Sawyer had gone to Yale. It wasn't a handsome face but it was clean as soap, and he had one of those dangerous cleft chins which spell mischief to women. And the clothes he wore and the way he wore them! Stunning! Dixie would have given something to rub invisible lint off his lapel.

"Well, it's not a bad morning," she said, "if you like plenty of sunshine when you have to be indoors. Also if you like to know that green things are growing—someplace else."

"Would you like to take the afternoon off?" Being office manager, he could dispense good climate almost like the Lord. "I mean we're not terribly busy and we could spare you today."

Why, the nice thing! He had a heart and it ticked under his watch.

"Mister, I work for a living and I don't expect time off every sunny day. Thanks, I'll stick at it."

"No. I meant that. You've been nice about staying after hours when we're rushed. Go ahead, maybe you want to buy a new hat or something."

"It's a bad day to send a girl out to shop. This kind of weather makes me feel as though I'd like a new face. So I'd probably blow the works on a new hat to make me feel different. I got paid yesterday."

"Nothing wrong with your face. It's a good all-season face."

HE WAS standing; she was sitting at her taffy-tan desk, fenced by open drawers on the one side and her typewriter shelf on the other. She turned up the all-season face and there was summer sunset on it. A blooming blush. Not that she was shy, just surprised.

"Well, thanks," she said. "I better take another look at it."

He spread the policies in his fingers like a bridge hand and closed them up again.

"I've got theater tickets tonight. Would you like to go with me?"

"Oh, yes!" And then, feeling that she had been too eager, she hedged, "That is, I think so." Then, feeling that she sounded too ungracious, "Certainly. Thank you." She felt, by this time, that he would know she had accepted.

"I'll pick you up at eight. Now, let's see—where is your home?"

Then, of course, she said the thing that made the trouble. Just three explosive little words which a psychologist might have traced back to the time she watched her mother sewing buttonholes. Or maybe only to the tempting advertisements in the morning paper. At any rate her subconscious boiled over and this is what it gave.

"Shall we dress?"

Which was odd because she didn't own an evening dress, evening shoes, an evening bag or a wrap; all perquisites to evening attire.

Philip Nord seemed a little surprised at the way it sounded, but he took a good grip on the policies and said:

"Certainly, if you'd like to."

"At eight then."

He went back into his glass box of an office and she bought mentally, in a fractured second, a complete evening wardrobe which would have cost her a year's salary.

That's why she took advantage of his offer of the afternoon holiday. She had lunch with Vera.

Vera was roommate, office companion and the bank where Dixie deposited her confidences. She was not as pretty as Dixie because too many mashed potatoes and slices of bread had left bulges on her figure, and she wore eyeglasses which gave her something of the look of an automobile coming down the road. But she claimed to be more intelligent and Dixie let her think so because that gave each of them something they were "best" at. Personally Dixie figured that if you're really intelligent you watch your weight.

THEY waltzed their trays from the long chromium cafeteria slide to one of those white porcelain tables so much like a false tooth.

"To the theater. Imagine that! And we're dressing."

"What in?"

"I've got the afternoon off and I've got my pay and I'm going to buy clothes. Why shouldn't I have an evening dress?"

"You still owe the chiropodist." Vera was eating a sundae, splashing through the chiffon veiling of strawberry syrup to the vanilla ice cream beneath. That was her idea of dieting, only dessert.

"I know. But I'll only live once, and I might as well have some fun out of it. Say! What do you suppose Philip Nord makes a week? Plenty, I bet. He sure wears swell clothes."

Vera's glasses slid down her nose the way a kid goes down a playground slide. They always did when she wanted to look wise.

"You sound like a fortune hunter. You shouldn't think of what you can get out of a fellow."

The remains of Dixie's cottage cheese lay scattered on its lettuce like April snow on green grass. She edged the plate away.

"I know. And I really like him too. But, oh, Vera, I'm so tired of having to read the right-hand columns on menus when I go out with fellows. I get a guilty conscience every time I order more than coffee. This Philip Nord can show me life."

SHE twisted her blue scarf under her coat collar and all the blue in her eyes matched vividly. She was young and she was pretty. She was going to have fun, like candy from a sack, even if it made her sick to eat too much.

"Here's where I see night life with the swellest guy I know."

"A girl shouldn't think like that about a man. She ought to want him to be solid and honest and things. A man's what you marry. You can't marry a night club."

"'By! You take your shower first this evening—I'll probably need plenty of time."

Dixie's salary, $50 (for two weeks, paid semimonthly), went as follows:

One pale pink evening dress at Goldfarb's	$11.30
One black velvet evening wrap	15.00
One pair metal brocade evening shoes	5.00
One metal brocade evening bag	2.95
One pair imperfect chiffon hose	1.00
Total	$35.25
Balance	14.75

He wore that anesthetized expression which is every woman's due when she makes herself her most beautiful. That charming coma when he looks at her and finds her good enough—to eat. Dixie thought his tuxedo was wonderful on him, too—and he had an opera hat besides. They stood in the one-room-and-kitchenette apartment and telegraphed their mutual admiration while Vera, without her spectacles, looked at a book as though books were, after all, a woman's real friends.

"I'm all ready," she said and what she meant besides the being "dressed" to go out was that she was ready to fall bang in love if he'd give her any encouragement.

Vera peered over her book like an owl over a wall. "Clean hankie? Comb? Money?"

"Oh!" said Dixie and raced into the small stall she and Vera called their dressing room. Of course she had forgotten her coin purse. Quickly the fourteen dollars had a change of address, and the extra handkerchief was dotted with perfume. Not that she'd need the money, but there was an unsafe feeling in going out without it. No matter how beautifully dressed she was, if she had to get home alone it was a nickel, not an evening wrap, that would do the trick.

"Now," she said, beaming and diving butterfly-fashion into the sleeves of the wrap he held for her.

"Don't stay out too late," advised Vera, and then, motherly to the end, "Have a good time."

My goodness, thought Dixie, closing the lamplit book-and-girl scene behind her, it must be awful to be intelligent.

An elevated station reared its hideous architecture at the corner of their block. Dixie's work shoes found the way to it every sleepy 8:30 A. M. But her new evening slippers instinctively tripped toward the curbing where taxis are wont to lurk. Philip hesitated a moment and then followed her.

The meter ticked as gaily as Dixie's heart, singing its sweet little song of dropping nickels all the way to the loop.

"Wait here," said Philip, leaving Dixie to face the ticket-taker while he darted to the box office. She heard some low words and then the shiny clatter of coins down the chute.

"I had balcony seats but you look so beautiful that I want everybody to see you. I exchanged them for two in the orchestra."

Conscience twinged her like a new shoe and as briefly. She shouldn't have let him spend all that money. But, my goodness, she chided herself as they sailed gloriously down the middle aisle, I've been going out with poor fellows so much I don't know how to behave with a real gentleman. I have to make him think I'm accustomed to all this. After all, he's an assistant office manager and used to everything.

The house lights quieted, brewing the dusky magic of the theater. The solemn green velvet curtain went up as though saying, "See what I'm going to show you!"

It was a wonderful first act, she was sure, but she couldn't have told you a thing about it. Because there was a wonderful elbow next hers on the perilous rail designed for elbows and that was all she could concentrate on.

BETWEEN the acts they had a cigarette and a lemonade.

"I feel as though it were my birthday or something," Philip confided, lighting her second entr'acte cigarette. "This all seems very special to me. Being at the theater. Or maybe it's you who makes me feel special."

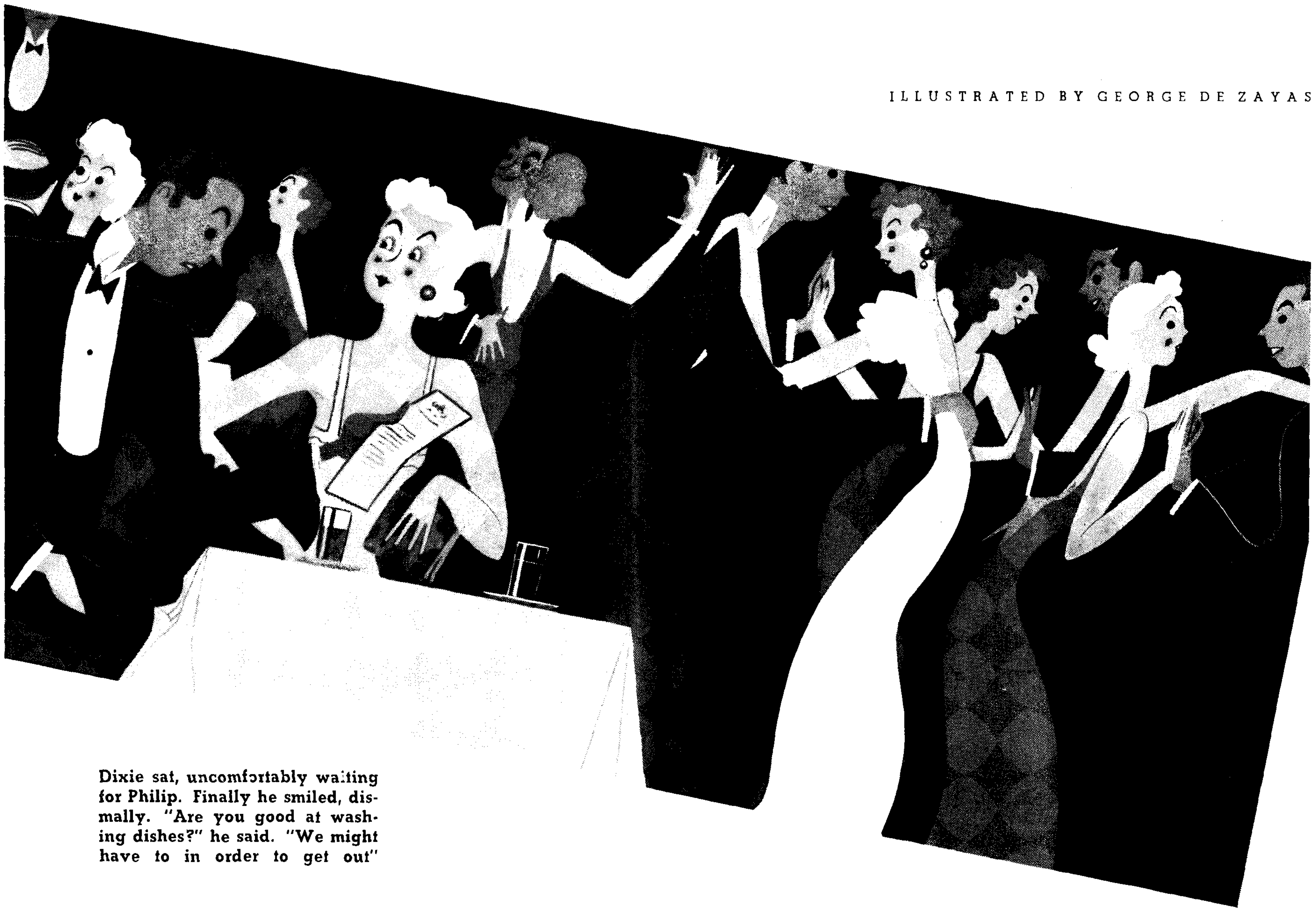
"Oh, I feel special too, seeing you at night instead of just the daytime. And I love this sort of thing, don't you?" She waved her hand expansively at the fabulous aggregation of wealth and fame surrounding them. "I always enjoy it so much." Which wasn't stretching the patient truth too far if once constitutes an "always."

"I wanted to ask to see you after office hours, but somehow I've never had the—well, guts."

"But why not?" She stopped smiling. Maybe he meant that he didn't think it would be right for anyone as important as he was to take out one of the help.

"Well, you always seemed so busy with your own affairs. I'd see you in the elevators leaving the office and you could hardly wait to get away."

Aren't men funny! He couldn't guess that she had dashed from the elevator because she didn't want him to suspect her interest in him. But she didn't confess. She'd let him keep on thinking those things. Maybe he'd even imagine *(Continued on page 48)*



ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

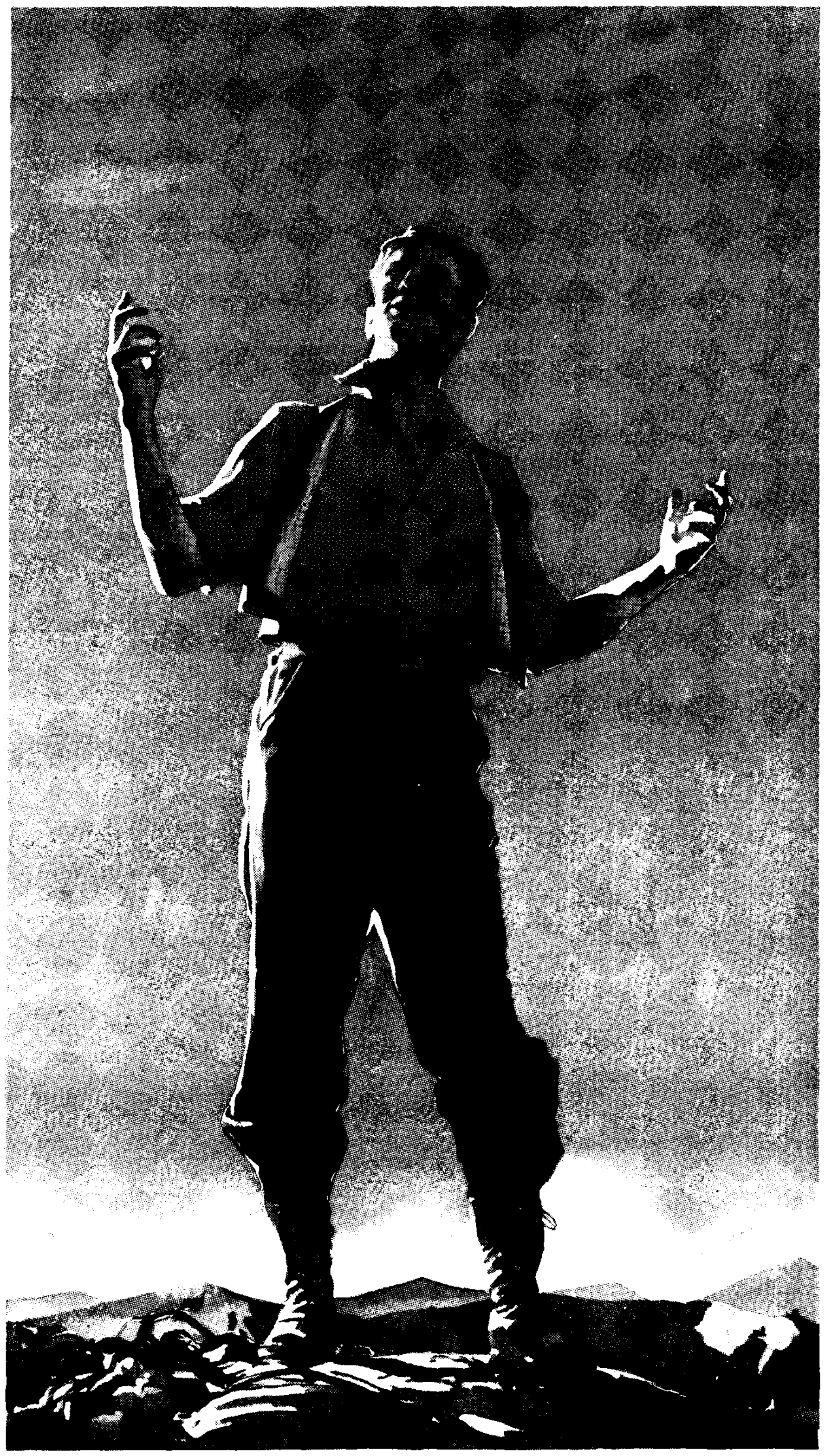
Dixie sat, uncomfortably waiting for Philip. Finally he smiled, dismally. "Are you good at washing dishes?" he said. "We might have to in order to get out"

No More Walls

The man known as Kent, who died so he might live. Here is the story that the papers did not carry

By Will F. Jenkins

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE



There was a feeling of vastness, of a tremendous open space, here. Kent could not doubt that he had chosen this place because of its nearness to the sky

A MAN came down the valley, and Kent straightened up from the weeding of his tomato vines to watch him. He always watched, and there was always a faint constriction in his chest until an approaching figure was identified. There were times when he almost wondered whether he had chosen this place because of the sky above it, or because he could see anyone who came, a long way off. But he knew it was the sky. There was a feeling of vastness, of a tremendous open space, here. The earth was like a springboard for a man's perceptions, so that always his eyes lifted to the blue with its tufts of white cloud above him. Kent could not doubt long that he had chosen this place because of its nearness to the sky. He was done with closed places forever—if God was good.

The man down the valley was on a horse which plodded along without haste, its head moving up and down. It was climbing. Kent could not see the man clearly, as yet. The constriction in his chest grew greater. His eyes seemed to blur.

Then they cleared suddenly. The man was the sheriff, Kent's old neighbor and good friend, who had no faintest suspicion that Kent had ever been behind walls that were designed to keep him captive.

The constricted feeling eased, but Kent had that momentary weakness of the knees which always followed it. He bent down again to his tomato vines.

The hoofs of the sheriff's horse clinked upon stone. It was nearer. The sheriff's hat showed above a near-by hill-crest. His body. The horse heaved up into view and the sheriff waved his hand.

" 'Lo, Kent."

" 'Morning, Bob," said Kent. He straightened up and eased his back. "Climb down and visit a while."

"Can't do it today," said the sheriff. He frowned suddenly. "Look here, Kent. I came up 'specially to ask you. Do you know anybody name of Sawyer?"

Kent felt the constricted feeling in his chest again. He did not know anybody named Sawyer. But to be questioned about anything caused that horrible sensation.

"Why, no, Bob. Can't say that I do. Why?"

THE sheriff poked at the tobacco in his pipe. He was disturbed.

"Two fellas were in town today askin' about you. Name of Sawyer, one of 'em said. Seemed to know you real well. He was short an' freckled an' redheaded, with—uh—a kinda shifty eye. I didn't take to him, Kent. Not a bit."

"Nope, I don't know him," Kent said carefully. "Can't you light and set?"

He managed a grin. The sheriff shook his head.

"No. I got to get goin'. I thought I'd ask you about those fellas. I got to—uh—see if I can pick 'em up again."

"What's the matter?"

"Why—uh—that redheaded fella's face looked familiar, so I hunted around. An' I found his picture."

"Well?"

"His real name," said the sheriff, poking at his pipe, "ain't Sawyer. He's been in a bunch of jails, it seems like, an' he's wanted again. Y'sure you can't even guess why he was askin' for you? Y'don't know him?"

"No, Bob. I don't." But Kent's whole chest was an agony.

"Funny," said the sheriff unhappily. "He sure seemed to know all about you, Kent. Even about you winnin' a school prize for your handwritin', when y'were a kid. All right. I'll be gettin' along. I thought I'd ask you though. S'long."

He turned his horse and rode off. And Kent tried to keep on with the task of weeding his tomato plants. But he could not. He sat down weakly and looked out at the vast, empty space all about him. His own valley ran nearly two miles between gradually deepening walls before it gave upon the larger one. And that other valley's width could be measured in other miles, and beyond it were peaks and mountains which stretched on past imagining. There was space here. There were no walls anywhere; no walls that could not be climbed; no walls with guards on top; no walls to limit the space to which his eyes could reach out and his body follow. He could pick up his hat and take the stick leaning against the door and walk, and walk, and walk, and always he could go farther.

But there was this man who'd asked about him. Sawyer? Redheaded and freckled, with a shifty eye? He was Val Downy. He'd been Kent's cellmate for a while, and Kent had heard his boastings—which were not pleasant. He looked to be paroled. But Kent had come to know that he would go mad in prison, and he had made his escape by what—looking back—seemed almost maniacal cunning. And Val Downy was here looking for him, and he was already wanted for crimes committed since his release, and his quest for Kent.

THE sheriff and his horse went out of sight. Away beyond his own valley Kent saw smoke rising lazily from the chimney of a house six miles away. He could look beyond. Ten. Twenty. More than that many miles. And there was not a single wall or bolt or bar to hold him back if he should choose to walk and walk and walk.

A long time later, Kent bent to his work. He labored all the rest of the afternoon. But he looked down his own valley more than once. And twice—familiar as the outlook was—his chest felt as if it were squeezed empty of breath. He thought he saw someone coming toward him, only to discover that what he had taken for heads were stones. But no one came.

Val Downy did not come until an hour after sunset.

It was almost dark. Kent ate his supper without a light, looking out of the wide windows he had upon every side of his little house. It was not possible for him to be at ease where he could not look for a long distance. He had looked upon walls and bolts and bars for much too long a time. He ate, and rested his eyes upon the dim outlines of the mountains against the horizon.

Then, quite suddenly, a voice said:

"Stick 'em up, pal! You got company!"

Something pressed against the back of his neck. Something hard and cold. He froze. Hands felt over his body. Somebody took his revolver.

Kent said carefully: "Hello, Val. I heard you were down this way."

Val grunted. He came around in front of Kent and took a seat. He was short, and—Kent remembered, because it was dark inside the house—he was redheaded and his eyes were shifty. Kent remembered many things. His hands were tense on the table.

"Y'heard it, huh?" said Val. "Now, how'd you hear that?"

"The sheriff," said Kent. "He came up to tell me that somebody'd been asking about me. You stuck in his mind, Val. He hunted up your picture. Now he's trying to find you again."

Val grinned. "All right. I'll duck." He waved his hand. "Meet a old pal o' mine. Pete Shims. We came down to see you. We got some business."

"I've quit," said Kent.

Val Downy laughed.

"Uh-huh. I say that too. Pete, this guy's the best penman in the country. He just didn't know how to push over his stuff. He's on the lam from stir."

(Continued on page 58)

Two to Macao

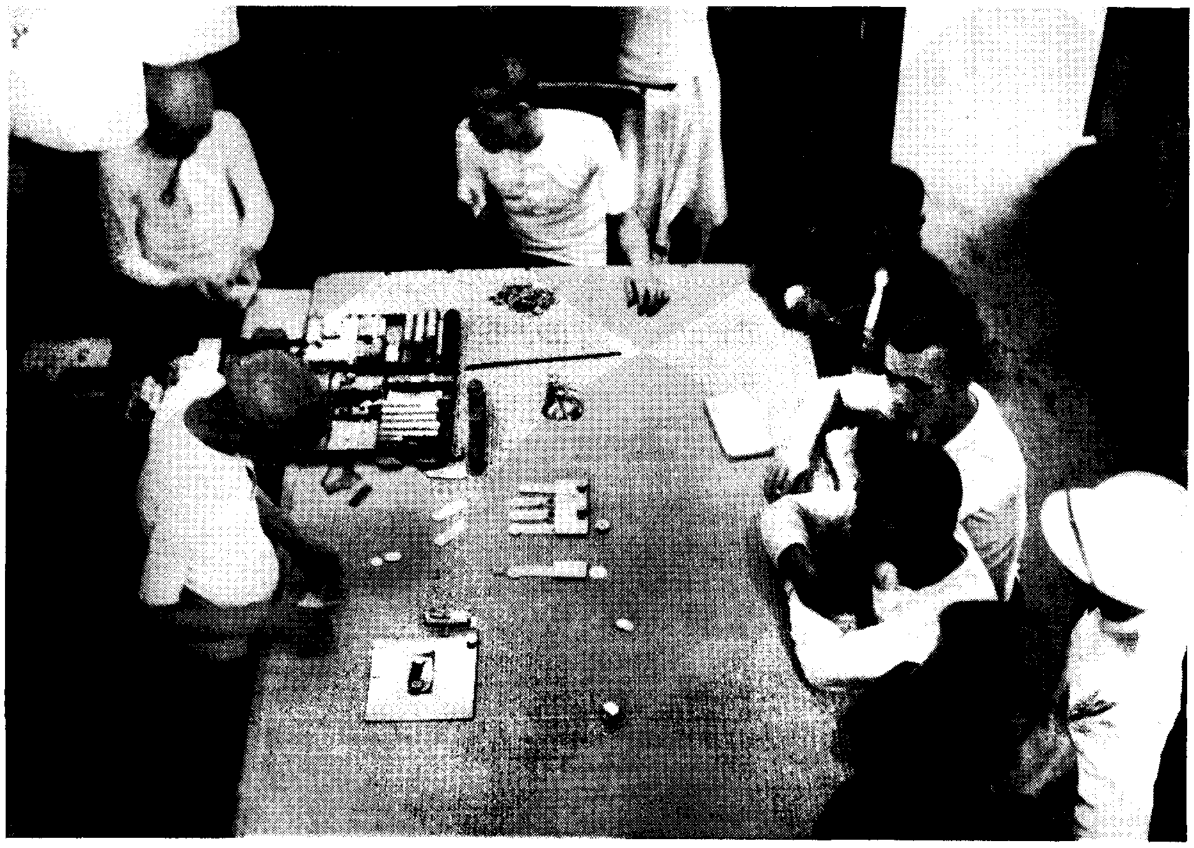
By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT

Macao, the Portuguese city in China, is headquarters for exotic wickedness. She has had the reputation for years; nobody thought of questioning it. But now Pan American Clippers are dropping Americans there in droves, and the Americans are saying, "Show us." And Macao, put on her mettle, is going to do her level best

BLACK STAR

Macao derives most of its income from gambling in various forms, fan-tan games being most popular. Below is one in operation. Above, higher-stake players lower their bets to the table below in baskets



Chinese lottery tickets are offered for sale every few feet along Macao's principal streets

A CENTURY ago American seamen looked down on it from the skys'l yards of the tea clippers, seven months out from New York around the Horn. This summer, American tourists are looking down on it from the cabins of the air clippers—less than seven days out of Manhattan. The tourists fly in on the last leg of the Pacific crossing from Alameda. Below, the rocky islands of the South China coast thrust up from a glassy sea. The junk fleets dip slowly on the leaden swell. The plane slides down the air inside the breakwater, churns up the muddy water of the Pearl River estuary and is warped to her pier.

This is the place the tourists have been waiting for. Manila is five hours behind them. Hong Kong's thirty minutes away. Hawaii was interesting. So were Midway and Wake and Guam. But this is the place. This is the Port Said of the Orient—the grand concentrated razzle-dazzle of exotic wickedness, where girls, gold, glamor and gambling abound. Where it's all high, wide and handsome and the hot blue sky is only halfway to the limit.

The landing stage still is America. So are the four red and white masts of the radio station, up on a shoulder of the hill. So is the diamond of the radio direction apparatus, on the summit. But along the shore and climbing high on the slopes are stone and concrete buildings of red and white and pink and green and blue and yellow. And they're distinctly not American. They're half Chinese and half Portuguese.

They're Macao.

Macao is the Asian end of the transpacific air service, the farthest outpost of American air routes. American clippers started flying the mail through from the Pacific Coast late in April, putting it into Canton, Hong Kong, Shanghai and Peiping a week out of New York. Before that, it used to take nearly a month. After the first mail flights came the passenger service.

The Chinese, centuries ago, called Macao Amagau for the goddess Ama, queen of heaven. The Portuguese, who own it today, slurred the name to Macau. The British call it Macao. The American tourists call it M'Cow and let it go at that. For years it's had a reputation as one of the wickedest towns on earth, putting to shame such boastful burgs as Paris, Panama, Rio, Shanghai and Bad, Bad Bodie.

They never take in the sidewalks of Macao.

Most visitors to the place still make the trip by the old steamer Kinshan from Hong Kong, forty miles northeast. They roll down the bund after breakfast in rickshas and toss Chinese dimes—value three and a third cents—at the sweating coolies. Then they shove through the native crowd onto the upper deck of the old coal-burner. The whole ship is cut up into sections by steel barriers so that it looks like a flock of zoo cages. The bridge is a steel fort, with loopholes for guns. The engine room is armor-plated.

Of course, the pirates from Bias Bay aren't going to seize the ship on the three-hour run to Macao—but when you pack 2,400 Chinese below decks and a couple of hundred whites above, anything may happen. So the tourists get a bit of a thrill out of the steel bars and the loopholes as the old ship goes steaming down through the islands, past the junk-crammed bays and through the massed sampan fleets. Junks dart across the bows—to cut off the trailing devils that follow in their

(Continued on page 61)

Career Girl

By Kyle Crichton

The artistic background of Ida Lupino, descendant of a long line of troupers, who, in the motion pictures, is as tough a moll as you could ever wish to see

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE HURRELL

THE idea of a Lupino being anything but an actor is grotesque. They have always been actors, at least for 350 years, and there is no living family which even approaches their record of continuous life on the stage. Ida Lupino, who is the Hollywood representative of the clan, came by the business naturally. From the time she could talk she was referring to her father as Stanley and her mother as Weenie and seeing them only on Sundays when they had a day off.

But the real force in her youth had been Grandpa Lupino, who was George. Old George was the first of the great pantomimists to use the trap door (a device which will be explained later) and his record of 351 toe spins stood for years. When Ida first became conscious of him he was an invalid, having suffered a stroke in his sixtieth year which had ended his career. George was the Nordic type of Italian with red hair. Up to the day he died at seventy his face was without a wrinkle and his hair, white by that time, was as full as it had been in his youth.

Old George, like the rest of the Lupinos, never confined himself to one art. When he wasn't being the star of the Christmas Pantomime, he was painting in oil or trying to write symphonies. The paintings were as eccentric as old George himself, being pictures of cock-eyed trees and green women and horses which might as easily have been several other animals. But there was never any question that a personality was at work with the brush. So while Stanley and Weenie kept the family going in the theater, George sat home with Ida and taught her painting.

"If he didn't like the way I was doing it," says Ida, "he'd reach over with his cane and smack me."

When he was tired of her painting he had her take up singing, another great art with the Lupinos. But always they went back to the brush and she finally won a child's competition at the Royal Academy of Art and was given a book as a prize. George also started her painting pottery and tablecloths and she had quite a knack with fruit scenes, being particularly good with apples.

When she was seven, old George died, and Stanley and Weenie took a little more interest in her. They rigged up a theater at the bottom of the garden, put in modern equipment and allowed her to monkey with the thing during the week. The idea was to work up to something good by Sunday but the notion of having a day off never pleased Stanley and the Lupino cousins and friends, the result being that Ida was barely allowed on the stage during what was supposed to be her big day.

"It was a goofy household," says Ida. "I hardly ever saw Stanley and Weenie and when they were home the place was jammed with actors and newspaper people. I got a little schooling but not much. But I could spout Shakespeare by the yard and that proved to Stanley that I was a great kid. He never cared whether I could add or subtract, anyhow."

Miss Lupino, who is now best known in Hollywood for gun-moll and tough-girl parts, is still not clear what good the early training was, but she has

(Continued on page 57)

Now! Now! Now!

By
Alvin Ulbrickson with
Richard L. Neuberger

At Poughkeepsie last year Al Ulbrickson's crews made a clean sweep—and the varsity went on to win the Olympics. Once more the cry "Watch Washington!" resounds along the Hudson River

IT WAS at Berlin that I bit my cigarette in two. The boys had just won the Olympic crew championship, and my jaws were working as furiously as locomotive pistons. My newspaper friends tell me I was so excited I jumped on my chair in the observation porch and kept shouting Coxswain Bob Moch's shrill "Now! Now! Now!"

I wouldn't know whether they're kidding me or not.

All I was conscious of in that wild last minute, when the boys came over the line ahead of Italy and Germany and Great Britain, was that we finally had achieved the objective we had pointed toward for three years. The gang was so jubilant that it showed mercy and didn't throw Moch overboard—the first time in Washington crew history that the coxswain hadn't been ducked after a victorious race.

Ever since 1933 the boys had talked about the Olympics all the time they were awake—and sometimes I think they did so in their sleep.

In that respect, rowing is like few other sports. You train more rigorously for it and the actual competition takes place in less time than in almost any other branch of athletics. A football team plays seven or eight games a season, a basketball team fifteen or twenty. Even a track squad enters four or five meets. But a college crew races only two or three times annually, and generally always has a weather eye on the Olympic Games, which are held four years apart.

In an average season the University of Washington boat participates in two events—the dual regatta with the University of California, and the national intercollegiate championship race at Poughkeepsie on the Hudson River. Probably the contests require an aggregate time of forty or forty-five minutes. Thus we spend nearly half a year preparing for less than an hour of actual competition.

There is a completely understandable reason why this is so. Intercollegiate rowing demands the maximum in stamina and endurance. It would be more than flesh and blood could stand to hold crew races as frequently as other athletic events. Once an oarsman enters his shell for the four-mile pull down the river at Poughkeepsie, he is there to stay. For better or for worse, he must remain at his sweep until the end of the race. A football player can rest between scrimmage plays; he can be replaced with a substitute if an emergency arises. But there are no time-outs in rowing. Eight oarsmen and a coxswain start down the Hudson and the same eight oarsmen and coxswain must finish. If a rower cracks or collapses, and is merely a passenger when his boat reaches the final flag, he undoes the work and effort of his fellows. So every member of every varsity crew must be in as nearly perfect physical condition as possible.

The Modern Spartans

If a boy tells me he can't live up to training requirements, I tell him he had better abandon all hopes of being an oarsman. Sometimes I believe the self-denying gentlemen who used to live on pillars for twenty or thirty years were the progenitors of our modern collegiate rowers.

In bed at 10 and up by 7:30 are the hours for anyone who would swing a sweep in a varsity shell. He must confine his diet to lean meat and plenty of green vegetables, and he must stay away from pastries and other rich food. If you're unable to do without Hungarian goulash or pumpkin pie smothered in whipped cream, don't attempt to be a rower. Try something less strenuous.

During last year's tense pre-Olympic competition, I put the boys on a more rigid Spartan diet than ever. Finally we won the American championship and were on our way to Europe on the liner Manhattan. Six-foot-five-inch Jim McMillan, our captain for this season, could no longer stand the meals I had outlined. One morning he sneaked out of his stateroom early and got to the dining salon ahead of the rest of us. He ordered a double stack of hot cakes. They were brought. Jim looked at them and sighed. For a moment he hesitated. Then he generously coated each hot cake with butter. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak; Jim was determined to have an honest-to-goodness meal at last. He drowned the glorious pile of buttered hot cakes in a golden flow of syrup, and poised his knife and fork for the first delicious bite.

ACME

Al Ulbrickson, Washington rowing coach, and, below, the Huskies crew that won the 1936 American Intercollegiate and the Olympic events

Like the U. S. Cavalry in a Wild West movie, I arrived just in time.

"Thanks a million, Jim, for fixing those for me," I said, as I reached over his shoulder for the plate. While Jim glared at me across his orange juice and dry toast, I calmly proceeded to eat the hot cakes he had so diligently prepared. But it was partially because Jim McMillan was in A-1 shape and pulled a powerful sweep in the center of our boat that we took the Olympic finals.

No crew race was ever won by a squad out of condition.

Athletics' Supreme Moment

This pointing toward one or two major boat races makes the Poughkeepsie regatta so thrilling each year. The tenseness before the football kickoff, the second when the two fighters meet for the first time in the middle of the ring—both are stirring and colorful, but for the supreme moment in athletics, I must decide in favor of the start of the annual Poughkeepsie race.

The pick of the country's crews wait breathlessly with poised oars. Rigid coxswains hold the tiller ropes motionless. Along the river banks thousands of persons lean expectantly from boat trains, those weird hybrids between freight cars and grandstands. The Hudson is dotted with launches, yachts, canoes, tugs and destroyers. From one of these vessels the President of the United States watches with his rowing-fan sons. It is almost sundown, and the western hills are aglow.

For half a year the assembled crews have prepared and planned for this moment. Future naval officers from Annapolis, miners' sons from Pennsylvania, embryo lawyers from Columbia, youthful lumberjacks from Washington—all have awaited the Poughkeepsie test.

For an instant there is the hushed silence of a cathedral. Then the gun barks and poised oars suddenly sweep into action. The shells spurt ahead like torpedoes. From the locomotives on the shore and from the yachts on the river come deep-throated whistles. Shrieking spectators wave pennants and flags. The boat trains start with sharp jerks. The oarsmen snap back and forth with jackknife motions. Wiry little coxswains bend forward vibrantly, as if trying to transmit their own energy to their

(Continued on page 53)

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Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

The Story Thus Far:

A GANG, headed by Frankie Fife (alias Frank Mericka) and Steve Tetlow, a tavern owner, is plotting to blackmail Jane Griffin, New York debutante. A girl, one with an *entree* to society, is needed to inveigle Jane into leaving a party to be given at Lazarre's and going to the apartment of one Roderico Hova, a tango dancer. And the right girl is found: Franziska Rilling.

Franziska is in debt. *And* she has lost the man she loves, Roger Van Tyle, to Jane Griffin. She promises (so, at least, it appears) to co-operate with the kidnapers.

At about this time, young Peter Banyard of Nevada reaches New York and immediately consults his wealthy father's wise old ex-valet: Oliver Hooper. He insists that Oliver become his valet and assist him in working his way into Park Avenue society so that he can meet a certain girl who, flying east with him, has snubbed him. The girl, he says, is beautiful; her name is—*Franziska Rilling!*

Oliver is impressed by the young man's obvious strength and apparent courage. He says that he will do anything Mr. Banyard asks him to do, if Mr. Banyard will only accompany him to a certain tavern (Tetlow's) and there administer a drubbing to one of his old enemies: Albert Mowrey. . . . It so happens that Peter is anything but fearless: he is afraid of almost everything—including women! But, to overcome his fears, he deliberately goes out of his way to face danger. . . . At Tetlow's Tavern, he gives Mowrey a beautiful beating!

A few evenings later, he is prepared to face the greatest peril of his life: Franziska Rilling, who (he feels sure) had sensed his timidity on that airplane trip. Leaving his Park Avenue apartment (selected and managed by the omniscient Oliver), he goes to Lazarre's. There, so Oliver has informed him, Franziska Rilling will be a guest at a party being given for Jane Griffin. He has no invitation but, coached by his valet, he knows how to "crash" his way in.

As he drives up, he sees Franziska arrive. He sees a man—Steve Tetlow, whom he had seen at the tavern—slip up to her and hand her some small object. Then he sees the girl, accompanied by a tall, red-haired young man, step quickly into Lazarre's.

II

WHEN Peter entered Lazarre's lobby, Franziska and the redheaded young man were lost in the crowd. He checked his things and followed the crowd to a point where he could see a little of Lazarre's gilt-and-white ballroom.

He was thinking about Steve Tetlow's strange encounter with Franziska. He was so shocked by its implications that he forgot, for a little while, to be terrified. The rich, deep music of a slow dance gave him a feeling of recklessness and romance. He saw the watchdogs and now and then he heard the voice of a man who looked like Oliver calling the names to the receiving line.

It seemed to him, in that lucid interval, that many of the young men bore themselves with an air of preening, as if they were not any more accustomed to this sort of thing than he was. And he saw girls who, he was certain, did not feel nearly so gay as they acted. His collective impression, which surprised him, was one of stilted gaiety.

He lit a cigarette and smiled at a blue-eyed girl who glanced at him. He was surprised when she smiled mistily in return. He tried it on another girl, a breathless-looking brown-eyed girl in a pale pink lace gown, and was startled when she grinned at him and rolled her eyes a little. He was sure that this little coquetry was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to him. After that, he smiled at every girl whose eyes he encountered, and usually she smiled back at him.

As Oliver had predicted, he wasn't waiting alone. Other unattached young men drifted in and out, and girls, alone, or with other girls or men, came and went.

So far his program was successful. No one had stared at him as if he were a party crasher. And no one had asked him any questions. Oliver had said it would be easy, and so far it had been easy.

He listened to the smooth music and studied another young man who was waiting, wondering if he could be as bored, as worldly, as blasé as he looked. His eyes were long-lidded, half-mooned. His eyebrows were slightly pinched. His mouth was slightly pursed. He wore white kid gloves. Another worldly-looking young man came out. The two exchanged suave greetings and went in. Peter presently realized that the man who looked like Oliver was no longer calling off names. The receiving line had broken up. Fewer people were going in and the gaiety seemed to have reached a higher note.

IT WAS time to stop loitering. It was time to go in. It was time to pick up an unattached girl and go in and dance with Franziska.

An unattached girl was coming out. She was not looking at anyone. Her head was down a little, and her eyes were downcast. Her air was that of a girl who wished to avoid eyes, who wished to avoid being spoken to.

Peter realized that she was a supersmoothie. She must be a supersmoothie. She was one of the prettiest girls he had seen tonight, and there was something about her that was only to be described as something special.

She was a small, slim thing in a white gown with a large corsage of Talisman roses. Her hair was golden blond and her complexion was a beautiful blending of rose and white. It was a slim, modeled face, with the eyebrows tilting upward toward the temples. Her hair was cut very short, combed straight back, and from the back curls came forward, appearing on top of her head like small golden horns. There was something faunlike about this girl.

She did not raise her eyes when she passed Peter. She seemed in a hurry. She went to a door on which was painted the word "Telephones," opened it and went in.

Another unescorted girl came out of the ballroom. She was the brown-eyed breathless-looking one who had been among the first at whom Peter had smiled. After the blond girl, she looked drab. Even with her beautifully cut shell-pink gown and her artfully arranged black hair, she did not come off as the blond girl had come off. She was pretty. But she wasn't a supersmoothie. She wasn't even a smoothie.

The girl in shell-pink was smiling a little, as if she might talk to him if he encouraged her, but Peter looked at the door marked "Telephones." He had decided that the blond girl was the girl he would walk in with, not because it was sensible, but because it would be a harder test. It was the way he must do this sort of thing—a little perversely. His timidity demanded it.

HE WALKED slowly toward the door marked "Telephones." He was as tense as a fiddle string, and his tongue tasted very brackish. He waited, with his smile ready.

He was going to be returning when she came out. He was going to say, "Hello! Why, hul-lo, there!"

It sounded pretty silly. Why, hul-lo, there!

The door opened and she came out in a hurry. She looked angry. She had large blue eyes which were startling and beautiful with their dark blue rims like gentian irises. She looked like an angry faun.

Peter was turning, toward the dance floor,

as she came hurrying out, with that little frown between her eyes, her slanting eyebrows pulled down.

"Hello!" Peter said. "Why, hello, there!"

She hesitated and glanced up. She didn't smile, but the little dent between her eyes flattened out, and her lowered brows went up a little.

"Oh, hello," she said in a sweet, husky voice, with no enthusiasm.

She walked on, and Peter walked beside her, covertly watching her.

"Having a good time?" he said.

"Not especially. Are you?"

They had reached the little foyer where the watchdogs sat, two genteel-looking ladies with sheets of paper in front of them on little tables.

"Well," Peter said, "these things are a lot alike."

She looked up, but her eyes went no farther up than his nose. She looked at his mouth and his shoulders.

They were passing the watchdogs.

"Where did I meet you?" Peter said.

It was the wrong thing. He hadn't intended to say that at all. What had he intended to say?

She looked disdainful, or was she merely preoccupied?

"I don't know. Where?"

THEY were past the watchdogs! The watchdogs hadn't even glanced at Peter!

"Was it Bar Harbor?" Peter said.

"Was it?" she said, and looked at him again, this time at his eyes. He was grinning dangerously. Something about her seemed to sharpen, as if she were pulling her perceptions together.

"A cocktail party?" Peter said.

"The Enderbys'?" Her voice indicated a momentary lapse from an enduring boredom.

"Didn't I come riding into that one on a surfboard?" Peter said.

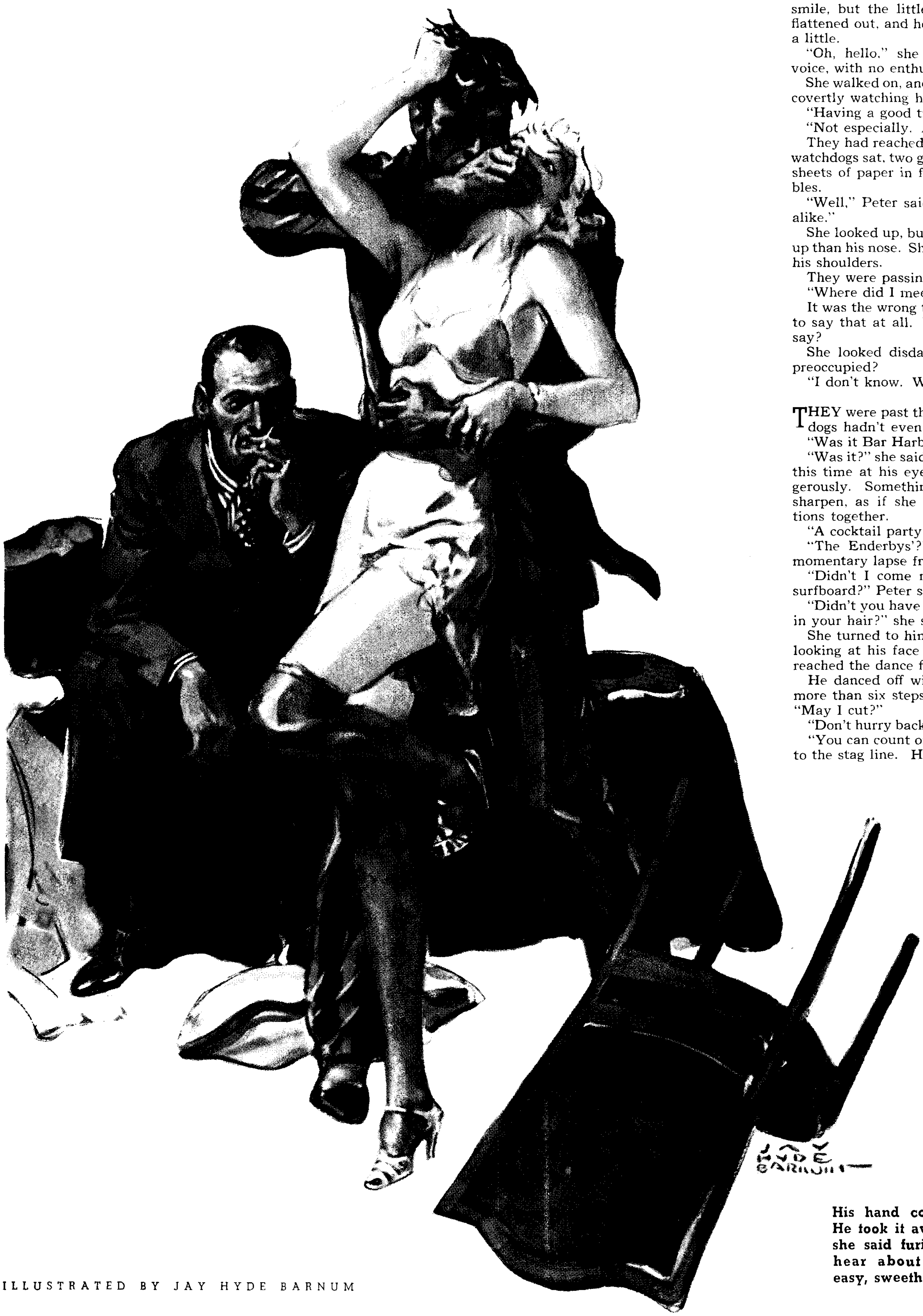
"Didn't you have badminton rackets twined in your hair?" she said.

She turned to him and lifted her arms, not looking at his face but at his tie. They had reached the dance floor.

He danced off with her and had taken no more than six steps when a stern voice said, "May I cut?"

"Don't hurry back," the supersmoothie said.

"You can count on it," Peter said, and went to the stag line. He *(Continued on page 30)*



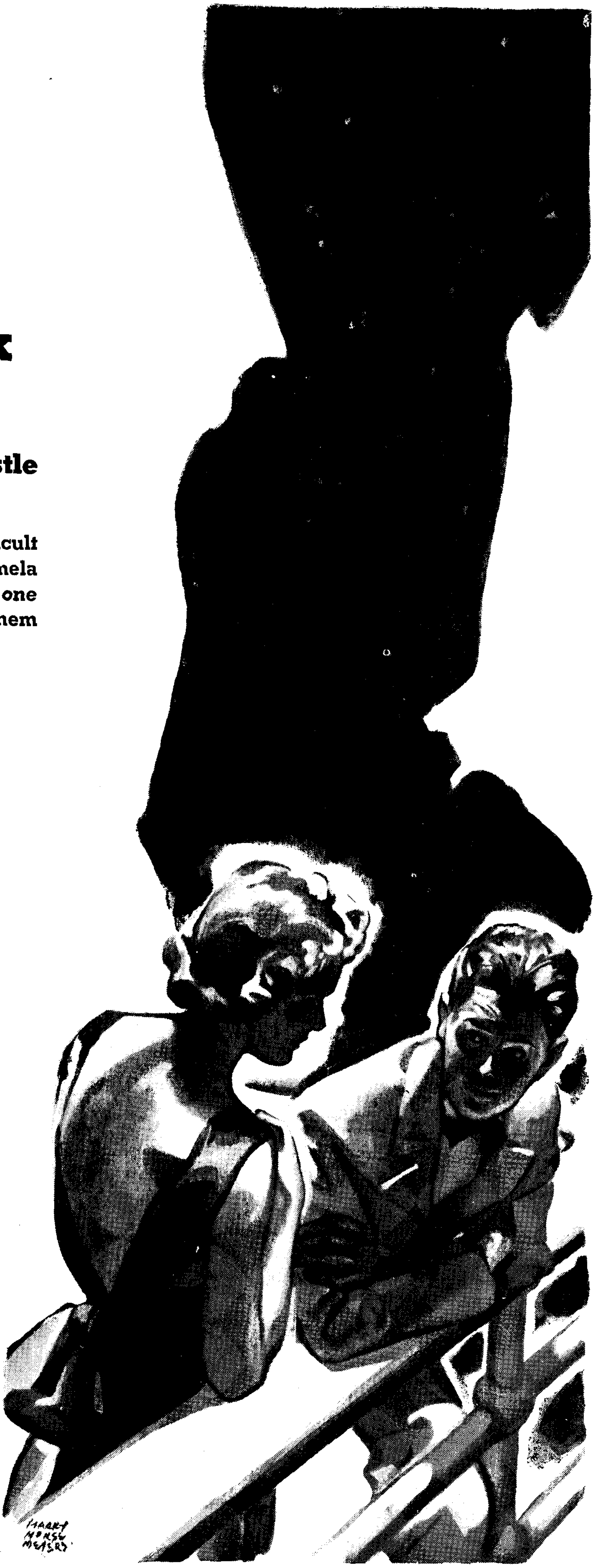
His hand covered her mouth. He took it away a moment and she said furiously, "Oh, you'll hear about this!" "Take it easy, sweetheart," the man said

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Six-O'Clock Sailing

By Everett Rhodes Castle

Captain Dan Hickey on the difficult subject of love. The story of Pamela and her two young men, told by one who should know all about them



"Pamela," said the lad, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

WITH some people it is the ear," said Captain Dan Hickey as he twisted his tall orangeade reflectively, "but with me it's the eye. Pictures. Not painted pictures or photographs, but quick views—mental impressions. You follow?"

We were seated at a corner table in the smoking room of the Lirigua. A chattering group of minor port officials ranged around the bar buying American candy. Outside, in the noisy tropical heat, the Lirigua's cargo was rattling over the side, landing with a dull thud on the concrete quay. Aft, a German freighter was unloading cement.

I nodded encouragingly. On the advice of the purser of the Lirigua, who had heard that I wrote fiction, I had passed up the sights of Puerto Cabello to meet this stocky man with the twinkling blue eyes who looked as if he had a board buttoned up under the back of his white linen coat.

"He's working for the construction company enlarging the harbor," the purser had explained. "It's an American company, with eighty or ninety other Americans on the job, young engineers and the like. They're spending fifteen million dollars enlarging and improving the port and Hickey is in charge of the natives mining and crushing the rock. Get him to talking and you'll know why I say he would have been meat and drink to a guy like O. Henry. He has the touch, the gift of the unexpected."

"Pictures," the captain murmured thoughtfully over the top of his tall glass.

He gulped the rest of his drink and fished frankly for the cherry. I beckoned the steward and pushed the cigarettes across the table. It was four o'clock Saturday afternoon and work had ceased for the day. At other tables in the room, bronzed, lean figures sat, chatting eagerly with the passengers remaining on board. For the most part they were young and their eyes were hungry. Captain Dan Hickey accepted his second orangeade with a little nod and stared at them with benign tolerance.

" 'Tis a merry-go-round," he said after a moment. "The tourists are hanging on their words. The boys are out of the pages of romance to them. But they don't know the stiffness that creeps into a young engineer's throat when the short-wave news broadcast is over and the announcer says, 'For details see your favorite newspaper tomorrow morning.' "

"I suppose they all long for home," I said.

"Every mother's son of 'em," the captain agreed promptly; and then added slowly, "but me."

I WAS looking at one of the visitors. A young man tanned to dark saddle leather. He was sitting across a small table from a girl who was making the round trip with her mother. The boy was looking at her as if she were the first girl he had ever seen, or would ever see again.

The captain followed my glance.

" 'Tis a coincidence," he said after a moment, "that you should be looking at that lad and I should be after talking to you about my pictures. Of course that was a long time ago. And the work wasn't here. It was a sea wall at Georgetown. British Guiana, you know. But the setting is the same and the idea was the same." The amusement died out of the captain's blue eyes and a little sigh whistled over his tall golden glass. "It will always be the same, I suppose," he added.

The point was a little obscure. I tried a guess:

"You—you mean why you are content while the others—"

"You might call it that." He lit a cigarette and folded his lips over the smoke.

I waited.

"Do you believe in love at first sight?" the captain continued after a thoughtful moment, but it was plain from the look in his eyes that my answer would be a matter of total indifference. He went on: "I am thinking of a story that bears on it. About a girl, of course. She was slender and her hair was black as tar, and her lips were red, even when she smiled; and her skin was of a curious sheen that went straight from your eyes down to your heart without a detour.

"It is all bound up in a picture I saw one night when the Malagua pulled out of Georgetown. It is a hard story to tell because it isn't easy for one man to talk to another about the tender passion. It is essentially something for the eye, like the written word, or a rational moving picture or a play where the personalities on the stage reach down into your seat and shut the haw-haw of the intelligentsia out of the ears.

"It needs to be told in the third person to save it from sounding heavy-handed or sappy. Impersonal. And sometimes, when it may seem to you as though the Irish in me is running away with the tale, just raise your eyes and watch the light in the eyes of that young engineer yonder. . . ."

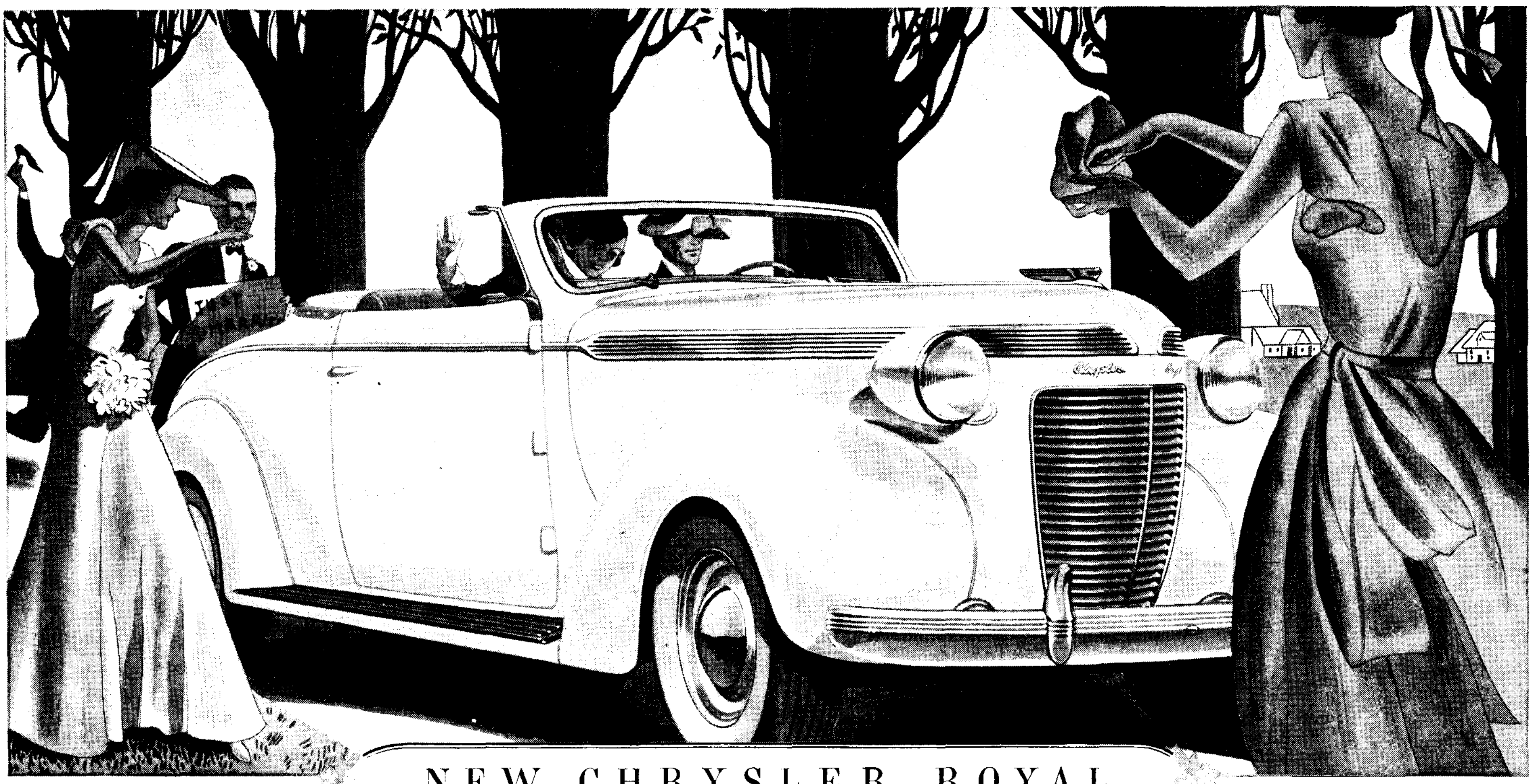
A GIRL (said Captain Dan Hickey) was making a cruise with her uncle. She sat at the captain's table. Her first name was Pamela and that is all that matters and even that was of small consequence to any male under fifty who managed to insert himself into her uncle's deck chair for a few moments or encircle her waist for a second or two of dancing. Her laugh came out of heaven along with the true Southern Cross and the glittering Dog.

She was the belle of the ship before Ambrose light was passed. Even the captain, a dour man, tugged his mustaches when he looked at her. The Malagua carried mostly people taking the cruise

(*Continued on page 65*)

CHRYSLER

INVADES THE LOW-PRICED FIELD



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"I've always been well sold on Chryslers, but my new Royal is the greatest of them all. As an insurance executive, I have to make frequent calls, and the easy handling qualities as well as the economy of the Royal stand ace-high with me. In all my driving experience, I've never seen any brakes that equal Chrysler's sure, soft-acting hydraulics."

J. C. McChesney
Chicago, Ill.

"THE RIDING QUALITIES ARE SUPERB"

"My friends, as well as myself, are keenly enthusiastic about my new Chrysler. It is a delightful car to drive . . . quickly responsive . . . and easy to steer and park. The riding qualities are simply superb . . . jars and jolts just seem to dissolve beneath the car. The chair-high seats and the adjustment feature are especially attractive to me."

Miss Nancy Blagden
New York, N. Y.

"MOST ECONOMICAL CAR I'VE EVER OWNED"

"I get 18 miles per gallon in ordinary city driving, and average considerably better than that on long trips. I've never seen a car as big and roomy as my Royal that even compared with it in all-around economy. It steers and parks with remarkable ease. It rides better than any other car I've owned . . . including several cars that cost twice as much."

H. L. Cleeland, D. C.
Aspinwall, Pa.

"BIG . . . ROOMY . . . YET EASY TO HANDLE"

"Two things stand out in my mind about my new Chrysler Royal. First, driving comfort . . . both in room and easy handling. Second, reliability . . . which is typical of every Chrysler I've owned."

Joseph Caunt
Pasadena, Calif.

Easy to buy. Convenient time payments to fit your purse on the official Commercial Credit Company plan.

Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network,
Every Thursday 9 to 10:00 P. M., E. D. S. T.

Lincoln Washburn, skier, uses contact lenses for active sports. In skiing, they eliminate fogging and reduce the danger of eye injury in falls. Left, applying one of the lenses; right, lenses in position

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
IVOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF
PHOTOGRAPHER

Help in SIGHT

By J. D. Ratcliff

The newest optical illusion is to make your eyeglasses disappear. It's done by means of contact lenses that are fitted directly over the eyeball. Four thousand now wear them and never bat an eye

I'LL bet anyone in the crowd $5 that I can look at the sun longer with one eye closed than he can." Loungers in the courthouse yard of a small Southern hill town gathered around the assertive stranger.

An old-timer, his eyes so dim he could hardly see ten feet ahead of him, unbuttoned his snap purse and fished out five well-traveled bills. For a few seconds he squinted painfully at the noonday sun. Then his eye snapped shut.

The stranger rolled his eyes, winked at an onlooker, and closed one of his lids. For nearly fifteen seconds he stared at the sun. He had a glass eye.

A dirty trick, you may think, but at least it demonstrates the perfection reached by glass-eye makers. They carry 50,000 stock sizes and colors. They even include bloodshot lines on special order—for matching a good eye of a chronic alcoholic. And to top the job off, the glass-eye manufacturers build their products so that they may be attached to muscles that formerly controlled the good eye. The artificial eye then moves in unison with its natural brother.

Such perfection, of course, indicates a heavy demand—a demand which comes from 100,000 blind United States citizens, and the tens of thousands of partially blind. But it is the non-blind who have made eyes a big business.

Apparently nature meant eyes to gaze only on comfortable greens and grays and browns. It meant them to go to bed early and get up early. So when night light and night life arrived, the eyes said "No." Volcanic eruptions of print brought further revolt with the result today that five out of every ten persons wear glasses after they are forty. Seven out of every ten ought to wear them.

In keeping up with this mounting toll, medical men and ocular technicians have made astonishing progress. Persons with fogged cornea—the delicate tissue that stretches over the pupil—were formerly doomed to eternal darkness. Today surgeons sliver off a tiny biscuit-cutter section of the clouded tissue and replace it with clear tissue borrowed from a donor eye blinded by some other disorder. They have even successfully borrowed this tissue from corpses.

Technical men have devised monstrous barrel-lensed spectacles that restore sight to those who see the world only as a vague haze of indistinct shadow. Men with as little as 2 per cent normal vision can now read newspapers.

Great as these developments are, they affect only a tiny minority of the population. This isn't true for the new contact lenses that replace over-the-nose spectacles. These new vision aids that fit snugly under the eyelids and ride on the eyeball itself are usable by any woman who feels her beauty is marred by ordinary spectacles, by athletes and by many with eye disorders which everyday spectacles can't correct.

The new lenses are simply domes of glass shaped like the shell a breakfast-table artist removes from his soft-boiled egg. They slip easily under the lids and may be left in place most of the day.

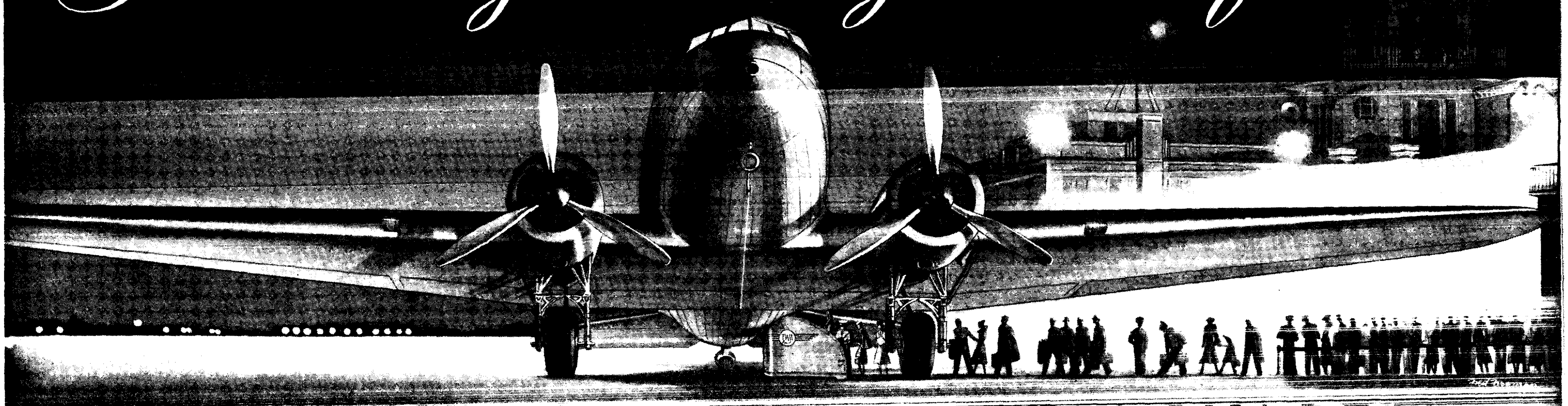
Breakage? Don't worry. Eye doctors have yet to record a case of their breaking and cutting the eyeball. With eyelids and the bony contour of the face giving natural protection, contact-lens wearers have survived auto wrecks that would surely have resulted in grave eye injury had they been wearing ordinary glasses.

The idea for these new eyeglasses goes back to Sir John Herschel, the British astronomer, who thought them up in 1827. But Herschel did little more than contribute the idea, for he could scarcely imagine the eye tolerating a foreign body constantly against it. Furthermore Herschel knew that his day had developed no machinery delicate enough to grind such lenses.

There was an even larger difficulty: public indifference. Reading wasn't so general, and everyone seemed satisfied with the simple procedure of getting spectacles in those days. One didn't bother about eye examinations; he ordered glasses according to his age. A 40-year-old man ordered No. 40; a 54-year-old man, No. 54. Apparently it never occurred to a weak-eyed youngster to yelp when his No. 16's failed to help his vision.

So contact lenses had to *(Continued on page 29)*

The nation greets its mightiest air fleet



THE NEW TWA SUPER-SKYLINER

first IN POWER AND SPEED

. . . largest, most powerful land planes . . . 24,800 pounds, 2,440 horse-power . . . 200 miles an hour . . . 45% power reserve . . . shortest, fastest overnight coast to coast service.

Great "firsts" come to air travel with these new TWA Super-Skyliners. They are the *first* land planes powered with 1,220 h.p. Wright Cyclone motors. They are the *first* coast-to-coast transports with separate sleeper compartment and club lounge.

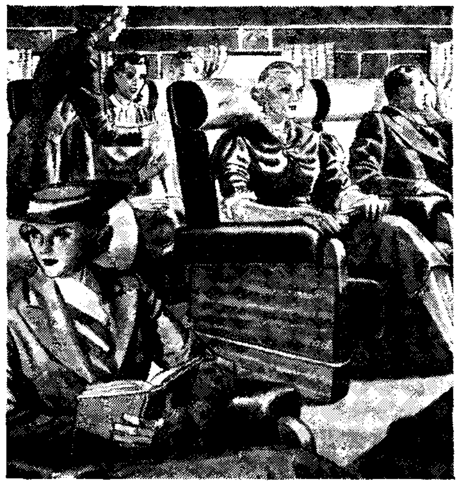
And TWA is the only fleet entirely equipped with "Homing" Radio Direction Finders and Anti-Storm Static Loop Antennae.

Behind these advances are scores of others that have followed since Lindbergh blazed for TWA the first regular transcontinental passenger route in America.

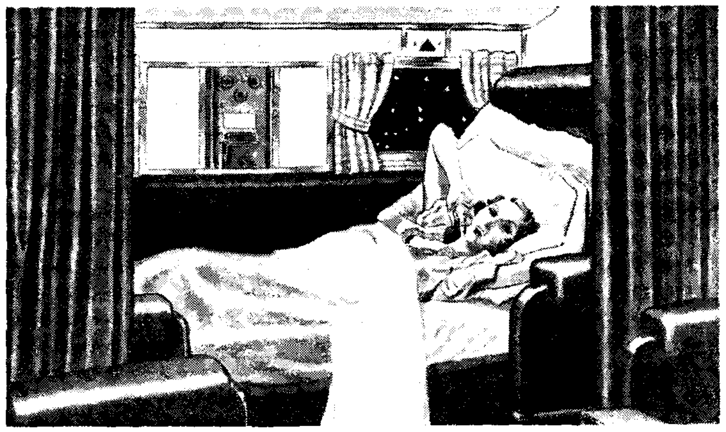
Fly with leadership . . . fly TWA . . . Non-stop Chicago to New York, 3 hours 55 minutes . . . *For information and* reservations call TWA, any hotel, travel bureau, or telegraph office.

first IN LUXURY . . .

$10,000 extra lavished on each interior—17 seats in plane licensed for 25 . . . the only planes in service with separate sleeper compartment and club lounge . . . private dressing room . . . you travel in a suite . . . table dining . . . complimentary full course hot meals . . . comfort and luxury never known before in air travel.



THE SPACIOUS CLUB LOUNGE . . . Richly upholstered divan chairs . . . higher, wider, more deeply cushioned. Relax in comfort . . . stand up, walk around.



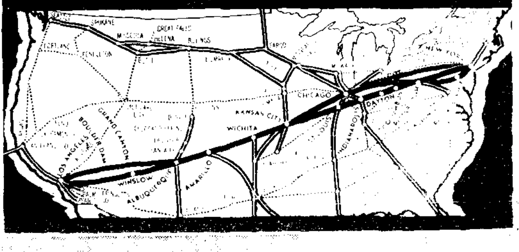
THE SLEEPER SECTION . . . Most luxurious, full length beds . . . buoyant mattresses . . . finest linens and blankets . . . the softest pillows . . . reading lights . . . the utmost privacy. And you don't have to go to bed until you're ready . . . step into the Club Lounge and smoke, chat, or watch the scenery. Only TWA "Sky-Sleepers" give you a suite like this.

Complimentary full course hot meals.

Adjustable steamer-type lounge chairs.

SHORTEST-FASTEST

OVERNIGHT COAST TO COAST



TWA *first*

Ask Your Travel Agent about NEW LOW SUMMER FARES!

THE LINDBERGH LINE

Firestone TIRES On Winning Cars AT INDIANAPOLIS FOR 18TH CONSECUTIVE YEAR

THE MASTERPIECE OF TIRE CONSTRUCTION

ANOTHER triumph for Firestone Tires and another sweeping victory for the blowout protection and safety of the Firestone Gum-Dipping Process! In no other place in the world are tires put to such a severe test as in this gruelling 500-mile race. This race is more than a pageant of speed. As powerful cars hit the curves and roar down the straight-aways at speeds up to 150 miles an hour, it is the most dramatic test of men, metals, and rubber, that is known today.

These drivers may be daring, but they are not careless. They insist on *safe* tires — tires that stay cool even under the terrific pounding of this hot brick track. They know that Firestone Tires run cooler — protected against destructive internal friction and heat by the Firestone patented Gum-Dipping process.

You may never put your tires to the test that race drivers do but for your safety and the safety of your family you *do* need the blowout protection and other extra patented construction features that make Firestone Tires safer. Go to your nearest Firestone Dealer or Firestone Auto Supply & Service Store, examine a cross-section and see for yourself how the special Firestone construction features provide greatest protection and save you money. Join the Firestone SAVE A LIFE Campaign today by equipping your car with a set of new Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires, the safest and most dependable tires that money can buy.

WHY Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires Give Greatest Safety . . . . .

THEY WILL STOP A CAR UP TO 25% QUICKER as proved in tests by a leading university. The scientifically designed tread and the specially compounded rubber give you longer non-skid mileage and lower cost per mile.

THEY GIVE YOU GREATEST BLOWOUT PROTECTION because the cord body is Gum-Dipped. Gum-Dipping is the Firestone patented process that saturates and coats every cotton fiber in every cord of every ply with pure liquid rubber. Gum-Dipping counteracts internal friction and heat that ordinarily destroy tire life.

THE TWO EXTRA LAYERS OF GUM-DIPPED CORDS UNDER THE TREAD bind the tread and the Gum-Dipped cord body into one inseparable unit, providing greater strength and greater protection against punctures and blowouts.

Listen to the Voice of Firestone featuring Margaret Speaks; Monday evenings over Nationwide N. B. C. Red Network

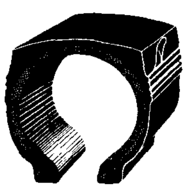
DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE ON THIN WORN TIRES

DO YOU KNOW . . .

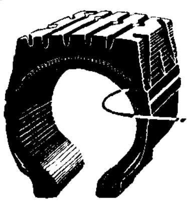
THAT last year highway accidents cost the lives of more than 38,000 men, women and children?

THAT a million more were injured?

THAT more than 40,000 of these deaths and injuries were caused directly by punctures, blowouts and skidding due to unsafe tires?



Above is a section cut from a smooth, worn tire, with non-skid protection worn off. Tires in this condition are more liable to punctures, blowouts and skidding.



Above is section cut from a new Firestone Tire. Note the thick non-skid protection against skidding, blowouts and punctures. See by actual demonstration.

PROOF OF PERFORMANCE IS *Proof of Safety*

★ Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the gruelling Indianapolis 500-mile race for 18 consecutive years.

★ Ab Jenkins drove 7,134 miles in 48 hours, on Firestone Tires, averaging 148 miles per hour, over the hot salt beds of Lake Bonneville, Utah, without tire trouble of any kind.

★ For nine consecutive years, Firestone Tires have been on the winning cars in the dangerous Pike's Peak climb, where a skid meant death.

★ Firestone Tires are used on Greyhound buses, to insure safety, comfort and on time schedules for their 30 million passengers.

★ Firestone Tires are used on the entire fleet of Chicago Yellow Cabs, to protect their 20 million passengers against the dangers of blowouts and skidding.

JOIN THE FIRESTONE *Save a Life* CAMPAIGN TODAY!

FIRST CHOICE FOR SAFETY, ECONOMY AND LONG MILEAGE

Copyright 1937, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.

Help in Sight

Continued from page 26

wait for today's perfected technical equipment. The idea evolved gradually. Contact lenses would ride on the scleral—white—portion of the eyeball and dome over the cornea—colored section—which was too sensitive to tolerate the glass. The actual lens—the part which corrected the eye fault—need be no more than half an inch in diameter, just large enough to cover the cornea. The rest of the contact eyeglass simply served to hold the corrective lens in place.

On paper, this all looked delightfully simple. But one barn-door catch appeared. All eyes weren't shaped alike; nor were they perfectly formed. Like the blown-up photos of the moon, the eye contained little craters and mountains of fatty tissue. Unfortunately the highly sensitive mountains couldn't grow protective callouses when a contact lens rubbed against them.

Such rubbing brought on excessive lachrimation, followed by severe pain. The wearer had to hook to the lens the little suction cup his oculist provided and rock it out of his eye.

To solve this problem optical-goods manufacturers tried an obvious approach. Their cases of ordinary lenses provided about 100,000 possible combinations. Why not a big variety of sizes of contact lenses? This helped somewhat. More eyes were found that could tolerate the stock sizes. But it still was short of ideal.

Then, a few months ago, a New York optometrist, Dr. William Feinbloom, thought up a new approach. First he examined the eyes in the routine way. Instead of grinding the usual spectacle lenses he made tiny lenses—about the size of a vest button—which would fit over the cornea alone. Next he shaped a sheet of pale pink dental plaster roughly in the form of the complete contact lens.

From the center of this pliable mold he cut a circular section and slid the glass lens into the hole. With this ghoulish-looking pink eye ready he turned to his patient. First he anesthetized the patient's eye with butyn. Then he slipped the wax model under the lids.

For fifteen minutes the patient rolled the waxy plaster around with his eyeball. Gradually body heat melted it into eye depressions and over eye bumps. The doctor then doused the patient's eye with ice water. The wax hardened to glass brittleness—so hard that it could be fished out of the eye without injury to the mold.

Working at refrigerator temperatures, Feinbloom made a plaster cast from the wax mold.

Finally he struck on the idea of casting his mold with plastic resin—the substance used for unbreakable bathroom tumblers and babies' dishes. It was a happy hunch and it worked.

Fooling the Optometrists

The lenses developed by Feinbloom are installed in the eye in the same manner that the earlier types are. First the wearer fills them with salt water; then draws his head downward until his chin touches his chest. Next he draws the lower lid down and slides the lens under it and hoists the upper lid and tucks the lens under that. It falls naturally into position.

Checks with a slit-lamp microscope show that the lenses fit with .003-inch tolerance on the white part of the eye and ride gracefully a half a millimeter over the hypersensitive cornea. Air pressure holds them snugly against the eyeball, just as it holds a flat jelly jar lid on a wet kitchen table. The first patient wore his new eyeglasses for 72 hours without discomfort.

Since this work was done a large German optical-goods company has discovered yet another method of tailoring lenses to fit individual eyes. First it makes a mold of the eye with wax, which in turn is used to prepare a plaster cast. Using a technique that suggests wizardry, glass workers then form a glass shell over this cast. Afterward the corrective lens is ground on the central portion.

Once contact-lens wearers have had a little practice they have no difficulty installing or removing them. With the help of a little rubber sucker—built something like the bulb on a medicine dropper—they may be set into place or rocked out with ease.

Contact lenses are of inestimable cosmetic value. Everyone knows of at least one case of a personable young woman who prefers to stumble about half blind rather than wear spectacles. Many women wear them only when alone and snatch them off when someone approaches.

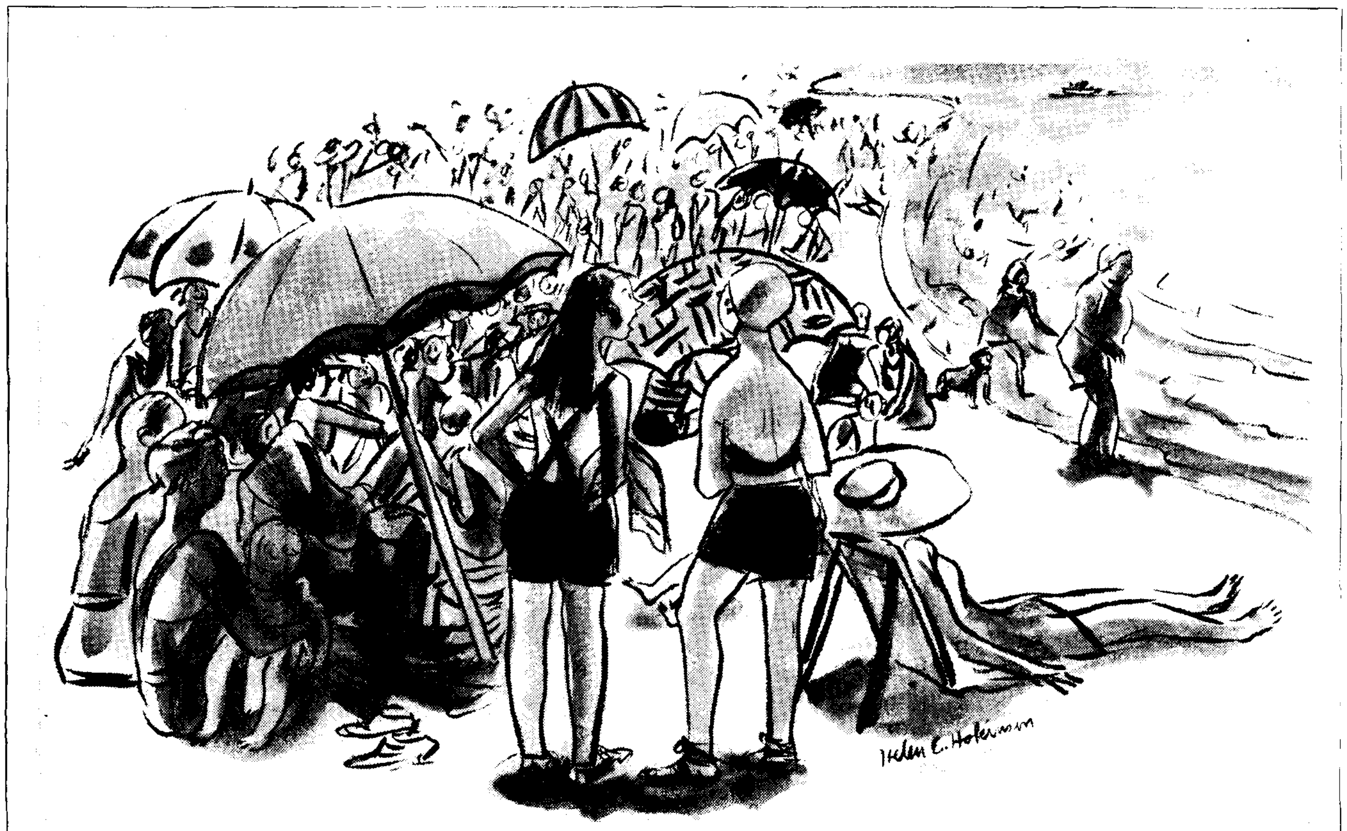
The new contact lenses solve such problems, for they are absolutely invisible. At an optometrists' meeting a lecturer slipped contact lenses under the lids of a patient he was using for a demonstration of an eyelid ailment. Gravely the doctors examined the subject's eyelids. Not one noted that he wore contact lenses!

Already several stage stars are wearing the new lenses—stars who have ofttimes been in danger of walking blindly into the orchestra pit. At the last Olympics three ski contestants used them. They are particularly desirable in aquatic sports. Swimmers have no difficulty keeping their eyes open under water if they wear the lenses.

Aside from these values, the contacts are indispensable in several maladies uncorrectible by ordinary glasses. A heavy percentage of astigmatism is caused by deformation of the cornea. The new lenses give excellent results in these cases, for their center portion is essentially a new, superimposed cornea.

The salt water that is trapped underneath it in effect achieves the result of smoothing out natural imperfections. Vision is restored to a degree impossible by older methods. They are almost essential after cataract operations on older people.

The whole picture adds up pretty impossingly, what with 4,000 persons in the United States already wearing contact lenses. It might not be necessary much longer for little Willy to come crying home to Mamma, complaining that the other kids called him "four eyes."

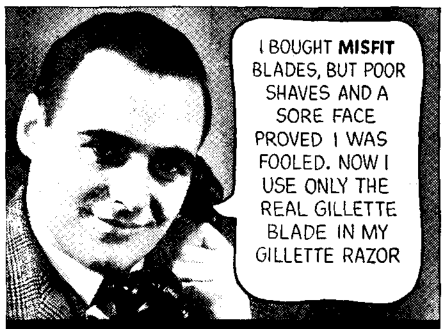


"I hope the boys show up before the beach gets crowded"

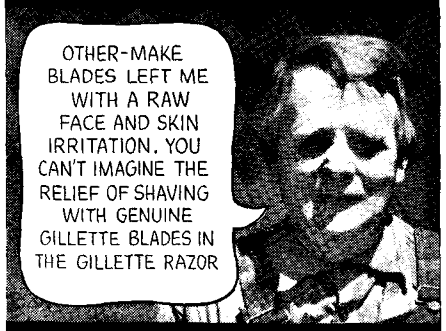
HELEN HOKINSON

"Sore Face Was Result of Misfit Blades"
—says New York man

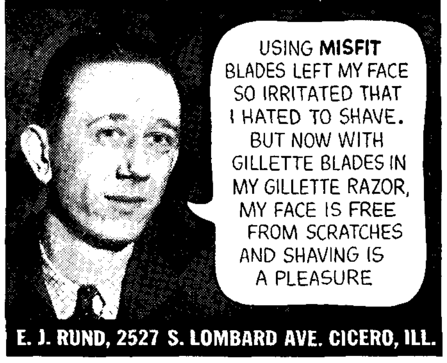
Letters like these tell why it pays to use Gillette Blades in your Gillette Razor


I BOUGHT MISFIT BLADES, BUT POOR SHAVES AND A SORE FACE PROVED I WAS FOOLED. NOW I USE ONLY THE REAL GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR

DONALD DONAHUE, BRONXVILLE, N. Y.


OTHER-MAKE BLADES LEFT ME WITH A RAW FACE AND SKIN IRRITATION. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE THE RELIEF OF SHAVING WITH GENUINE GILLETTE BLADES IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR

T. G. SEFTON, BEAVER CREEK, OREGON


USING MISFIT BLADES LEFT MY FACE SO IRRITATED THAT I HATED TO SHAVE. BUT NOW WITH GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR, MY FACE IS FREE FROM SCRATCHES AND SHAVING IS A PLEASURE

E. J. RUND, 2527 S. LOMBARD AVE. CICERO, ILL.

Try This Teamwork Shave
—see why millions prefer it

If you're not getting clean, comfortable shaves, possibly you are using *misfit* blades in your Gillette Razor. Too much shaving edge makes your face raw and sore. Not enough shaving edge leaves half shaved bristles behind. To avoid these discomforts always use a Gillette Blade in your Gillette Razor. These two are made for each other—*matched* as perfectly as the parts of your watch. Try an "All-Gillette" shave and see how pleasant shaving can be.

Gillette Blue Blades

Gillette Blades
Precision-made for the Gillette Razor

SAVE
ON THESE CAR AND HOUSEHOLD
NEEDS

MOBIL HANDY OIL
MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

Special Offer Both Only 49¢

HANDY WALL CLIP
FOR HOME OR CAR
Mobil Handy Oil 25¢
Mobil Spot Remover 30¢

Buy this Combination at Mobilgas and Mobiloil Dealers Where You See this Display

MOBIL HANDY OIL

Does every light lubrication job around the house and car. Fine for sewing machines, fans, vacuum cleaners, generators, door hinges, locks and other appliances. It creeps right to the spot—works fast. Free wall clip with each can.

MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

Quickly removes spots on furniture and car upholstery. Makes grease spots, oil smudges, food stains, etc., vanish. Used according to directions, it leaves no ring.

Mobil Specialties

MOBILGLOSS • MOBILWAX • MOBILWAX PAD
MOBIL HANDY OIL • MOBIL RADIATOR FLUSH
MOBIL WINDOW SPRAY • MOBIL UPPERLUBE
MOBIL HYDROTONE • MOBIL SPOT REMOVER

BY THE MAKERS OF MOBILOIL

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 23

had always thought that a stag line was a small line of men who stood near a door, and he was surprised to find that this stag line encircled the room. It moved slowly in a clockwise direction.

Not until he had joined the stag line did it suddenly occur to him that he was in. He had crashed the Griffin party!

A dark young man with glasses smiled at him and said, "Good party."

"Yes," Peter said.

"All the wenches are out."

"Yes," Peter said. "Who is the one in white?"

"The one you were just dancing with?"

"Yes."

"Hah! That's one for the book. That's your hostess, pal."

"Jane Griffin?"

"Sure. These parties get bigger and bigger, don't they?"

The blasé young man who wore kid gloves drifted up. He said, "Hello, Pierce. Anybody here?"

"Rilling's here. And Corson. It's a pretty smooth party."

Peter moved along the stag line, smiling easily, watching the dancers. His face was hot over that blunder, and his throat was parched. And now that he was in, he felt no easier than he had before. There were so many mistakes he could make.

He tried to calm himself, to listen with detachment to the music, the drumbeat of voices, the swish-swish of dancing feet, the tinkling of champagne glasses, the popping of corks.

It was a blur of sound. The flowers were a blur of color. He wasn't even aware of their fragrance.

He suddenly saw Franziska and must have turned white. He thought she was looking at him, and he smiled, but she was not looking at him. She was dancing slowly with a big, handsome, amiable-looking young man.

SHE wore a gown of pale blue stuff, dotted with random little gold stars.

Her body above her waist was slim and yearning, and she had fine shoulders and long and lovely arms. Her black hair was very short and curly, with curly bangs on her forehead. A pale blue feather lying along her head, almost down the middle, curled forward among the explosion of black curls.

There was something about Franziska Rilling that made her different from all these girls, and it was not her loveliness alone. Peter had been expecting that when he saw her again it would not be there, but it was.

It was not only in her eyes; it was in her mouth, but it was hard to say why. Her mouth fascinated and mystified him. The upper lip was long and full and arched, and the curve was interrupted by a straightness where the cupid's bow would naturally be. It was a long, tragic upper lip, and the lower lip was full and small. It was sensuous because it was so ripe and so red.

She vanished for a moment, then reappeared, dancing with another man, smiling up at him and talking.

Peter thought of her furtive encounter with Steve Tetlow and he thought of her hostility on the plane. He wanted to understand her, he wanted to know what it was that made her look so courageous.

She must know that Steve Tetlow was a gangster. She was so desperately in need of money. Why had Steve Tetlow handed her some small, mysterious object, and why had she palmed it and hidden it so deftly in her evening bag, pretending smoothly that nothing had gone from his hand to hers?

He saw the bag hanging from her wrist. It was made of a material which matched her gown, a square of pale blue cloth, two diagonal corners of which overlapped and fastened. The other two corners were tied together and slipped over her wrist. Peter supposed it was for carrying cosmetics. The little object would be safe under the first lap-over.

He must dance with her. He did what he saw other young men doing. He started across the floor toward her, with determination, as if he were going somewhere, as if it were an errand that no one had better interfere with.

He tapped the shoulder of the man she was dancing with.

"May I cut?"

THE young man gave her up. Franziska was looking up into Peter's face. She could not have seen him on the stag line. Her gray eyes were wide with surprise. For a moment, he thought she would refuse to dance with him. It was in her eyes. All that he had seen in her eyes on the plane was there again. Hatred and scorn and, possibly, fear.

But she did not refuse to dance.

Her head was down. He felt her stiffness. She was rigid with resentment. She hadn't danced like this with other men. She had been lithe and flexible, and she had been gay. He felt the slight weight of the blue evening bag against his back.

He said huskily, "Miss Rilling, what's the matter?"

"Need you ask?"

"I'm asking."

A hand touched his shoulder. "May I cut?"

He held her a moment longer. "I want to know."

He gave her up and returned to the stag line. The brown-eyed girl in shell-pink danced near him with the blasé young man who wore kid gloves. He no longer looked bored. His face was flushed and his eyes looked miserable. The girl was holding her head proudly, but her face, too, was flushed, and her eyes had a bright, strained look.

They danced on. Jane Griffin and the big handsome young man whom he had seen dancing with Franziska passed close. He tapped the man's shoulder before he realized that he was afraid of Jane Griffin.

"May I cut?"

The Griffin girl looked at his nose as he took her in his arms and she said, in her husky, insolent voice: "I'm a girl who never forgets a pair of shoulders. What's your name?"

"Banyard."

"Do you live in New York?"

"Yes."

"May I cut?"

"Don't come back so soon next time," Miss Griffin said.

"I won't," Peter said.

Another man was dancing with Franziska. She saw him coming and closed her eyes.

"May I cut?"

With Franziska in his arms again, Peter said, "Something's funny, Miss Rilling."

"Oh, very, very funny."

"I can search my past with the eye of my ruthless conscience and still I draw a blank. All I want to know—"

"May I cut?"

Peter said, "Miss Rilling, can't we go somewhere and talk?"

Even the line of her chin as she drew away to dance with the other man was disdainful. It was a long, delicate, beautiful chin line with a sweep to it.

RETURNING to the stag line, he saw the girl in shell-pink. She was still dancing with the blasé young man. She was still holding her head high, and there were red splotches on her cheekbones. Her eyes were more glittery than before. Her partner was dancing close to the stag line, sending out beseeching and resentful glances. He was perspiring.

A languid voice said, "Pardon me—your name Banyard?"

"Yes."

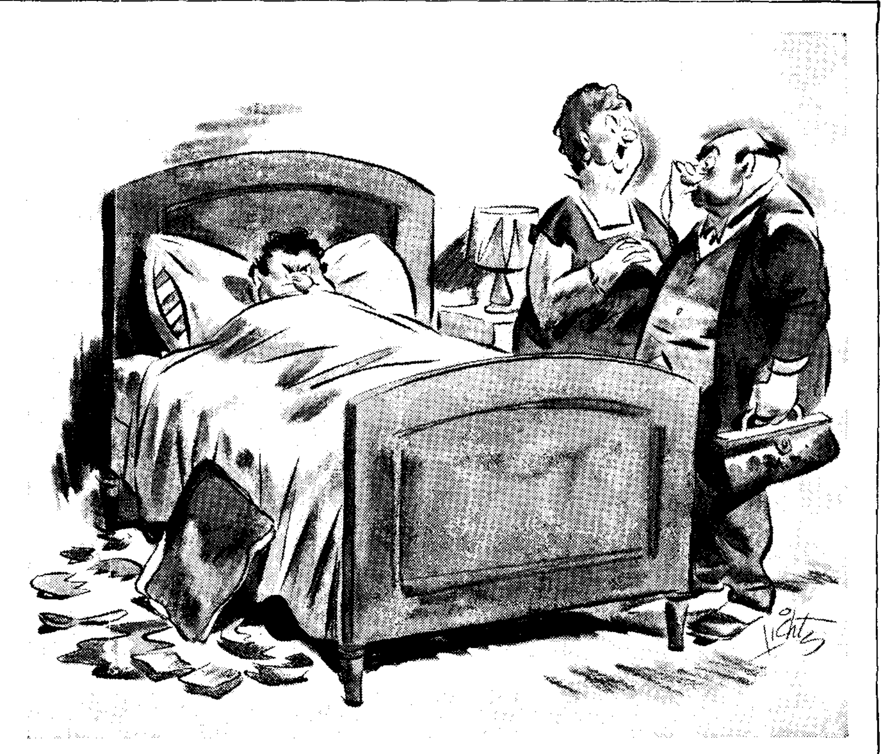
The young man had black curly hair and black eyes, insolent eyes. He was probably a bond salesman.

"Miss Griffin yearns for you."

"Thanks."

"Pleasure."

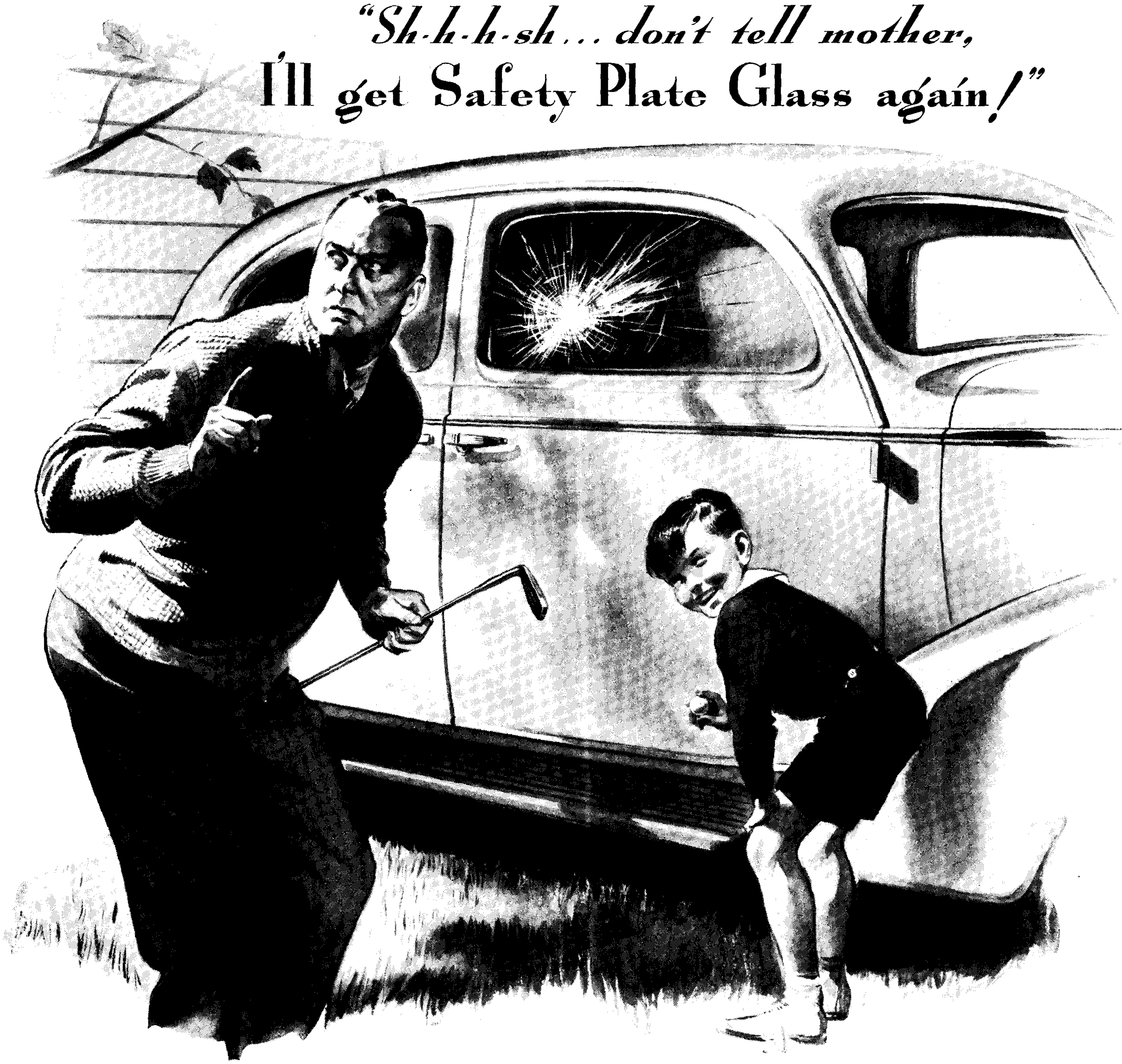
Peter made his way to where Jane Griffin was dancing and became involved with a group, all changing partners. He



"He's better, Doctor. He showed real spirit when I brought him his breakfast tray"

GEORGE LICHTY

"Sh-h-h-sh . . . don't tell mother, I'll get Safety Plate Glass again!"



It looks as though Father had "cracked" under the strain, but with Bobbie's support, he'll get out of the rough with his next shot by having his dealer replace with Safety PLATE Glass.

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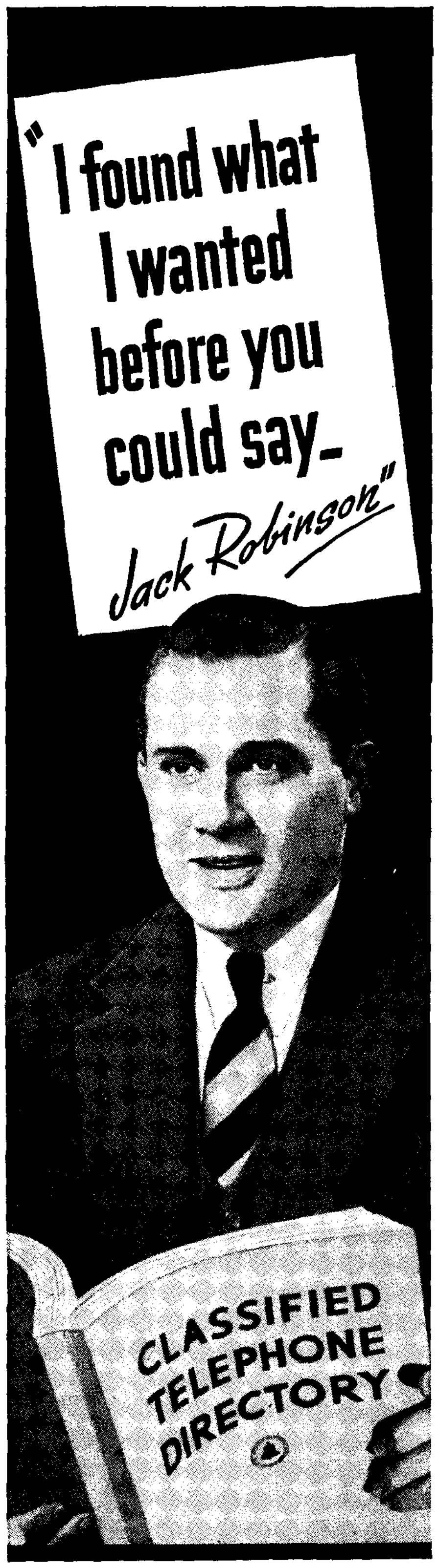

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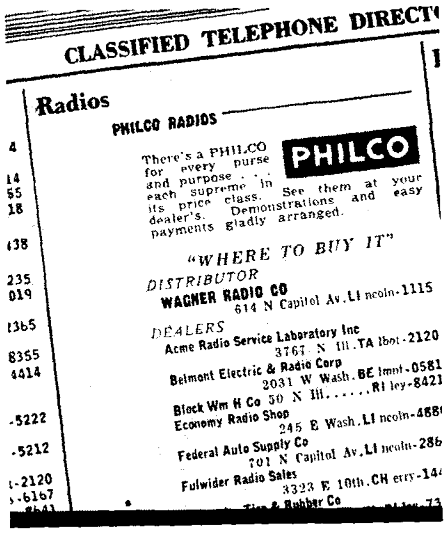

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took her away from a scowling young man who looked tight.

"You're rolling me in the aisles," she said. He observed that her upper lip was thin and that her lower lip was slightly square, slightly outthrust, slightly belligerent. It made her look like an impudent boy.

"*I told you not to hurry back.*"

"It's my passionate nature."

"Fifty men have danced with me since I told you not to hurry back."

"Maybe you're popular."

"I don't remember meeting you in Bar Harbor or anywhere else."

"That's funny. I remember you perfectly."

"Well, I don't. Was it last summer?"

"Yes."

"I was in Europe last summer."

"Then it must have been Europe," Peter said.

"Where?"

"How do I know? I've never been there."

She looked at his mouth.

"I went to Miss Finch's," she said huskily. "I play tennis, ride a horse and swim like a fool and what of it. Now, tell me all about yourself."

"May I cut?"

Peter went back to the stag line, having added Jane Griffin to the list of things that terrified him. He supposed she knew that he had crashed her party, and he wondered what she would do about it. But it wasn't this that terrified him. He had expected to be thrown out. It was Jane Griffin, and her husky voice and her bored way and her gentian eyes and her faunlike charm! She was a supersmoothie.

Franziska was dancing with the big, good-looking young man again. Peter wondered if he was Roger Van Tyle. He looked as if his name might be Roger Van Tyle, and there was something about the way she danced with him. It wasn't anything obvious. Perhaps it was only the happy look of her lovely mouth, and the shimmer in her eyes.

He saw the girl in shell-pink again, still dancing with the blasé young man. Her eyes were lusterless now, and the crimson patches on her cheekbones had spread over her entire face. Peter observed that her partner's eyes were no longer beseeching nor even resentful. They had a stark look.

Peter wondered why the floor committee didn't do something about this unhappy couple. He was tempted to go to the girl's rescue. Then he saw Franziska again.

ANOTHER man cut in before Peter could reach her. He gave the new man three steps, then cut.

This time, she wasn't rigid. He was conscious of the blue evening bag at his back. He wondered what a man like Steve Tetlow could possibly have to say to a girl like Franziska Rilling.

"Isn't this something new?" she said.

"I hate to seem so dumb," Peter said, "but I need a diagram. What did I ever do to you? Will you tell me just that?"

"Why don't you leave me alone?"

"I want to know what I've done."

"I might loathe you more if I tried," she said, "but it isn't worth the effort. Now, will you leave me alone?"

"No. I want to know—"

"May I cut?"

Peter returned angrily to the stag line. He had done something that had offended her, or she imagined he had. What had he done? He had gone aboard the plane and asked her a courteous, impersonal question. What else had he done?

He waited a moment, then cut back. This time, he was sure she was going to refuse to dance with him. She kept her elbows at her sides and looked up at him. But when he smiled, she looked frightened and quickly raised her arms.

"You know I don't want to dance with you," she said.

"All I want to know," Peter said, "is why you acted the way you did on the plane, and why you're acting the same way now. What did I ever do to you?"

"Do you really have to ask?"

"It's the only reason I'm here tonight."

She was looking up at him with clear and fearless eyes. Her mouth was scornful.

"What's your game this time?"

"This time?" Peter saw two men coming determinedly toward him. He said desperately: "If we could just go somewhere and talk without being interrupted!"

"Your apartment again?"

"Again!"

"May I cut?"

"Listen, Miss Rilling!"

"I will not dance with you again. I don't want to make a scene, but I will if you cut in once more."

Peter surrendered her. He had finally found out what he had been wanting to know.

Peter was so relieved that the muscles in his diaphragm, so tense, gave several little jerks. She didn't hate him for anything he had said or done or for what he was. She didn't hate him at all. She hated someone who looked like him.

He smiled straight into the eyes of the girl in the shell-pink gown. She did not see the smile. She was still dancing with the blasé young man. Her eyes now had a glazed look, as of one who has suffered to the point where self-anesthesia sets in.

Peter impulsively walked over and tapped her partner's shoulder. "May I cut?" he said sternly.

The young man did not hear him. And the girl's face, over his shoulder, registered nothing but apathy.

Peter pressed his arm. "May I cut?"

It snapped them out of their trance. They stopped dancing. He had never seen such gratitude on a pair of faces. The girl's eyes lost that drugged look and sparkled with excitement. The young man vanished.

Peter took her in his arms. She didn't dance very well. Perhaps she was too frightened, too despairing. And she seemed to have forgotten how to talk. He had observed that most of the girls talked incessantly, with an air of manufacturing words, and they looked feverishly gay, or, if they were smoother, merely gay. The thing to do was to talk to a man, to chatter irrepressibly. Peter had listened to some of these conversations, and they were so forced that they made him feel uncomfortable.

A supersmoothie's job was to make her partner feel fine. She left you tingling with self-importance, but it took a supersmoothie to put it over. The imitations were imitations. Girls like Jane Griffin and Franziska Rilling could talk or not as they wished. They were sure of themselves. Yet he observed that Jane Griffin and Franziska and the few other girls he had seen who could compare with them kept chattering to their partners with a gaiety that was appalling.

The girl in shell-pink wasn't talking at all. She was dancing a little better, but she seemed to have no rhythm.

THE big, handsome young man who had danced with Franziska so often was dancing now with a girl in green, with whom he seemed to be stuck, as Peter was certainly going to be stuck with this girl.

"Nice party," Peter said.

"Oh, isn't it!" She had a flat, chesty voice, like a boy's.

"Do you know who the chap is, dancing with the girl in green?"

"Over there?"

"Yes."

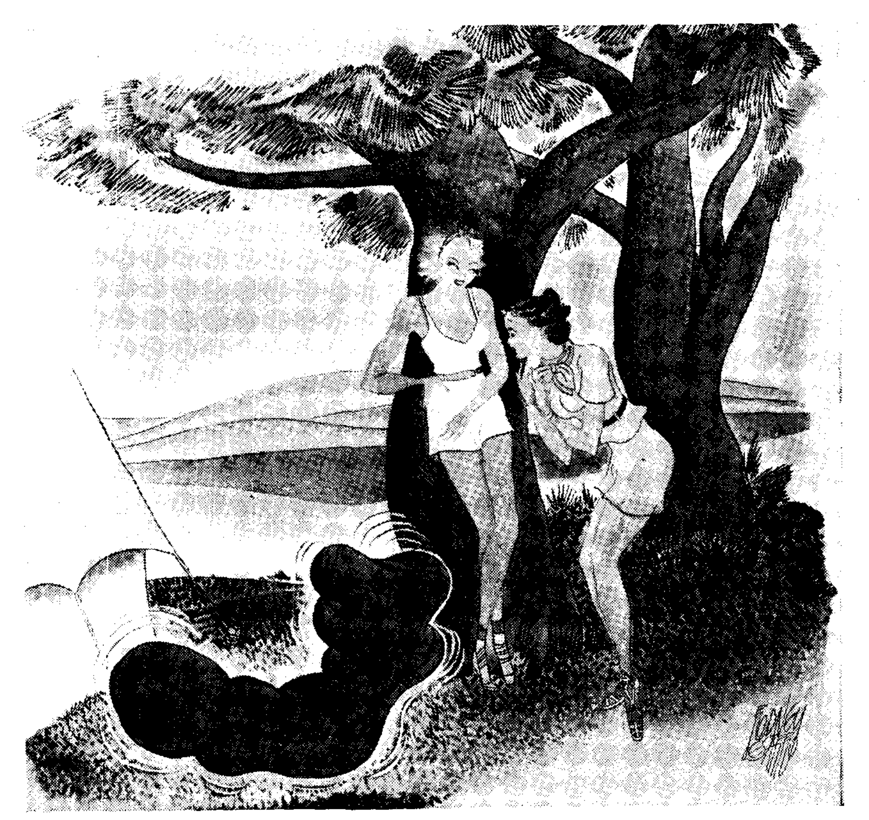
"That's Roger Van Tyle."

"So that's Roger."

"Yes, that's Van."

Peter looked at Roger Van Tyle, and saw nothing that he had not seen before when he had merely suspected it. He was a big, handsome, amiable-looking young man, with warm brown eyes and rather full red sensuous lips. He looked warm and hearty and emotional. He had an air of complete self-possession. His large head on his strikingly wide shoulders made him stand out.

His size, his self-possession, his good looks were all discouraging. It was natural enough for Franziska to be in love with this man, and Peter was dismayed at his determination to take her away from him. Some of the terror, which had receded since he had been dancing with the girl in pink, returned.



"It's one of those new sleeping bags. He's locked himself in!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

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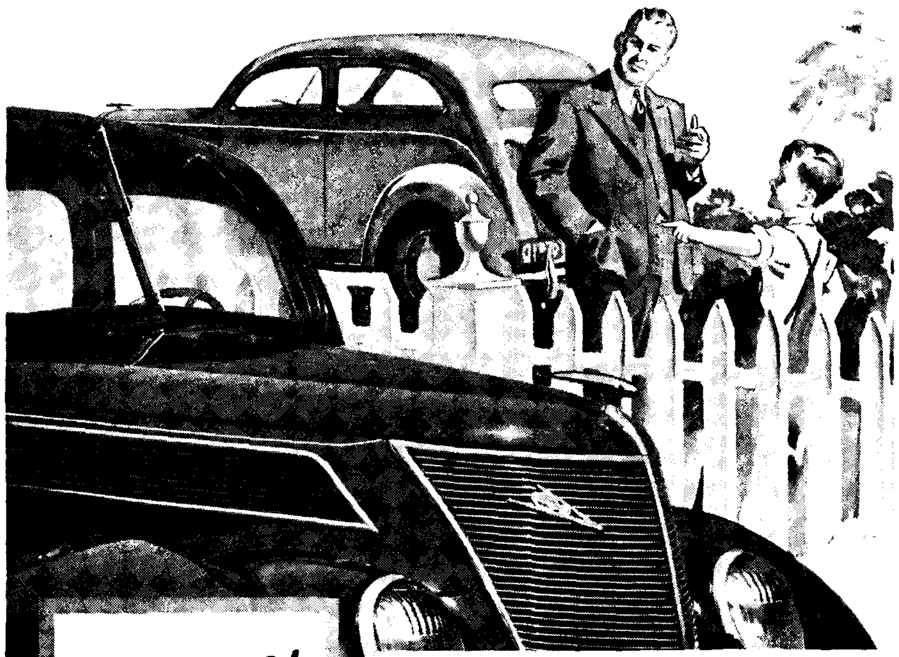

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He could not stop now. The devil that had goaded him into riding tough horses and taking up boxing and flying would goad him to a relentless pursuit of Franziska, and he would not stop until he had broken down her last resistance.

The music stopped. He dropped his arms and stood away from the girl in pink and her eyes fluttered away from his face. With the stopping of the music, the drumbeat of voices became louder. People were drifting to tables. Supper was being served.

"Shall we get a table?"

She looked startled, then said in her flat, chesty voice, "All right."

They found an empty table and sat down. A waiter quickly placed a filled plate before each of them, and a champagne glass.

"I knew they'd have chicken," the girl said. "You could count on chicken, creamed potatoes and peas."

"And lots of champagne," Peter said.

THE girl seemed to take a new lease on life. Her eyes were still brilliant and her cheeks still looked hot, but she was happier. She began to chatter as the other girls were doing. She had a Star boat which she kept at Huntington, she said. She'd rather sail than eat. She'd rather sail than do anything.

"Do you sail?"

"No. I've spent most of my life in the desert."

She didn't seem to hear. She babbled on. The blasé young man wandered past. He glanced at the girl in pink, and glanced hastily away. The girl cried gaily, "Oh, Harry! Here we are!"

The young man halted and turned crimson. Peter got up and pulled out a chair. The young man sat down. The girl chattered. More about sailing. Harry sipped champagne, smoked cigarettes and glanced about him with long-lidded, half-mooned eyes.

Peter saw Franziska at a table down the room, with a redheaded man and another couple. She was facing Peter. She was powdering her nose. His eyes became sad as he watched her. There was something so intimate about a girl's powdering her nose across the table from you. She was so preoccupied and sweet and feminine and so busy.

She would look up at Peter from powdering her nose, they would be at a table miles from here, say, on a steamer going to France, and they would be alone. She would finish powdering her nose and look up at him with the slightly dazed smile of a girl returning to normality and the world of men.

"Darling—" she would say brightly, with that little lift in her voice.

"I sailed across the Sound last summer under two reefs."

"It must be swell," Peter said.

Franziska was putting her compact into the blue evening bag.

The girl in pink said, "Ha! Van is going to make the toast."

Roger Van Tyle was standing with a champagne glass in his hand. He had been sitting at a table with Jane Griffin, a gray-haired man and a hawk-eyed old woman who wore a pearl choker. She nervously snapped open and shut a pair of lorgnettes, frosty with diamonds, and she would suddenly hold them to her eyes and peer at someone.

The chattering lessened. Someone said, "Quiet, everybody—it's a picture!"

"What a bore," the girl in pink said.

Roger Van Tyle raised his champagne and began to talk.

"Friends, we're gathered here tonight to do homage to one of the loveliest, most charming girls of the season. It's a great pleasure for all of us to be here, to see her, to renew acquaintance, many of us, and it's a great pleasure to make this toast to a girl—this—"

Peter lost it in a clattering of plates. Then voices behind him interfered. Roger Van Tyle was smiling and talking with the ease of a young man who did this sort of thing often and with pleasure.

"In spite of the fact that there are many beautiful debs—"

The popping of champagne corks in a small fusillade spoiled it again.

Peter watched him, talking so easily, with smiling unembarrassment. Roger Van Tyle had a square chin with just the suspicion of a cleft, and very irregular, heavy eyebrows. His smile was easy and attractive. It was easy to understand how any girl could fall in love with this big, handsome, amiable young man.

"This wonderful girl we've been waiting for so long."

He sat down beside the Griffin girl. She was laughing at him and people were applauding. He saw Franziska get up from her table and walk toward a mass of flowers, as if they had suddenly caught her attention.

He could see her profile. She looked pale. She was tapping her thumbnail against her teeth, and she suddenly turned, looked at the Griffin table, and walked toward the doorway. She walked rapidly, with her head bent.

Just inside the doorway, she stopped. She put her hand to her forehead lightly, and looked under it down the room at the Griffin table. Then with an air of resolution she came walking out, holding her head up, and went to the Griffin table. She bent down and said something to the Griffin girl.

Jane Griffin got up and walked slowly away with Franziska. Franziska was talking rapidly, making gestures, and there was something in her face that Peter found absorbing. It was something he had never seen there before, and it didn't belong there. It was furtiveness. Later, he supposed he had imagined most of this, supposed he had been simply saturated with the thought of Steve Tetlow and that meeting with Franziska outside, and was a little too alert for any kind of manifestation.

Jane Griffin looked furtive, too. When the two girls, each with that air, went out the door, he got up and murmured, "Pardon me. I'll be back," to the girl who was a sailor. She looked at him reproachfully. The young man named Harry glared resentfully. They knew he was ducking. They knew they were going to be marooned again.

PETER followed the two girls out of the ballroom. They walked rapidly on their little high heels, with an air of scurrying. They went through the lobby and on out to the sidewalk. A taxicab stopped and an old man got out. The two girls got in and Franziska leaned out, pulled the door shut and said something to the driver.

If it had not been for her expression, in profile, if she had been smiling, Peter might not have gone on. Later, always, he was undecided about this. But there was something in her expression that shocked him. It was so grim.

He was on the sidewalk a moment after their cab had pulled away.

A taxi pulled ahead from a parking stand. He got in and said, "Follow that one."

The cab the girls had taken turned north. It went north to Central Park South, west to Central Park West, then north again.

It was going fast. Peter almost lost it at a traffic light, and when he picked it up again it was stopped in front of a tall apartment house, the Sunrise Towers.

He saw the two gowns, one white, one soft blue, in the lobby, as he got out. When he went into the lobby, they were gone.

The starter, looking a little bewildered said, "Are you with the young ladies, sir?"

"Yes. Where've they gone?"

"I don't know, sir. The man who took them up might know."

Peter waited. If he had had to wait a little longer, he might have reconsidered. But the elevator they had taken returned before he had time to realize how brash he was being.

"This gentleman is with the young ladies who just went up," the starter said. "Where did they go?"

"Penthouse A."

The elevator shot up and stopped. The door opened and the operator said, "That door there, sir."

THE elevator closed. As Peter looked at the door, a girl screamed. There was a key in the lock. He turned the key and opened the door. He saw a small dark entrance hall. Beyond was a brightly lighted room.

The girl's voice said, "Damn you, let me go!"

There was a sound of scuffling, and a man said with irritation: "Make her face the light."

It was a large, high room, glaring with light. One light, like a searchlight, was as dazzling as a magnesium flare.

A slim blond girl with scarcely any clothes on was struggling with a man. Another was standing beside the glaring white light with something metallic in his hands. He was holding it to his eyes and it was making clicking sounds. A third man was sitting on a couch.

The girl was Jane Griffin.

She wore a backless brassiere, panties, and sheer gleaming stockings rolled flat above her knees. The man with whom she was struggling wore blue-and-red striped silk pajamas. He was handsome and dark-haired and swarthy and he looked Mexican.

His hand covered her mouth. He took it away a moment and she said furiously, "Oh, you'll hear about this!"

"Take it easy, sweetheart," the man in pajamas said. He had a thick, slurring voice, with a strong accent.

The man beside the light looked at Peter and said, "Well, what the hell are you doing here?"

"What's going on here?" Peter said.

Jane Griffin twisted about and saw him. She shrieked: "Stop them! Get that camera!"

The man on the couch looked at Peter in astonishment. He got up and made for the door. The man who was holding the girl said harshly, "What are you doing here?"

"Stop them!" the girl cried.

Peter said, "Let's have that, buddy."

He reached for the camera, but the man stepped back. He was white-faced and black-eyed and he looked murderous.

"Is this a cross?" he said.

Peter knocked him down and chased the camera as it skittered across the floor. It was like his own, a candid camera with a very fast lens. He put it in his pocket. The swarthy young man in pajamas came running at him with something in his hand, not a gun or a knife but what looked like a chair leg.

Some of the frenzied feeling in Peter's chest and arm muscles went away when he whipped both fists into this one's face.

The man in pajamas fell hard and rolled over and began to groan. A third blow had gone onto his solar plexus as he fell forward.

"Good!" the girl said. "Good, good, good!"

Her gown was a white puddle of satin on a chair.

"Get into that," Peter said.

"Oh, don't you tell me anything!" There was a run in her left stocking, from her knee to her heel. She went to the groaning man and kicked him in the chest. "You dirty, filthy thing!" The groaning man grabbed at her ankle, and she stamped on his hand.

PETER picked up the gown and said, "Come on, get into this."

She snatched it out of his hand, and put in on over her head. The man who had had the camera was sitting up, with blood trickling off the middle of his hanging lip.

"You rat," he said, "you're gonna hear plenty."

"Sure," Peter said. "Any time."

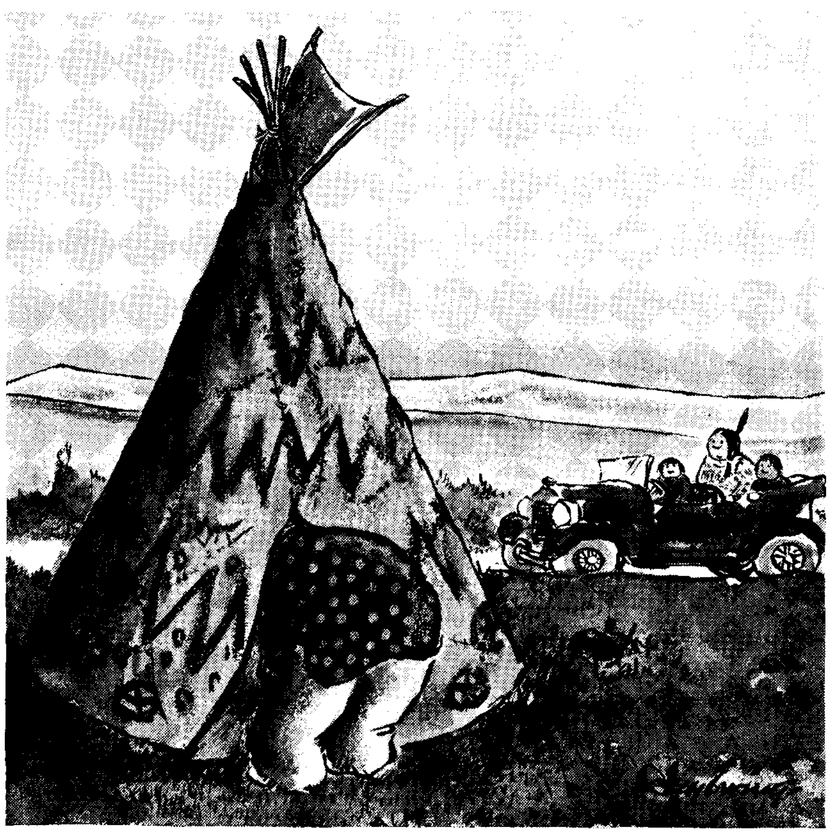
Jane Griffin had wriggled into her gown. The golden horns were gone.

"Get me out of here!"

"Where's Franziska?"

"Who cares? She ran away. Did you think she'd stay? Get me out of here!"

He took her to the door. Something



"Yoohoo! Anybody home?"

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Only bullets can match her.
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Now mix them both up, and mix them up well,
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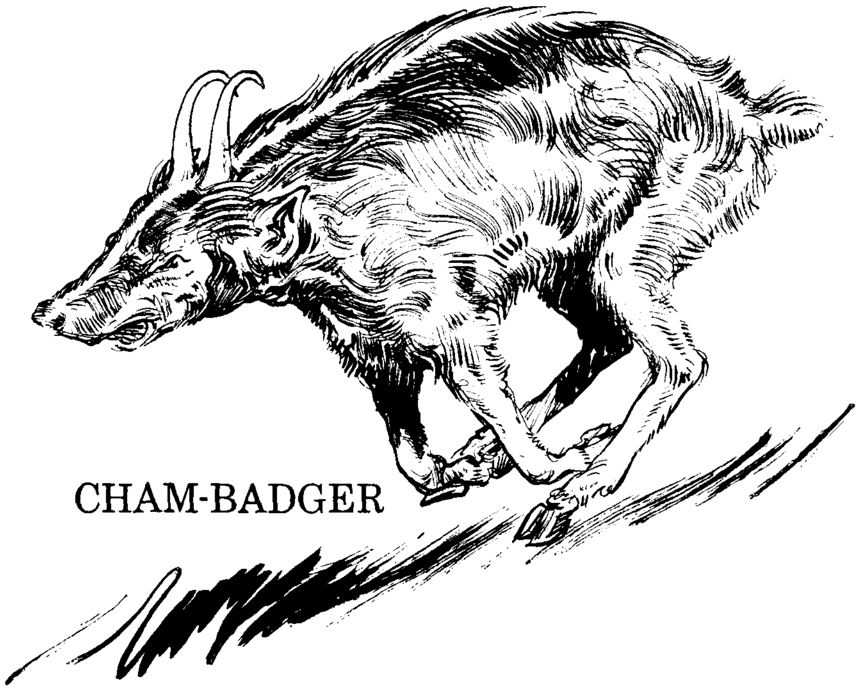

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Here's your answer

Men—we've made another great advance in shaving. Instead of producing one shaving cream that would try to fit everybody, we are now making *two* Mennen Shaves, one for the man with *oily* beard and skin, and one for the fellow with *dry* beard and skin.

Mind you, *everybody's* face tends either toward oiliness or dryness. *Your* face, too. In other words, one of the Mennen Creams is *made for you.* Mennen *Lather* Shave removes excess oil, so that the lather and water can soak into whiskers quicker and wilt 'em more completely; and it cleanses the pores. But Mennen *Brushless,* while it wilts whiskers, *conserves oil* and relieves dryness, and tautness; and it's a cream, not a grease.

You owe it to yourself to find out which Mennen Cream fits *your* face. Send 10c for the Mennen Skin Tester Kit, containing liberal demonstration sizes of 5 Mennen Products—including both Lather Shave and Brushless (as well as Skin Bracer, Skin Balm and Talcum for Men). Address Dept.C6-26,The Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

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smashed against the wall behind them.

"Miss Griffin, we'd better get the police."

"No, no, no!"

He rang for the elevator.

A door at one end of the room opened and Franziska Rilling came out. She looked at the two men. The one in pajamas was still on the floor, but sitting up, with his hand over his mouth. The other one was sitting dejectedly in a chair near the powerful light.

"Hey, you," he said.

Franziska ran lightly across the room to the entrance hall and let herself out. The hall was empty. She rang for the elevator.

Jane Griffin and the tall blond man were gone when she reached the street. She took a cab to the Hotel Adlington.

"Tell him," the Griffin girl said, "to take it easy. I never felt so shattered in my life."

Peter told their driver to take it easy.

"The little snake!" she said. "You can't trust anybody. How did you happen to be there?"

"Just a hunch."

"Did you know I was going there?"

"I didn't know where you were going. You just went off without your bodyguards."

"God, you're clever."

"Yes," Peter said.

"Oh, I don't mean to sound ungrateful."

"Then stop sounding ungrateful."

"But what made you follow us?"

"Just a hunch."

"What do you suppose would happen if my grandfather heard about this?"

"You asked for it, didn't you?"

"Look here," Jane Griffin said angrily. "Fran Rilling said he wanted to see me urgently. She thought he was sick, the dirty little crook!"

"What can you expect from a rumba dancer?"

"Did I suspect he was like that?"

"What else did she tell you?"

"Just that there was this phone call, and that he must see me urgently at once. She said she'd go with me. Light me another cigarette."

Peter lighted another cigarette and gave it to her. "What happened to her?"

"I don't know and I don't care. That filthy Cuban grabbed me and yanked my gown off."

"JUST what happened when you opened the door?"

"Oh, I don't remember."

"I want to know."

"I told you. They grabbed me."

"How about Franziska?"

"I don't know. I didn't see."

"What do you think?"

"What do you suppose I think? She just beat it. He grabbed me and made me face that light and another one began snapping that camera. He snapped it a dozen times."

"I mean, about her?"

"Well, what do you suppose? It was a deliberate, cold-blooded frame-up. You can't trust anybody."

Peter was thinking of Steve Tetlow.

"Were you and she supposed to be good friends?"

"Certainly, but what does that count? Where is it?"

"Right here."

"Give it to me."

He gave her the camera.

"Think of men like that looking at my pictures and gloating over me with hardly any clothes on!"

"Well, they haven't got them."

"Thanks to you."

"I was pretty slow on the up-take."

"You're crazy. You were like a streak of lightning. He went down so hard I thought you'd broken his back. I wish you had, the dirty thing. Do you know how to work these gadgets?"

"Yes."

"We've got to burn this film."

"Throwing it in the street is enough. A little light will ruin it. It's very fast."

"Then do it."

Peter opened the camera. He took out the film and let it uncoil out the window. He said, "Stop being a savage."

"How would you feel? Do you think I'm an iron woman? Would you like me to scream?"

"Okay, okay."

"How can I go back looking like this?"

"We could stop at my apartment."

"Oh, yeah? Tell him we aren't going to a fire. Tell him to drive around until I pull myself together. Tell him to stop at a drugstore. Get me a comb."

She threw the camera out the window.

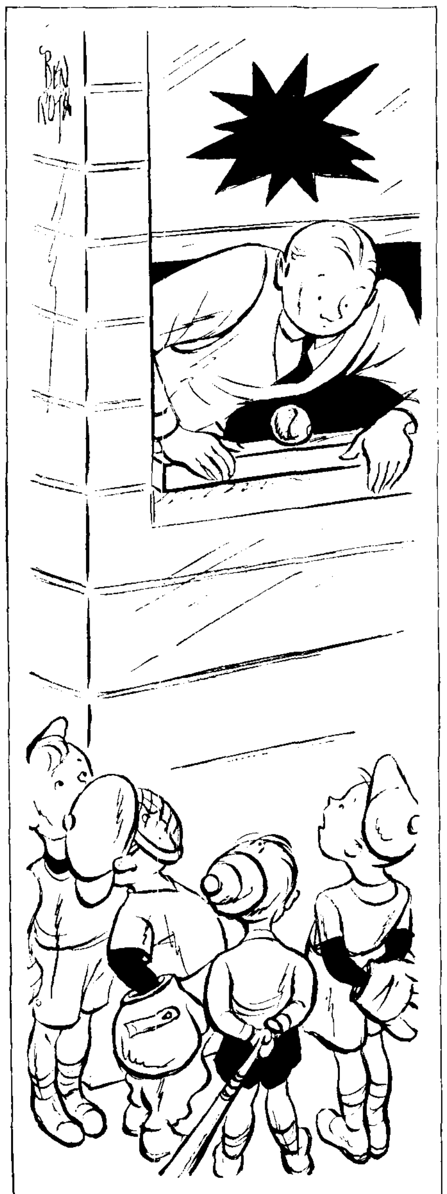
Peter scarcely noticed it. His mind was in a turmoil. What part, he was thinking, had Franziska Rilling played in this affair?

FRANZISKA RILLING took an elevator to the twelfth floor and went along the hall until she found Room 1212. She knocked. The door was off the latch. It moved open under her knock, a heavy door on quiet hinges.

There was a light with a green glass shade on the desk at which Mr. Merricka was sitting. The green shade made his smooth gray hair the color of seaweed, and it gave his face a green tinge. He was sitting relaxed in his chair, with his arms lying along the arms, his head bent forward a little, his eyes partly open.

"Mr. Merricka!" the girl said sharply.

He slept on, deeply. The hole in his forehead was just above the right eyebrow, a reddish-black hole as clean as if it had been stamped out with a steel punch.



"Would you start off our game, Mr. Ellison, by throwing out the first ball?"

BEN ROTH

Franziska bent over with her hands clasped tight under her heart and looked at the bullet hole. She turned toward the door in a movement as light and graceful as the beginning of a dance. She hesitated, and turned back.

She went behind the dead man. She was trembling. She opened his coat and took out his wallet. It was full of new-looking bills. She counted them swiftly, dropped some into the pale-blue evening bag hanging from her wrist, and put the rest in the wallet. She placed the wallet in the dead man's pocket.

She went quickly out of the room, closing the door. The hall was empty. She found the stairs and walked down to the tenth floor, where she took an elevator.

Downstairs she took a taxicab. When she entered Lazarre's lobby, Jane Griffin and the tall blond man were just ahead of her. She called, "Jane!" but the Griffin girl did not hear her, then they were lost in the crowd.

Peter and Jane Griffin made their way through this crowd and into the ballroom. They started to dance, but had not taken a dozen steps when Roger Van Tyle saw Jane and came skating out. He did not look amiable now. His face was pale and his eyes were dark with trouble.

He put his hand on Peter's shoulder and pulled him roughly away from Jane Griffin.

He said angrily, "Jane! Where've you been? What's happened to your hair?"

"Maybe I've been necking with a visiting fireman," she drawled.

"You had us scared stiff. What happened?"

"I don't think you're old enough."

Franziska came sliding through the dancers. Her make-up was off, and her eyes had a desperate look.

"Jane, listen to me!" she gasped.

Jane's lower lip was outthrust and squared. "There's nothing you can say. You ought to know I won't tell the police or newspapers."

"Jane, please—"

Roger said, "Come on," and danced off with Jane.

PETER watched Franziska's face. It might have been slapped. The soft gray eyes were stunned. The courageous mouth was crumpling.

Peter touched her elbow. "Let's dance. Let's talk about it."

She seemed not to have noticed him standing there. She looked at him absently, and her eyes tightened.

"You contemptible crook," she said, and walked away from him.

He followed her a little way, then she was intercepted by the redheaded young man who had brought her. He looked quarrelsome. They talked a moment, then Franziska waved her hands and walked away from him, with her head up. Her neck was pink. Her back was as pink as fresh sunburn.

When she came through the lobby, alone, with her ermine wrap about her shoulders, Peter was ready with his hat and topcoat. She went past him rapidly, with her head up. Someone called, "Miss Rilling," but she did not pause.

Peter caught up with her at the edge of the sidewalk. "Let me take you home," he said. "I've got to talk to you."

A cab was coming. She didn't look at Peter.

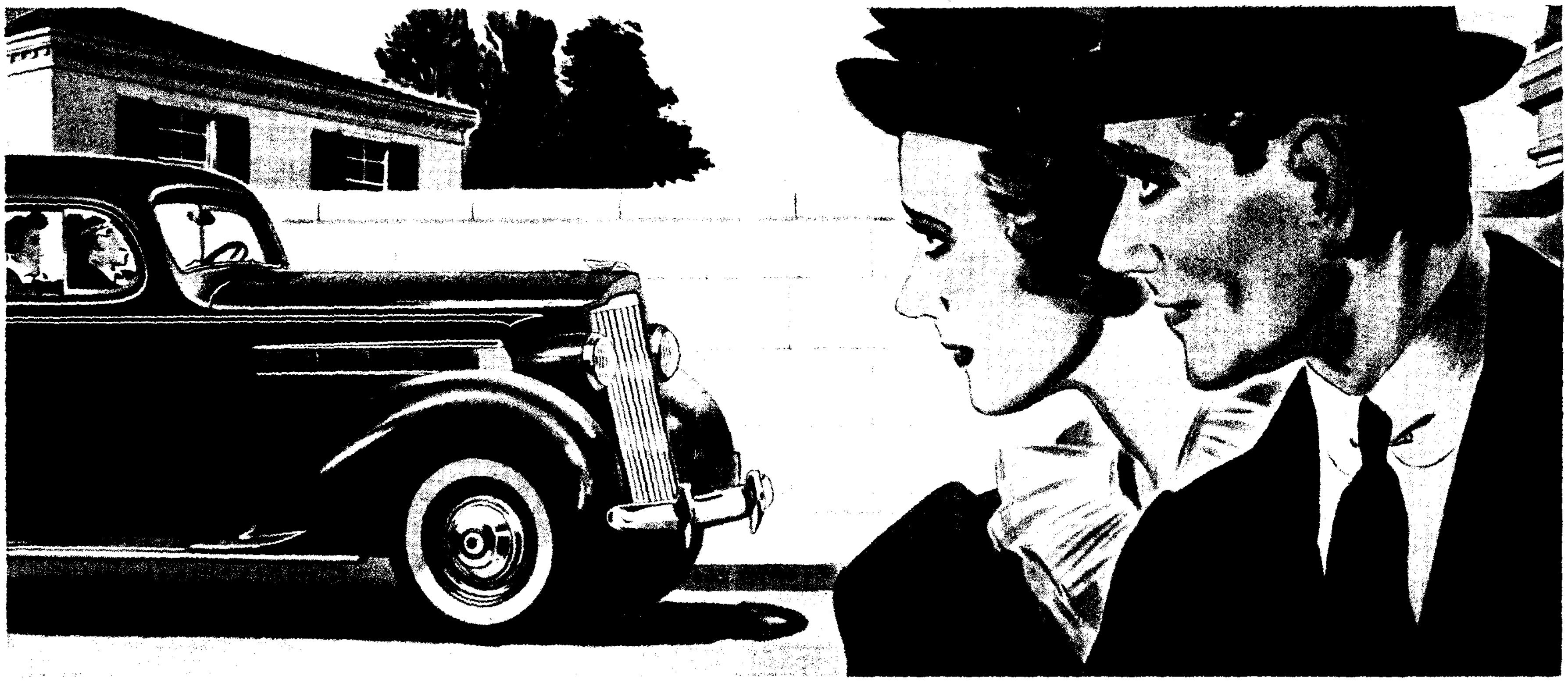
"Oh, leave me alone."

"We've got to talk this over."

"Go away."

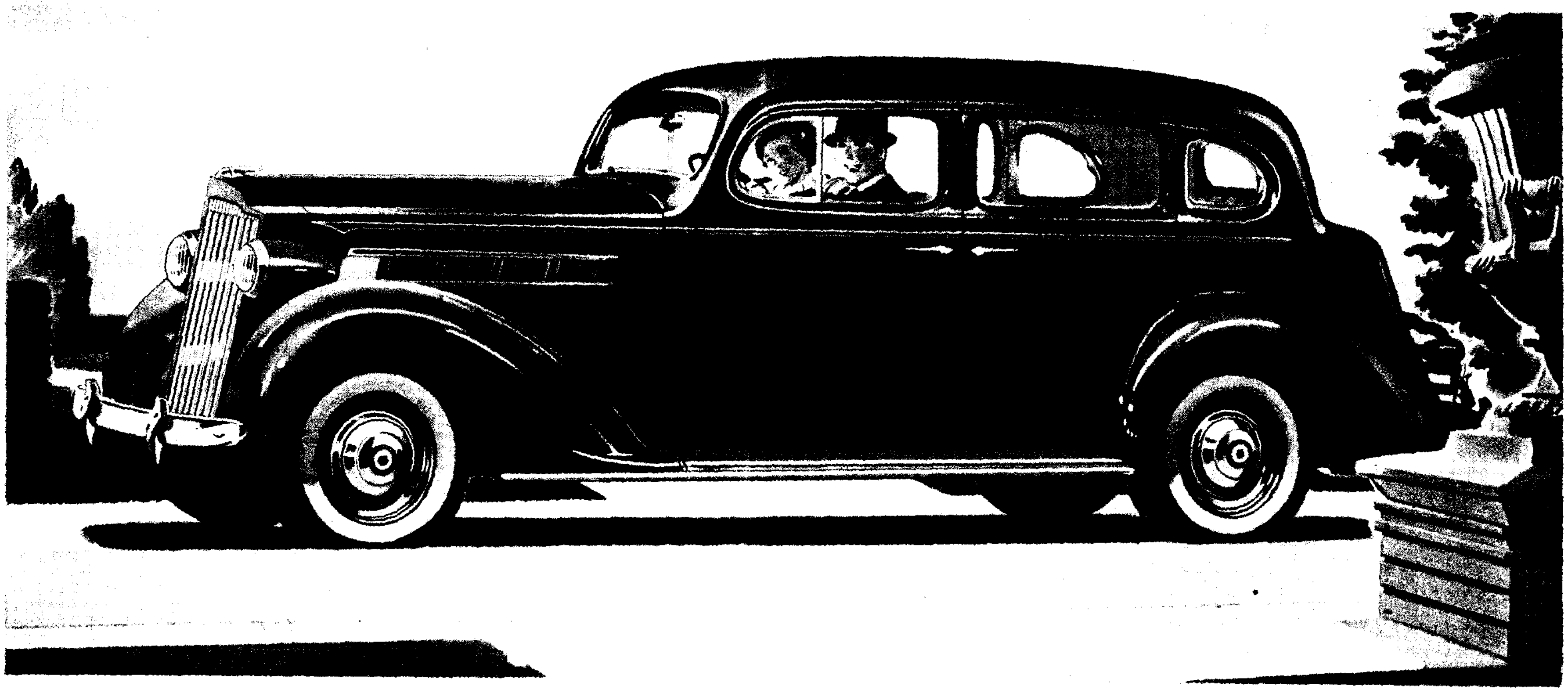
The cab had stopped. Peter opened the door. She got in quickly and pulled the door shut. As it started to move, she rolled down the window and said, "Aren't you clever! Aren't you just too clever!"

(To be continued next week)



HERE WE ARE....*ENVYING*

Did we envy the Dexters in their new Packard? The honest answer is...*yes!* Emphatically, *yes!* We had always wanted a Packard. We felt we'd almost give our good right arms to be sitting there like the Dexters, heads in the clouds, with people saying "Hmm. they sure must be making good."...Then we got to thinking—I made as much as Ed Dexter. If he could afford a Packard, why couldn't I? Well, why *couldn't* I?...So we marched down to the Packard showroom to look at the new Packard 120 and the new Packard Six, and to ask a lot of questions...



HERE WE ARE....*BEING ENVIED*

And as a result, we're no longer on the outside, envying. We're on the *inside* being envied. On the inside of our new Packard. We found out that our old car took full care of down payment, and that this new Packard was ours for only *$35 a month!* We've found out it costs no more to service than the small car we used to own. You can't imagine the kick we're getting out of owning and driving a Packard. We're as thrilled as a couple of kids. And we're telling our friends to get wise...to learn how easy it is now to *be* the man who owns one!

★ ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE ★

"CANDID" CLARK GETS PICTURES FOR AN "AD"

...and a No. 1 CAR to boot!

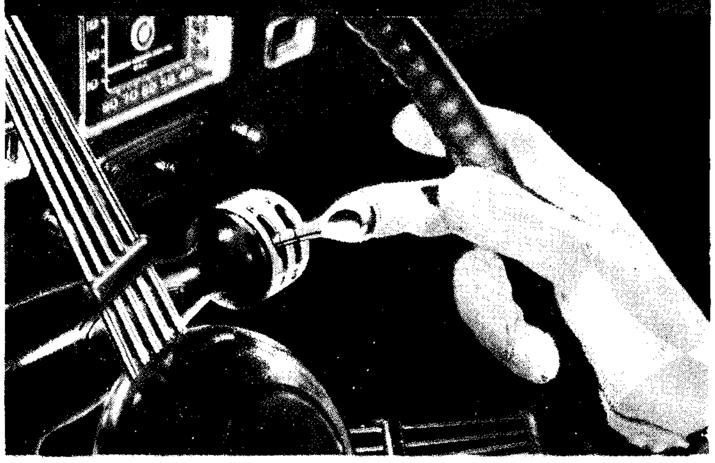
"THEY'RE GETTING UP A TERRAPLANE AD

... AND I NEVER HAD SO MANY SURPRISES IN MY LIFE!" says "Candid" Clark, ace advertising photographer, to Mrs. Clark. "That car did a dozen things that I believed were impossible. Let me tell you what happened . . . and just wait until you see the pictures I got!"

"NIX! WHO EVER HEARD OF SHIFTING GEARS UP AT THE WHEEL?"

said "Candid" Clark

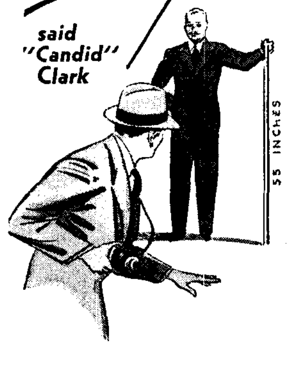
BUT HERE'S THE PICTURE HE GOT!



LIFT A TOE . . . FLICK A FINGER . . . AND GEARS SHIFT! No reaching for a hand gear lever. No need to push a clutch pedal. Just lift a toe from the accelerator ... flick a finger on the little control up at the steering wheel . . . and gears shift themselves! Nothing new to learn; you use the same familiar gear positions. You control ev
shift of the gears, at every speed . . . but the
does the work. That's the new way to d
with Selective Automatic Shift, optional
all Hudsons and Terraplanes, not available
any other popular car. Front floor *all cl*

"NO FRONT SEATS THAT WIDE!"

said "Candid" Clark



BUT HERE'S THE PICTURE HE GOT!

BEG PARDON, "CANDID" CLARK, but there *is* a front seat with that much room in every Hudson and Terraplane ... 55 full inches of solid comfort for three. You can lay this 55-inch ruler across the seat . . . and *still close both doors!* You can't do that in any other popular car ... none has a front seat which comes within several inches of this width. Front and rear seats deep-springed, form-contoured. No. 1 room and comfort *all around.*

"CAN I AFFORD A CAR LIKE THAT?"

asked "Candid"

THE PRICE IS THE BEST NEWS O
as "Candid" Clark quickly
covers. For with all its
power and big new feat
Terraplane is a *low priced*
And Hudson, in the *mod*
price field, costs only a few
lars more. Drive a No. 1
today . . . your nearest Hu
and Terraplane dealer has
all ready for you to try.

Ask about the New Lov
Cost Hudson - C. I.
Time Payment Pla

. . . terms to suit your inco

"SUCH A LOW RACY CAR! THE REAR FLOOR CAN'T BE LEVEL!"

said "Candid" Clark

BUT HERE'S THE PICTURE HE GOT!

NO "HUMP" HERE! A lower center of gravity and road hugging stability . . . yet a clear, *level* rear floor for three sets of feet. And all around, finer fabrics, finely tailored; convenient ash receptacles; rear seat arm rests, rich carpeting; all the *big* "little things." And matching the *interior* luxury features, there's No. 1 style outside . . . *distinctive* beauty in a body *all* of steel with seamless roof of solid steel.

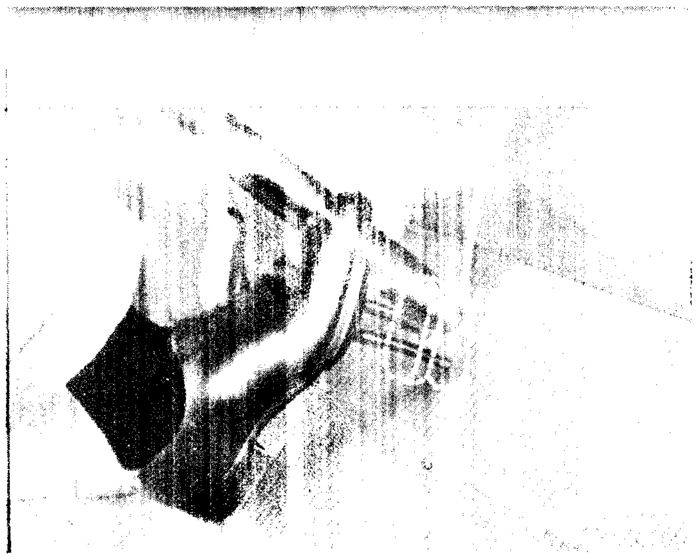
HUDSON No. 1 C
MODERAT

"NO CAR CAN CLIMB THAT HILL IN HIGH"
said
"Candid" Clark

BUT HE

ONG AGAIN, "CANDID" CLARK! Records ›ve there's not a hill on a main highway the United States that a Hudson-built can't take in *high gear!* For these 's have the top power of their price sses . . . 96 and 101 horsepower in Terraplane, 101, 107 and 122 in Hudson. *Dual* [illegible] Hu[illegible] [illegible] every [illegible] Hudson [illegible] official 1937 [illegible] Ram.

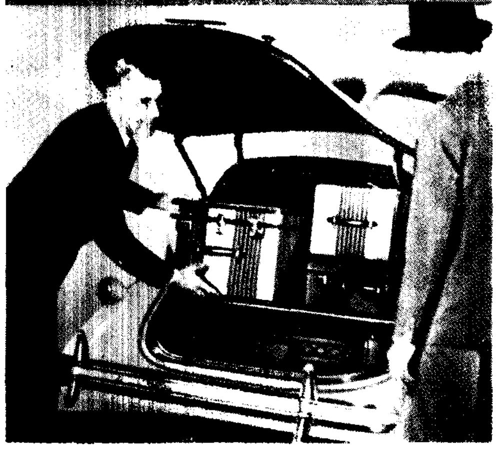
"WHAT DO YOU MEAN TWO BRAKING SYSTEMS FROM ONE PEDAL"
said "Candid" Clark



EVEN WITHOUT HYDRAULICS . . . YO[illegible] An easy pressure on the brake p[illegible] powerful hydraulics stop you, s[illegible] straight and velvet-smooth. No [illegible] down" when stopping. And, o[illegible] from the *same* foot pedal, th[illegible] *separate* safety braking syst[illegible] [illegible] Hydraulics [illegible] stopping ever built into any car. [illegible] only Hudson and Terraplane have [illegible]. Still a *third* braking system, too, [illegible] the easiest handling of all parking [illegible] at the instrument panel.

"WHERE'LL YOU FIND ROOM FOR ALL THIS?"
asked
"Candid" Clark

BUT HERE'S THE PICTURE HE GOT!



CUBIC FEET OF SPACE for luggage l spare tire in trunk . . . 18 cubic t in the standard enclosed rear npartment which was originated cars built by Hudson. In either nk or compartment models, entire space is usable for luggage when spare tire is carried in smart side-mount, available at special low price. Roomiest of all package lockers is built into instrument panel . . . 1002 cubic inches capacity!

"HOW'LL WE GET ALL THESE PEOPLE IN?"
asked
"Candid" Clark

BUT HERE'S THE PICTURE HE GOT!

PLENTY OF ROOM FOR SIX! No. 1 size and room . . . on 117-inch wheelbase in Terraplane; 122 and 129 inches in Hudson. More leg room, head room, shoulder room. Wide, *full-opening* doors. And when six ride, they ride in comfort . . . long, gentle springs are free for the first time from all steering and braking strains; have nothing to do but *cushion your ride.* There's new comfort for the driver, too, with amazingly responsive steering from new, easy-acting roller-tooth gears . . . plus widest driving vision in any popular car, 52½ inches.

HERE'S THE CAR HE BOUGHT

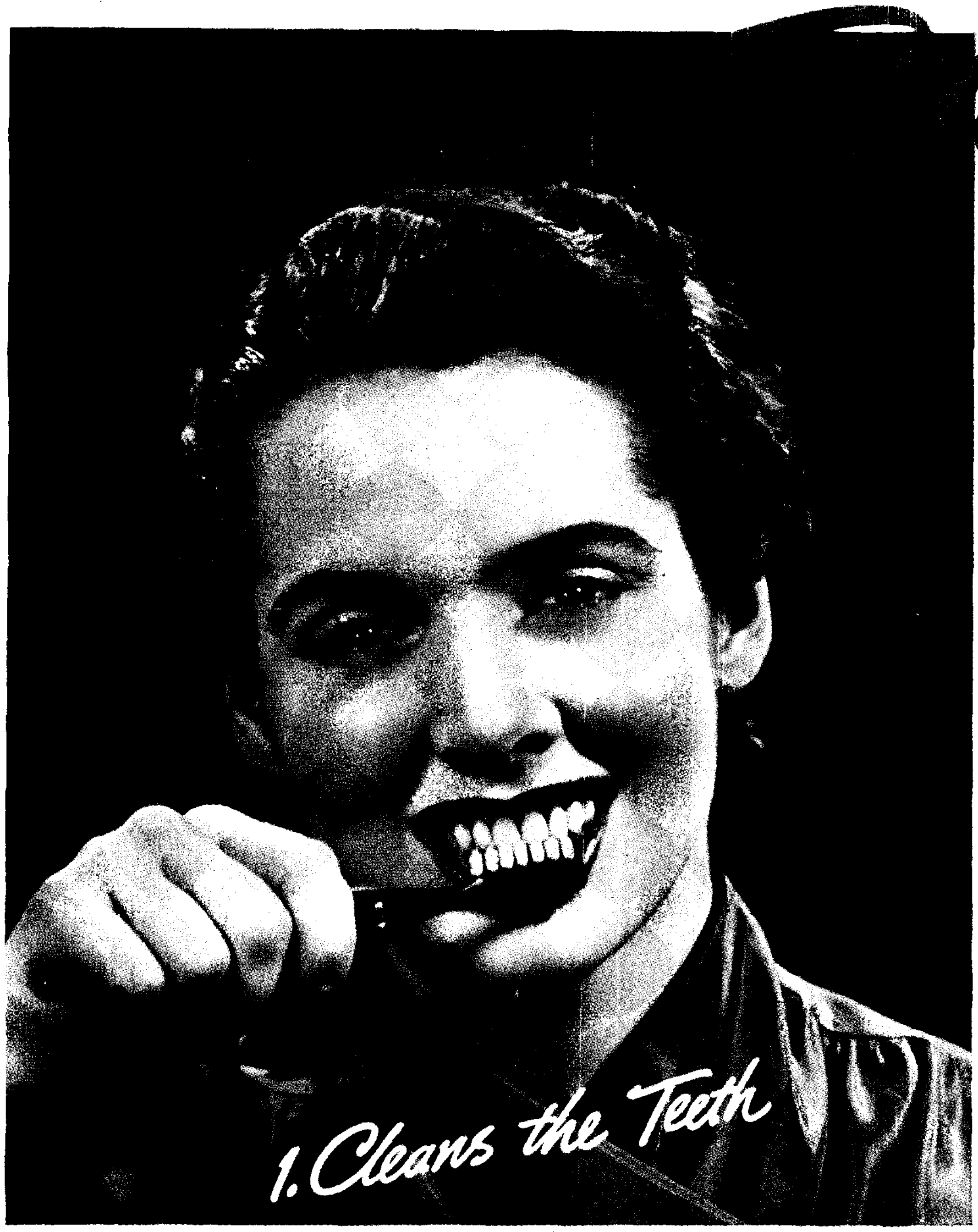
"The camera doesn't lie . . . it's the best buy I ever made!"

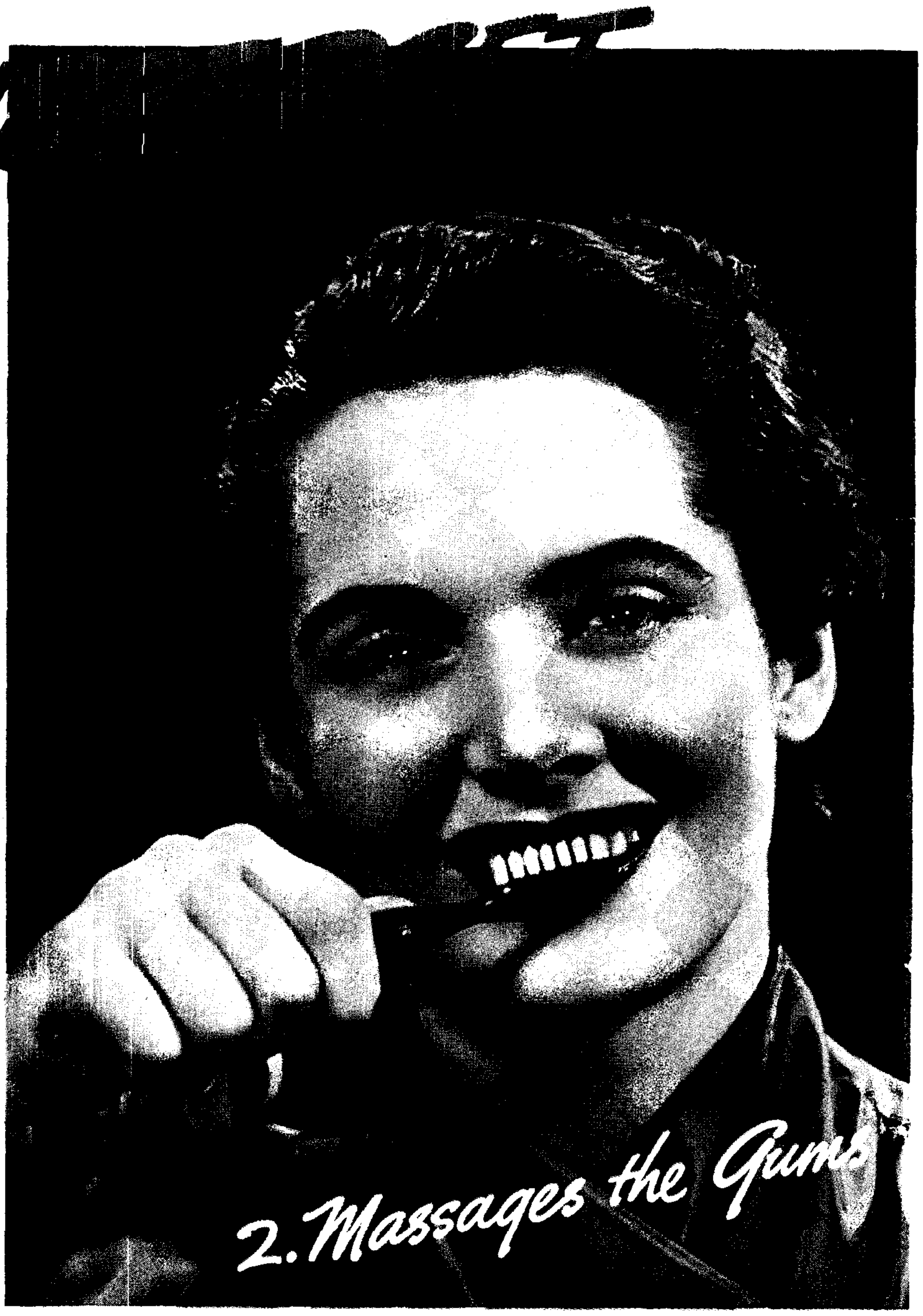
OF THE
E FIELD

TERRAPLANE

No. 1 CAR OF THE
LOW PRICE FIELD

Dental Cheers quickly followed the new DOUBLE DUTY Tooth Brush


1. Cleans the Teeth


2. Massages the Gums

THE FIRST 69,000 *Double Duty* tooth brushes were mailed, posthaste, to every dentist in America. Almost at once—from every state in the Union, from cities and towns—they flooded us with letters of approval, orders. Their response was electric!

From California, *"Outstanding design—when are you filling orders?"*...Ohio, *"At last one manufacturer is waking up to demands"*...Virginia, *"I like the automatic manner in which it assumes massaging position."*

But this amazing professional acceptance is not so surprising. For, after all, *Double Duty* was designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists. And when we went back to these same dentists—to get their opinions on the final brush—here's how they voted:

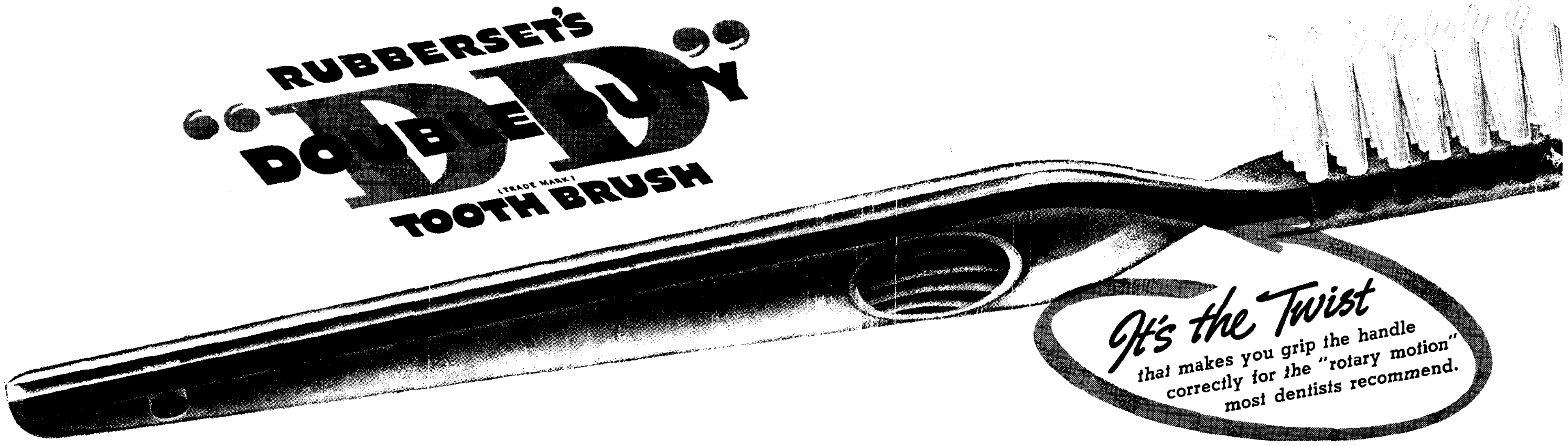
1. Dentists approving *Double Duty*—93.0%.

2. Dentists preferring *Double Duty* to National Brand "A"—85.8%.

3. Dentists preferring *Double Duty* to National Brand "B"—71.7%.

Prove for yourself the practical advantages of this new brush. Get the *Double Duty* today. *One trial will show you why it has gained such wide dental approval.* The modern head with its firm, widely-spaced bristles enables you to clean your teeth more thoroughly. E it's the handle—*with the unusual twist*—that mal the professional difference. It allows your hand to the right grip so that you naturally brush your te with the "rotary motion" most dentists recomme You do more effective work with less effort—and y massage your gums as you clean your teeth—w such ease it is practically automatic.

Double Duty is made by Rubberset—your gu antee of perfect workmanship and satisfaction. H keep your teeth *brilliant, sparkling*—your gu *healthy* and *firm*. The Rubberset Co., Newark, N


RUBBERSET'S
"DOUBLE DUTY"
DD
(TRADE MARK)
TOOTH BRUSH
It's the Twist
that makes you grip the handle correctly for the "rotary motion" most dentists recommend.

Minnesota Worry-Go-Round

Continued from page 15

a visit of citizens to the place where their elected representatives are in session is an invasion; but this looked like an invasion to conservatives, who were used to seeing lobbyists around but not quite so many of them at once. And Benson, addressing the convention, had made one of his unhappy slips; he had told the People's Lobby that "you have to get a little rough sometimes." That can have various meanings, and there is no reason to suppose that he intended to incite to riot; but you cannot blame his opponents for being a little nervous when the crowd came in. The Senate hastily adjourned and went home; but the House, and a few senators, listened to the arguments of the delegates; and the People's Lobby did not get rough. Its speakers who addressed the House on invitation made a good impression; its groups that wandered about the Capitol in a holiday mood gave no trouble—except to the Senate tax committee, with which thirty or forty of them argued for some hours.

More Romance than Reality

Several days later, four of this group were arrested on the charge that they had prevented senators from leaving the room. But people who were there say that no senator tried to leave the room. Maybe they were afraid to try, but there is no proof that they had anything to be afraid of; some of their visitors talked to them more roughly, less persuasively, than lobbyists usually talk to legislators, but no senator seems to have got up from his chair and risked seeing if anybody would stop him. A newspaper photograph showed the crowd with upraised arms and clenched fists—all very menacing, till you noticed the grins on the faces; they had clenched their fists at the photographer's order. This ought to prove their sound Americanism; for if there is any trait common to Americans, it is that they don't dare disobey the orders of a news photographer.

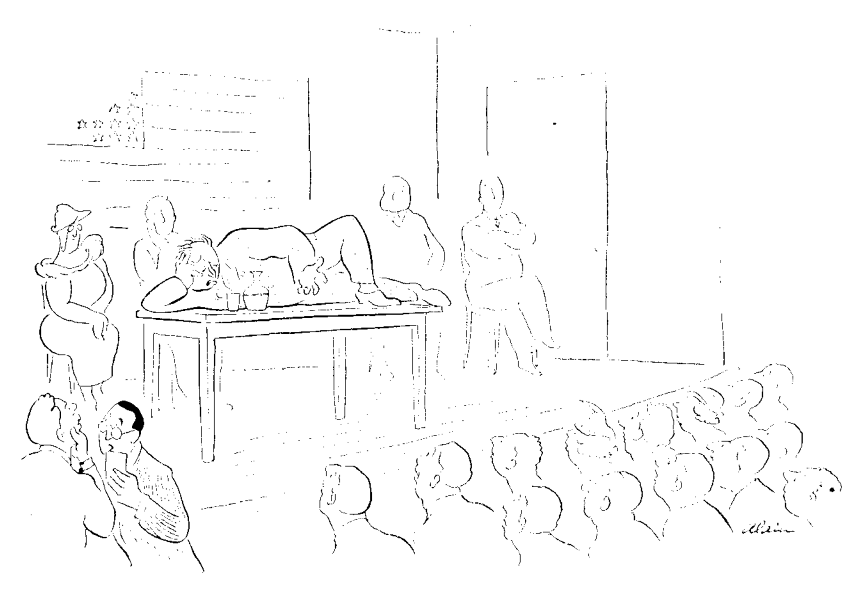
But in the evening came the espisode that cast discredit on the People's Lobby. A couple of hundred demonstrators—almost all from the Workers' Alliance—moved into the empty Senate chamber and camped there overnight, some of them declaring that they were going to stay there till the Senate passed Benson's tax bill. (How it could have passed that bill or any other while its quarters were occupied by a crowd was not explained.) Once more the stories of what happened were more romantic than the reality. It was said that the crowd was full of drunks; but neutral eyewitnesses report that the only drunks in sight were a couple of Republican politicians, one of whom had to be forcibly restrained by his friends from making a speech in favor of General Franco, that eminent champion of law and order.

The Chief Need of a Radical Party

When a couple of senators, bolder than the rest, accepted an invitation to address the crowd, Robert Cheska, who was a sort of chairman, saw that they got a fair hearing. There was singing—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee" along with "Solidarity Forever," but after midnight Cheska got them quieted down and sent them off to sleep.

Meanwhile agitated conservatives were talking of sending up several hundred armed men, deputized by somebody, to throw them out; but early the next morning Benson appeared, talked to the crowd, and got them out long before the Senate was ready to come in. Unfortunately, in getting them out he used another of his badly chosen phrases, "You've done a good job; now go home." He says he meant only that the People's Lobby had done a good job—as it had, on the whole, up to this occupation of the Senate chamber; and anyway, when you are trying to get a couple of hundred rough and restless persons to go away peaceably, you can do it more easily by kidding them along than by saying, "Get the hell out of here, you bums." Olson might have said, "Get the hell out of here" and made them like it; but Benson lacks that gift. He did get them out, peaceably; but a good many people held that it was his fault that they ever went in.

Anyone who happened to be at the Capitol on the Wednesday night that was supposed to be the last of the session found it a little hard to get excited over the "sit-down" of a couple of weeks before. Once again a couple of thousand people overran the Capitol, and a good many of them were lobbyists (though not People's Lobbyists). Some of them were talking earnestly to committeemen; others sat down, and even went to sleep, in the House and Senate chambers while the houses were in recess; once again, as on the night of the People's Lobby, unauthorized feet were parked on senatorial desks; and there were a good many more than two drunks in sight. But nobody objected to all that.



"It's his platform manner that gets the crowd"

ALAIN

The demonstrators of April 5th had damaged no public property, obstructed no public business; but they hurt their own cause none the less—assuming that their cause was getting action on the tax bill, and was not a "demonstration," which Communists seem to regard as an end in itself. Not merely the people who believed exaggerated newspaper stories, but a good many of the more moderate Farmer-Laborites felt that a dangerous precedent had been set.

The incident and the exaggerated stories that conservatives spread about it made plenty of bad feeling on both sides, but the net effect was harmful to Benson; he and his friends had brought the People's Lobby to the Capitol, and accordingly were blamed for this extension of the visit that they had not foreseen. The moral seems to be that the chief need of a radical party is a well-disciplined organization. Conservatives will hold together pretty well because their central interest is the defense of property; but once a radical movement starts it needs firm control to keep it from moving a good deal farther than its leaders ever intended.

Hand-Picked for the Job

This was not the only grievance of conservatives against Benson. In his inaugural address he observed that "Government is no longer a mere huge policeman, protector of the rights of private property; it is not the great guarantor of social and economic justice and security for all the people." Last November's presidential election indicates that sixty per cent of the American people agree with that view; but it was bad news to a lot of citizens in Minnesota, where the policeman in the old days usually knew enough to look the other way when the big boys were trying to get away with something. And Benson's handling of three strikes in his first three months of office indicated that he meant what he said. Theoretically the state intervenes in a strike to stop violence and restore order, but in practice the effect has almost always favored the owners. Benson's intervention, in each case, helped the strikers win at least some of their demands. But he did stop rioting; he did restore order. Devotees of law and order do not seem to rate these achievements as high as you might expect.

In any case, he can point back to a precedent—when Floyd Olson, in the Minneapolis truck drivers' strike of 1934, proved that you can use the National Guard to keep order without using it to break a strike. Conservatives who talk as if Olson's administration were a vanished Golden Age seem to forget episodes like this. No doubt they all liked Olson personally, but you cannot help feeling that his greatest merit now in conservative eyes is that he is dead. If they can make a hero out of Olson, who can give them no more trouble, it may help to make a bum out of Benson, who is likely to give them plenty unless they can stop him.

And Benson was Olson's man, hand-picked for the job. Olson intended, at the end of his third term as governor, to go after the Senate seat held by Thomas D. Schall; but Schall was killed in an accident while his term, and Olson's, still had a year to run. Whereupon Olson appointed Benson to fill out the senatorial term, with the understanding that Benson was to become governor, and Olson senator, in 1936.

Benson's friends say that Olson

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BY JANTZEN

● Beauty with a French accent! This intriguing version of the half-skirt vogue—so important on the Continent—blends the sophisticated daring of a maillot with the modesty of a full-skirt suit. Very chic, very brief. In the water and out—it fits with trim perfection, permanently. The luxurious quick-drying wool basket-weave Kava Knit fabric provides sleek "girdle fit". Wear the straps straight for sunning, crossed for swimming—quickly, easily changed. The high, separated bust-line is charmingly youthful. Jantzen Knitting Mills, Portland, Oregon; Vancouver, Canada.

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WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

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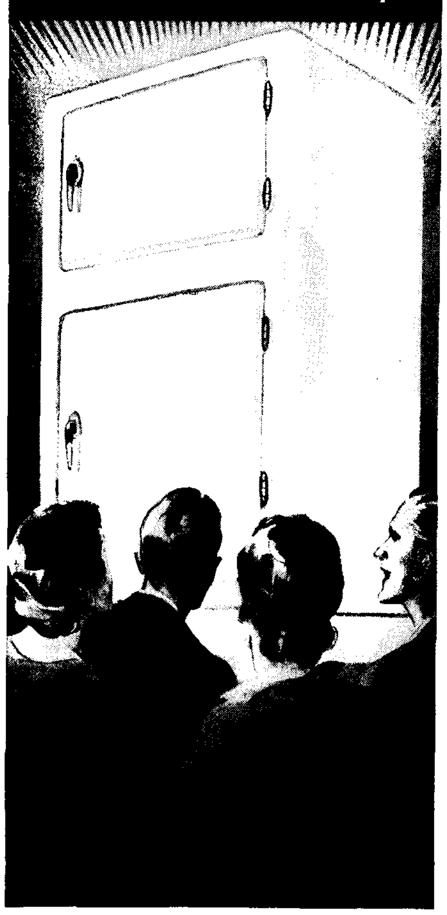
for
EVERY PURPOSE
in Home and Industry



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for Modern Refrigerators

LITTLE more than three years ago there were no household refrigerators finished with du Pont Dulux. Today this modern finish, with its superb whiteness and durability, gleams on more than 3,000,000 refrigerators.

When you next buy a refrigerator, get a finish that *stays* white . . . that doesn't collect dirt . . . that is resistant to chipping and cracking. Ask for a Dulux finish . . . the finish whose outstanding quality is so typical of du Pont finishes for *every* purpose.

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picked him as governor because he appreciated his unswerving loyalty to the cause of the people; conservatives say he knew Benson was a stooge who would take orders. Whatever the truth may be, Benson leaped out of obscurity with amazing speed. Born of Norwegian parents in Appleton, a little town in western Minnesota (his father was an old Non-Partisan Leaguer, so he comes by his radicalism honestly), he went to law school, served with the A. E. F., and then came back to Appleton to go into a men's furnishing store, and presently into the local bank. Olson prepared for his career as governor by ten years as prosecuting attorney in Minneapolis, a job which teaches a man quite a lot about the ways of sinful humanity; Benson spent ten years as a bank cashier in a town of sixteen hundred people—an experience intensive enough, but limited in variety. Even today he could pose for a picture of the typical successful small-town businessman whose life revolves around the Rotary luncheon and Saturday-afternoon golf. Plump-faced, blue-eyed, bespectacled, carefully dressed—much more than Olson—he looks like a man with whom conservatives could get along.

But he isn't, and Olson must have known it. They had met on campaigns in which Benson had proved useful in lining up the country bankers; and when Olson made him State Banking Commissioner in 1933 his examiners did a lot of missionary work, explaining to the stockholders and depositors of closed banks what was wrong with the financial system of the United States. It was the Farmer-Labor version of what was wrong, which might not have been accepted by the economists of Wall Street, but it went big in Minnesota and qualified Benson for higher honors.

Benson's Closest Advisers

Petersen, who filled out the last months of Olson's term, would have liked to go on being governor; but the party went through with Olson's plan, and though Benson ran 100,000 behind Roosevelt he carried the state by a quarter of a million. His success made him, more or less by default, the leader of his party—and the future of his party as well as of the state depends on how well he can hold down the tough assignment of filling Floyd Olson's shoes.

So far, certainly, he has not had a great deal of luck; that his tax bill would meet with bitter opposition from the holdover conservative Senate was to be expected—but as a matter of fact he could have got at the end a considerable increase in taxes, even on the mining companies; if he had made that last concession before the regular session broke up, the tax bill would almost have been his biggest success. For the rest of his program had very hard sledding. Of his thirteen major recommendations outside of the tax bill ten were killed, and it was not always the Senate that killed them. He wanted constitutional amendments giving the state control of hours and wages and permitting it to produce electric power for sale to municipalities; he did not get them. He wanted a law prohibiting the importation of strikebreakers and he wanted to repeal the state's loosely phrased "criminal syndicalism" law; he did not get those things either.

So at the end of his first legislative session Benson had not actually accomplished much except to make people madder at one another. Most of his party is drifting leftward, and Benson is on that side; but there are a good many Farmer-Laborites who think that they are far enough left already.

Benson's closest advisers are Roger Rutchick, his secretary, and Abe Harris, editor of the Minnesota Leader, the party weekly—both left-wingers and both Jews. There isn't much anti-Semitism in Minnesota but there will be soon if Benson's enemies have their way; they tell you that Benson is only the front, that Rutchick and Harris provide the ideas; and they have a good deal to say about "Jew control in the Statehouse." It must be said that, wherever Benson's ideas come from, a lot of Scandinavian Lutheran farmers think they are great stuff. With probably a considerable majority of his party, his first few months in office have increased his popularity; he stood out for what he wanted, and the fact that the Senate was a holdover from 1934 enables his friends to maintain that he represents the present will of the people.

But as most of the party drifts leftward, a section of it is leaning back toward the right. Not merely some of Olson's personal group; a good many labor leaders too—old-line leaders who dislike Benson's preference for the more radical unions.

For a radical outfit the Farmer-Laborites have usually managed to raise a pretty good campaign fund. There are some 30,000 dues-paying members of the party, whose dollar or dollar and a half a year apiece is no more than a nucleus; any party that is in power or likely to come to power can count on contributions from contractors who want to do business with the state. The Farmer-Laborites have got a good many such contributions, and will doubtless get most of them still. But when Olson was governor many a solid businessman, after making his expected and advertised contribution to the Republican campaign fund, slipped around and handed something to a non-partisan committee for Olson (by Minnesota law, unofficial committees do not have to make their finances public), feeling that it was just as well to have friends on both sides. Benson won't get any of that money; which is a tribute to his sincerity, but a setback to his chances of re-election in 1938.

But who could beat him? Not conservative Republicans, with a handicap of a quarter of a million votes to overcome. The Democrats have been split ever since the Smith-Roosevelt feud of 1932, and practically none of them are visible at present except the people who have, or hope to get, federal appointments. Still, there are a good many Democrats lurking in the bushes who might be whistled out; and since the Farmer-Laborites have absorbed most of the radicals, a considerable number of those surviving Democrats are moderate conservatives, who wouldn't swallow an old-line Republican, but might go into a coalition to save the state from Benson.

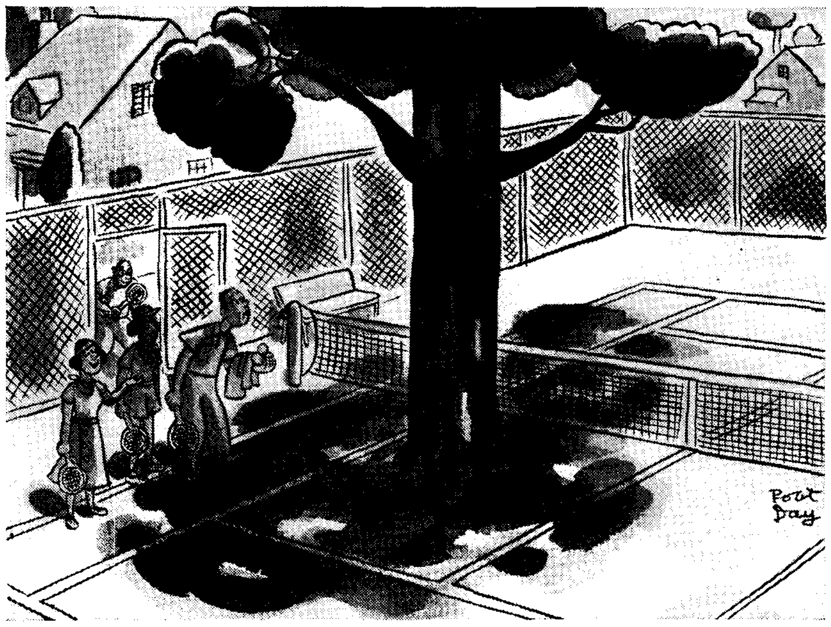
But even a Republican-Democratic coalition would have little chance unless it could combine with the groups in the Farmer-Labor party that think Benson is going too far to the left. Far-sighted conservatives will tell you that if they raised the banner of coalition, they would have no chance at all; but if the right-wing Farmer-Laborites, with well-known men at their head, decided that they could stand no more of the wild man Benson and set up a ticket of their own, then Republicans and Democrats could throw in with them and have a good prospect of success.

Rutabaga Capital of the World

What well-known men, for instance? Well, the name you hear most often is Hjalmar Petersen. Hjalmar Petersen, who was governor for four months last year, and would have liked to keep the job; he was consoled by being nominated, and elected, chairman of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission, but he is suspected of being still dissatisfied. In his brief term as governor he made some important appointments, and his appointees are likely to stick with him rather than with Benson; as head of the Railroad and Warehouse Commission he has considerable power and patronage, and he is friendly with moderate Farmer-Labor leaders and with other men who had influence in Olson's day and have not lost all of it even yet.

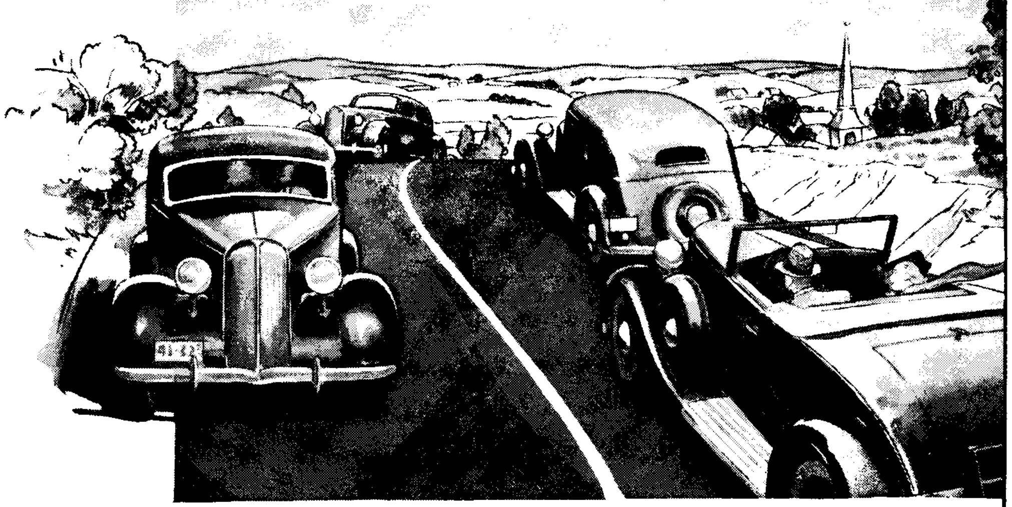
Petersen comes from the Danish settlement of Askov in eastern Minnesota (population 295 by the last census) which proudly calls itself the rutabaga capital of the world. Not just the background which you would expect to produce the champion of all that conservatives hold dear, yet on all sides you can hear respectable gentlemen muttering that Hjalmar Petersen is the man who will save us.

Maybe Benson will develop enough tact to hold his party in line, enough prudence in speech to avoid scaring the moderates; maybe people who call themselves his supporters will not embarrass him again, and turn middle-of-the-road opinion against him, by direct action. Or maybe Minnesota will be feeling radical enough next year to re-elect him anyway. But keep your eyes on the rutabaga capital of the world (if you can find it). It may produce the next Man of Destiny.



"We couldn't bear to cut it down" ROBERT DAY

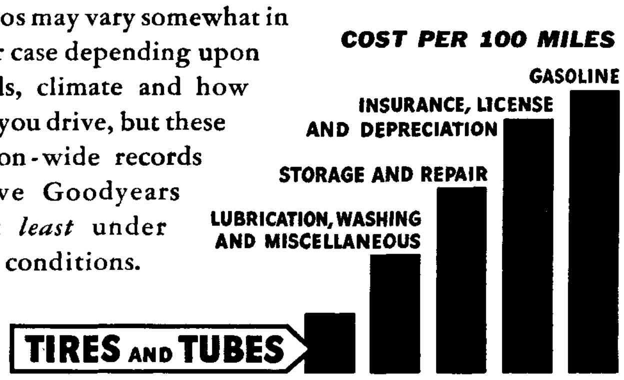
TO THE 528,846 who will buy new tires this week:



Make your vacation days trouble-free days on safe new Goodyear Tires, the world's first-choice. They cost least per mile!

THE CHEAPEST THING ON YOUR CAR IS THE BEST TIRES YOU CAN BUY!

Charted here are *average* maintenance costs obtained from fleet owners operating hundreds of cars on Goodyear Tires. Note that a full set of Goodyears costs only about one-fifth as much as gas—from one-quarter to one-half as much as other routine expenses. Ratios may vary somewhat in your case depending upon roads, climate and how fast you drive, but these nation-wide records prove Goodyears cost *least* under any conditions.



"THE BEST TIRE" BY POPULAR VOTE

For 22 consecutive years the public has told which tire it finds *best* in *performance,* in *safety,* in *mileage* by buying more Goodyear Tires than any other kind — *millions more!*

WE'RE talking to you who have decided to replace your old worn-out rubber this week because there's some mighty important news you should hear before buying any tire.

It comes straight from America's largest tire users, big companies who operate large fleets of salesmen's and delivery cars in all 48 states and watch every penny's expense with a microscopic eye.

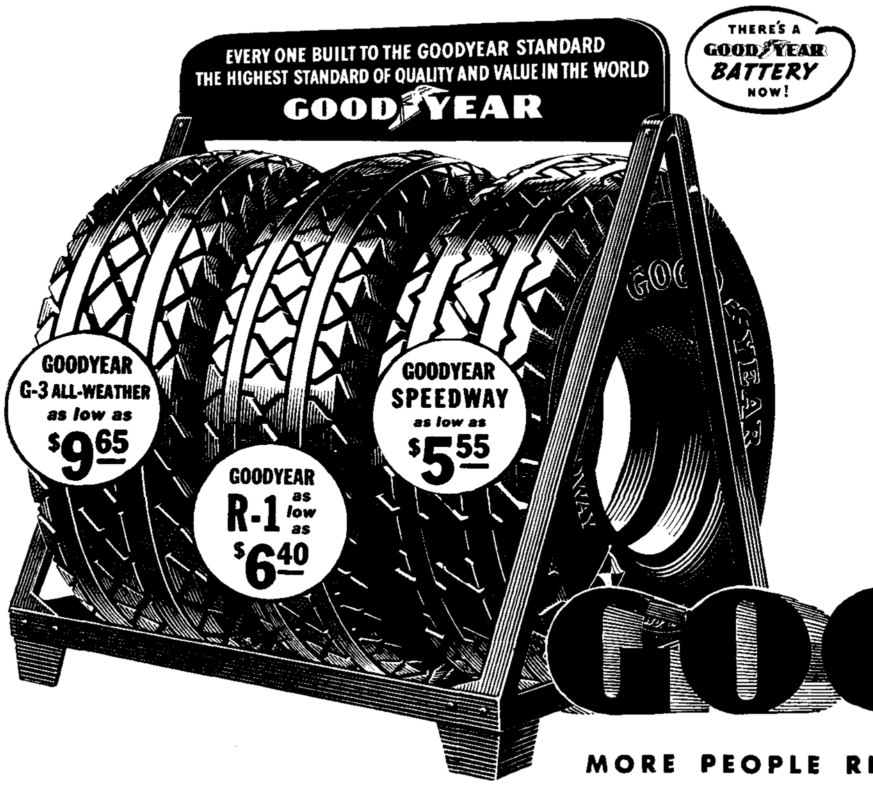
So you can bank on it when they say that gasoline expense alone *averages* you FIVE times as much per 100 miles as the cost of a full set of Goodyear Tires—other everyday expenses *two* to *four* times as much!

In other words, *the cheapest thing on your car is the best tires you can buy,* and that means Goodyear Tires—regardless of whether you choose the famed "G-3" All-Weather, the world's most popular tire—the sensational new "R-1" that hits the bull's-eye for first-class travel at reduced rates—or any other Goodyear.

Extra value—at every price

All Goodyear Tires give you more safe mileage per dollar because all give you quicker-stopping center traction grip . . . the Goodyear Margin of Safety that guards you from skidding accidents . . . and the surer blowout protection of patented Supertwist Cord in every ply!

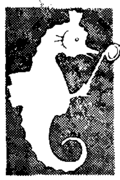
Wouldn't you prefer this extra safety and value? Then, this week select a Goodyear in the price class that fits your need. You'll be getting the world's first-choice make of tire—*and it will cost you less than anything else you buy for your car!*


EVERY ONE BUILT TO THE GOODYEAR STANDARD
THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY AND VALUE IN THE WORLD
GOODYEAR
THERE'S A GOODYEAR BATTERY NOW!
GOODYEAR G-3 ALL-WEATHER as low as $9.65
GOODYEAR R-1 as low as $6.40
GOODYEAR SPEEDWAY as low as $5.55

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND



Freedom

in the sea and smartness on the sands in Swim Suits and Samoans by B. V. D.!

Crosstide

Features tailored perfection in B.V.D.'s new "Crosstide" stitch. And every detail counts for smartness—from contrasting side stripe to pocket and chrome-buckled belt. $3.95

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

GO B. V. D. this summer—look like a lifeguard on the sands and a champion in the sea! For in these Swim Suits and Samoans of B. V. D. you have the authority of "Johnny" Weissmuller design—exclusive speed and comfort features—colors and patterns that are superbly right for the boardwalk, the beach and the combers! Ask especially to see B. V. D.'s built-in "Lastex" support with its new and exclusive *water-repelling, fast-drying features.* The B. V. D. Corporation, Empire State Building, New York City.

B.V.D. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Swim Suits

FOR SMARTNESS ON THE SAND AND SWIFTNESS IN THE SEA

Copyright 1937, The B.V.D. Corporation.

Reprieve at Eleven

Continued from page 13

and Eric a great surgeon and Pete a great engineer—"

"And you could have been a great lawyer. But you hadn't the guts. You hadn't the guts to go it the hard way."

He said desperately, "You'll not tell me what to do!"

When he drove Madeline home, out Arnold Street between the long rows of dogwood trees, he felt deflated, weary, and unable to think. And when he pulled up in front of her house he shut off the ignition and leaned back. She put her hand on the door to open it, but she didn't open it and after a minute she drew her hand back to her lap and said: "Have you a cigarette?"

He gave her one and took one himself and they lit up from the same match. He smoked a while and stared straight ahead through the windshield.

His voice, preoccupied, came out at last: "Seeing you again, Madeline . . ." He didn't know how to go on.

"Have I changed?" she asked brightly, and you could tell that the inflection was deliberate, to fill a gap.

"No." He paused. "Have I?"

She nodded. "Yes."

"How?"

"I don't know; I can't tell. Well, you're older now. You're twenty-nine. You were, January tenth."

"I mean, have I changed—much? Am I different? What I mean is—" he breathed with effort—"what do you think of me?"

"Oh, I haven't thought of how I think of you, Walter."

He turned and looked at her in the darkness. "But you've heard things. People talk. You heard Paul."

She was silent for a minute and then she gave a little laugh and said, "I like you, Walter—a great deal."

He took hold of her hand and pressed it. "Come in town and lunch with me some day. Soon. Or cocktails."

"I'm going in Friday afternoon."

"How about the lobby of the Southgate?"

"At five, sort of?"

He was still holding her hand. He felt a strange, confused desire to take her in his arms, as though this would magically sweep him back five years to the summer house. But would it sweep her back too? He couldn't tell, and he didn't want to break this one limb of friendship and understanding that remained here on the Ridge. He released her hand and his heart swelled with a kind of nameless splendor that was close to ecstasy.

WHEN he entered the tower apartment at half past ten, Shane's wife, Thelma, was having a highball with Vince Bonofrio. She was Ed Shane's third wife, a tall copper-haired woman of thirty-six with a fine pair of white shoulders and a wide red slash of a mouth.

"Ed's downstairs guzzling," she said.

Ridland said, "Irene here?"

"She's down, too, in the Peacock Room, hoofing with Riley Burns. Ed's probably got his chin hung on the bar by this time. He can only count to six. Six highballs and then he calls the seventh number one."

"Ed's a great guy," Vince Bonofrio said. He was a burly man, swart and handsome, with a powerful neck and big hands whose fingernails were trimmed and polished. He owned a string of filling stations and held the controlling interest in the Triple D Towing and Lighterage Company. He raised his chin toward Thelma and said, "Go powder your nose, Toots."

Ridland drifted to the front of the room, to the casement windows, and saw again the airways beacon on the Ridge. Bonofrio was at his elbow blowing fragrant Egyptian cigarette smoke against the windowpanes.

"Ed said you're going to fix things for Bennie."

Ridland shrugged. "How can I tell?"

"Barrow never forgets a good turn or a bad one. Fix it right, pal, and it's worth ten thousand. Just get him a life sentence. That's all we want. We'll get him out in five years. If he knocks anybody else off, I'll break his neck."

RIDLAND turned from the window. "I've got to go down and join Irene."

"Yeah. We're going down too."

"Better rub the lipstick off."

Bonofrio chuckled. "Thelma does the damnedest things."

Irene was dancing with Riley Burns when Ridland looked in the Peacock Room, so he went round to the bar and found Ed Shane standing with both feet on the brass rail.

"Hello, Duke," Shane said, and that was a sign he was drunk. "How's your old man?"

"All right. He had a little stroke."

"Tough. I'd like to meet your old man sometime, Duke. But I guess I never will. Well, we got the dough and they got the—well, something. What is it? What is it they got, Duke? Anything I touch turns to dough and yet you can't turn the dough into what they got; what you got? What is it you got, Duke? Here I buy the best underwear and I take a bath every day, and look what I pay for my suits—a hundred and fifty bucks and up. And look at my apartment—twelve rooms and five baths. And the four cars I got. Duke, you know what: you annoy me. Have a drink."

It was at times like this that Ed Shane got under Ridland's skin and made him forget that Shane was ruthless, faithless even, and that he had come by his wealth through sharp dealing and coercion.

"Duke, you got to see Barrow. You got to fix it so Bennie don't swing."

"The music's stopped. I'd better see Irene."

"Yeah, you better. She's with that guy with the air-cooled teeth."

Riley Burns' outthrust teeth grinned at Ridland across a large round table. "I've been warming angel-child up for you," he said, and winked.

Irene said to Ridland, "I must love you because you're late all the time, like a prima donna. Ain't he handsome, Riley?"

"She's high," Riley Burns grinned. "Look out when she begins to loop."

Vince Bonofrio and Thelma came over and joined them and when the music started Ridland got up and danced with Irene. He didn't feel like dancing, he didn't feel like being here at all.

"Get a little hot," Irene said. "This is no waltz."

"You're bouncing."

"Oh, now you're telling me I don't know how to dance."

"No, I'm not. You're just a little tight and you keep bouncing."

"Nuts. I can dance with a million guys," she said, and left him standing on the floor.

LATER, when they were all at the table, the headwaiter came over and said, "Mrs. Shane, excuse me, but Mr. Shane wants to tend bar again."

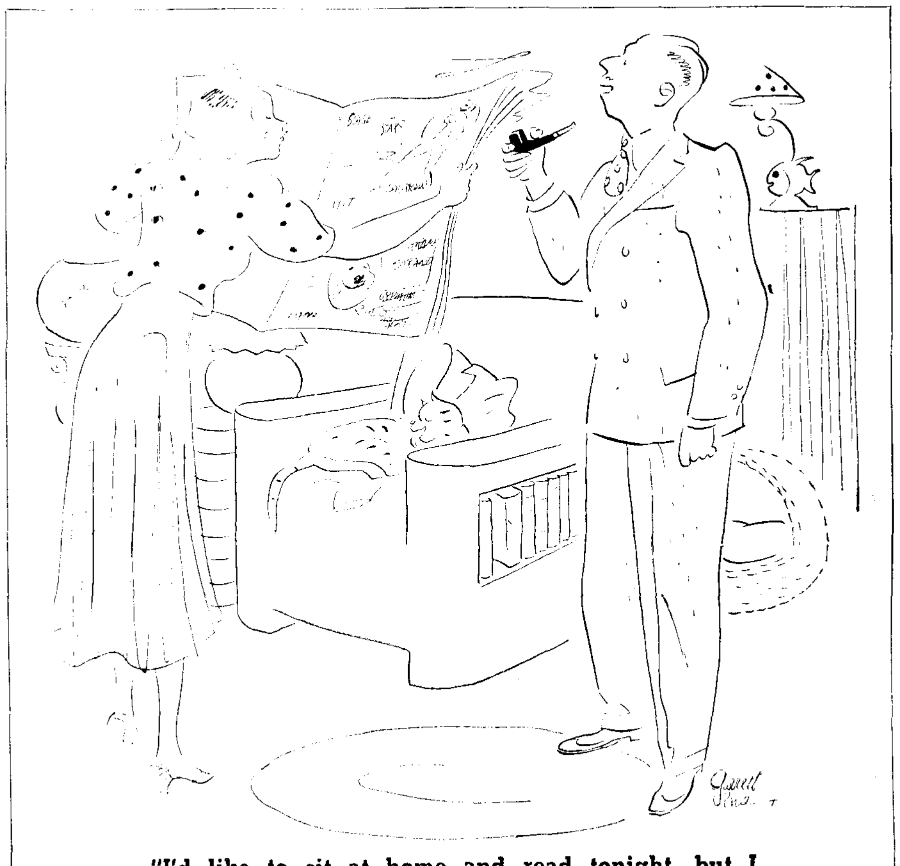
"I'll go," Ridland said.

He took Ed Shane up to the tower apartment, holding him up all the way, and laid him down on a divan in the living room. He unbuttoned Shane's waistcoat and took off his wing collar and his shoes. Deep in Ridland's throat was a nauseous feeling, as though he had eaten something which didn't agree with him.

When the others came in, Riley Burns with them, and another couple Ridland didn't know, Thelma took a look at Shane and said, "A fine bum I married."

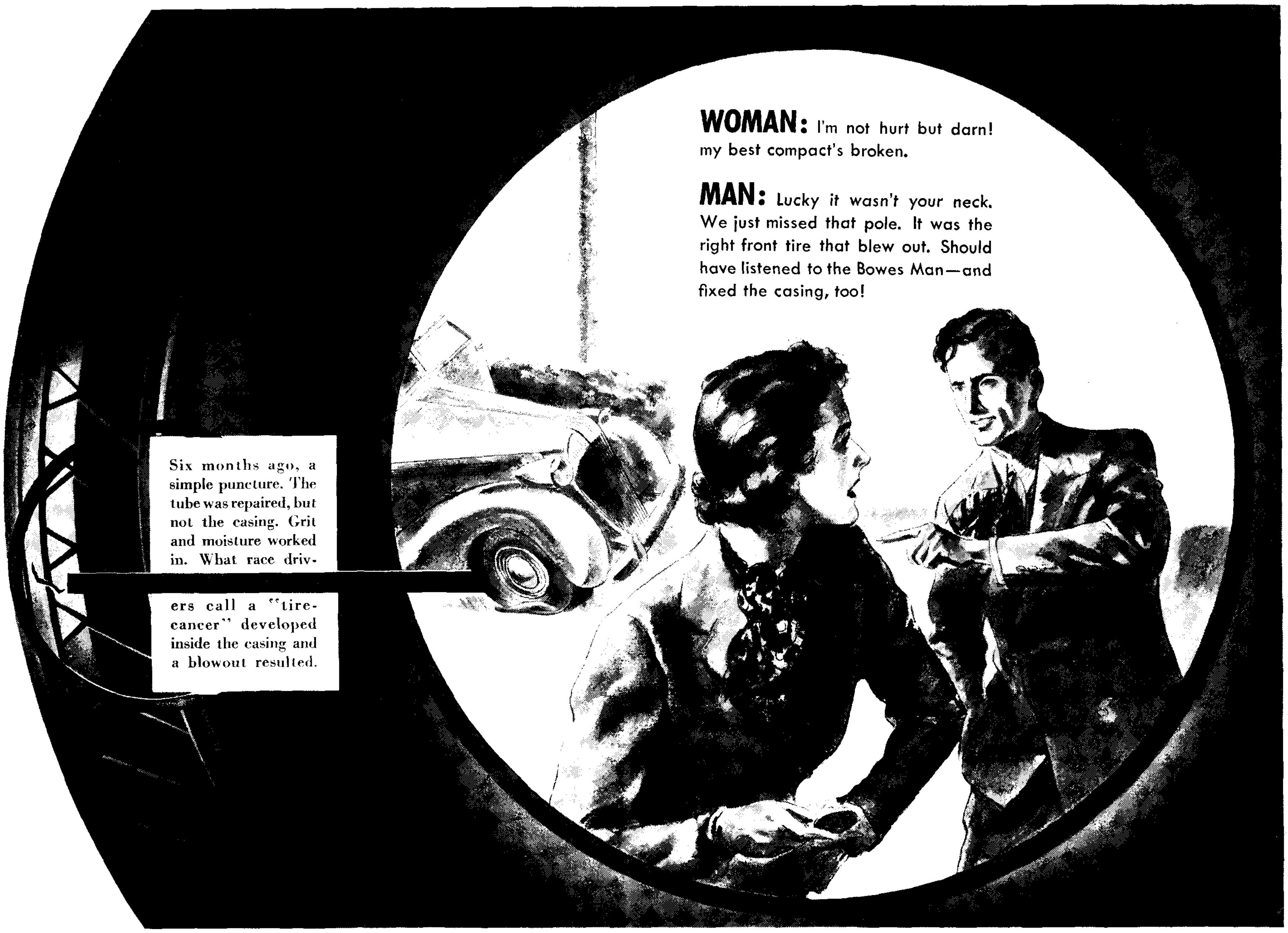
"Lay off him," Vince Bonofrio said dryly.

They looked at each other hard and long but it was Thelma's eyes that dropped. Bonofrio was, Ridland knew, a



"I'd like to sit at home and read tonight, but I should go to the office. What show shall we go see?" GARRETT PRICE

THE NEAREST THING TO A NEW TIRE A BOWES TIREPAIR



WOMAN: I'm not hurt but darn! my best compact's broken.

MAN: Lucky it wasn't your neck. We just missed that pole. It was the right front tire that blew out. Should have listened to the Bowes Man—and fixed the casing, too!

Six months ago, a simple puncture. The tube was repaired, but not the casing. Grit and moisture worked in. What race drivers call a "tire-cancer" developed inside the casing and a blowout resulted.

Goodrich, General, U. S., Goodyear, Firestone and the rest—you can't ride wrong on any of the first-class brands—they're all great tires, built for these high-speed days. . . . But punctures can still knock the wind out of the proudest of them all. . . . Then you need a tire repair as safe and modern as a 1937 tire itself. . . . That calls for Bowes.

No dangerous, unbalancing boots. No "cooking." But patented live rubber-to-rubber welds that put new strength in the weak spot and guard against blowouts.

It's the only *modern* tire repair system—designed to put "new tire" safety back on your rubber—if the tire itself isn't too far gone!

Too many motorists today are riding on tires that are only half repaired. When you've patched the tube the job's only fifty per cent complete. For it takes two holes to make a puncture—one in the tube and one in the casing.

That neglected hole in the casing is where "Tire Cancer" starts—consequently, where future dangerous blowouts may occur.

No matter how unimportant the hole in the casing seems—it's there. Grit works in. Cotton casing cords suck in moisture. Inside rot begins. And the stage is set for a blowout.

The Bowes Service Men—for your safety—will "Fix the Casing, Too." It costs just a few cents and takes just a few minutes more. It's worth it in peace of mind, accident prevention, and longer tire mileage.

Whether it's a nail puncture, a stone bruise, a cracked side wall or a slit tube there's a new-idea Bowes repair method to fit.

Look for the Bowes Service Man in your neighborhood—the Bowes Safety Tirepair System is nationwide.

BOWES SEAL FAST
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TIRE AND TUBE REPAIRS
BOWES

BOWES SEAL FAST

Buy Safe Tire Repairs **where you see this sign. Only authorized dealers who guarantee their work are permitted to display it.**

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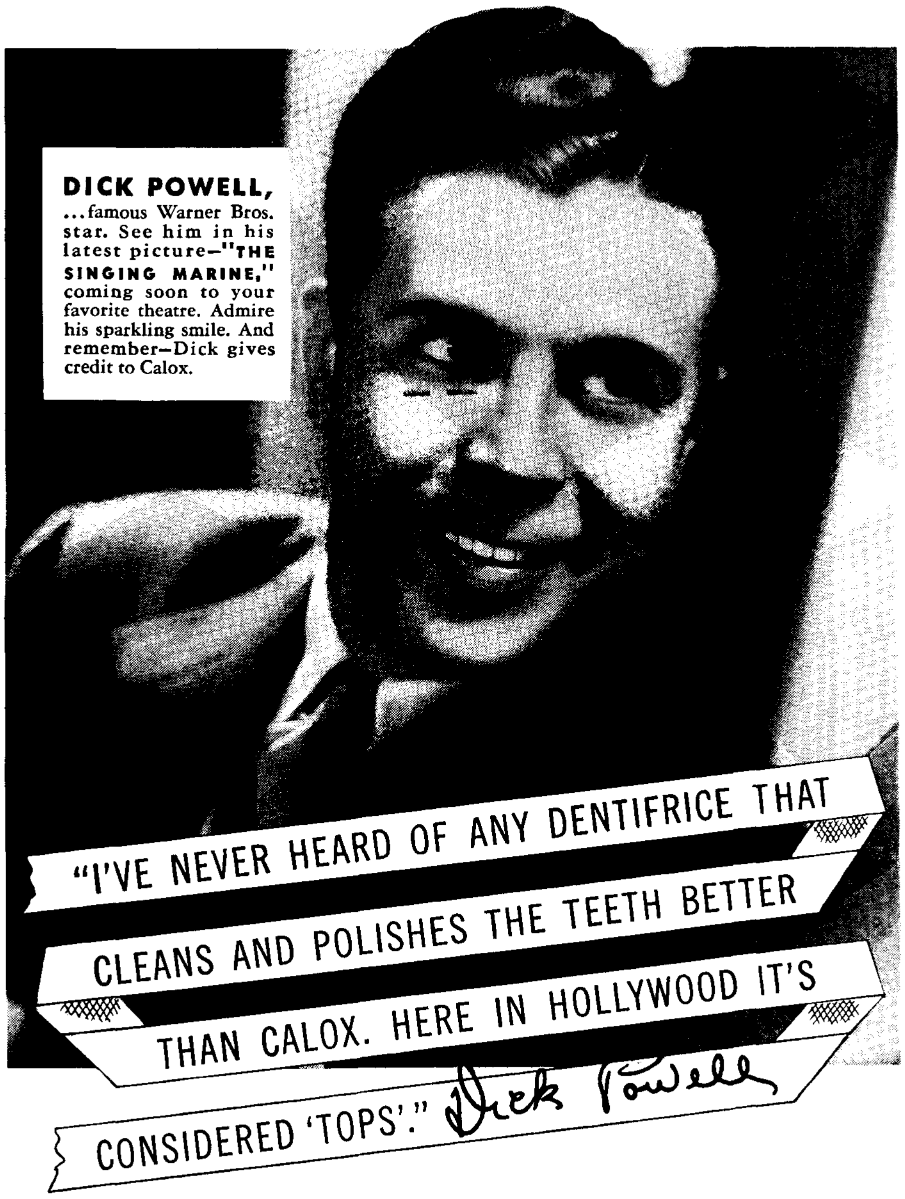
BOWES "SEAL-FAST" CORPORATION • INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA • LONDON, ENGLAND • HAMILTON, ONTARIO

LET DICK POWELL SHOW YOU HOW TO HAVE

TEETH THAT SHINE LIKE THE STARS'!



"I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANY DENTIFRICE THAT CLEANS AND POLISHES THE TEETH BETTER THAN CALOX. HERE IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S CONSIDERED 'TOPS'." Dick Powell

DICK POWELL, ...famous Warner Bros. star. See him in his latest picture—"THE SINGING MARINE," coming soon to your favorite theatre. Admire his sparkling smile. And remember—Dick gives credit to Calox.

Brush your teeth as movie stars do. Change to Calox Tooth Powder!

SUPPOSE *you* had to face a movie camera *today*. Would you be proud of your teeth? Would they register pure and clean?

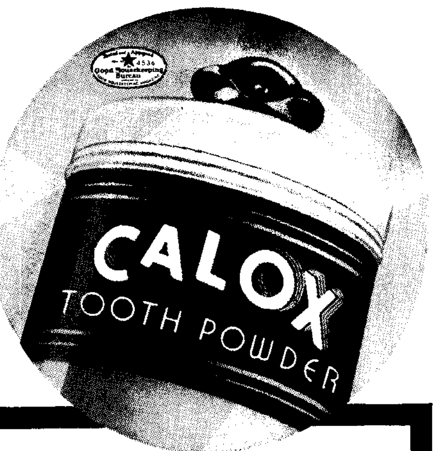
This problem is a real one, to every Hollywood star. You can imagine with what serious care a dentifrice is chosen.

Stars have followed the preference of dentists, in choosing powder. One particular tooth powder you hear praised repeatedly, by the most famous stars. *That is Calox.*

Profit by Hollywood experience. Try Calox. If your teeth seem naturally dull—quick to stain—we urge you especially to try this superlative cleanser. You may have "starrier" teeth than you realize—if you give them proper care.

Read below the sound, scientific reasons why Hollywood stars okay Calox. Then decide that you, too, can have "Teeth That Shine Like The Stars'." Change to Calox Tooth Powder today!

McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC.



WHY HOLLYWOOD SAYS "O. K." TO CALOX

1. GIVES "HIGH-LUSTER" POLISH. Five scientifically approved cleansing and polishing ingredients get to work! Teeth start to sparkle!
2. CALOX IS DOUBLE SAFE BECAUSE IT'S...DOUBLE SIFTED through 100-mesh screens. It *cannot* contain any grit or pumice.
3. RELEASES OXYGEN. Oxygen is Nature's own purifying agent.
4. MADE WITH PRESCRIPTION CARE by McKesson & Robbins, who have supplied drugs to physicians since 1833.

shrewd man—shrewd enough to be careful about letting anybody know that he and Thelma Shane were playing around.

"We're all driving out to Bib's for steak sandwiches," Riley Burns said.

"I'm not," Irene said, and left the living room.

The others went out. In a little while Irene came back into the room. She didn't look at Ridland. Her eyes were narrowed, her lips pursed, and the color on her face and throat was high. She sauntered back and forth in front of him, her hips rolling, her dress corkscrewing lazily about her legs. Suddenly she stopped and glared at him.

"Well, say something!" she snapped.

He just looked at her, his eyes vacant, his thoughts far away. She stepped up and hit him across the face with the back of her hand. Her rings hurt him and he winced and when she struck him again he caught hold of her wrists and his lips drew tight against his teeth, the corners flickering. But he didn't say anything. She was drawn up, tense, her eyes vivid and hard and her plump lower lip thrust forward. He let her wrists go and stood up and went out into the foyer to get his hat and coat.

She was in front of him at the door and she said in a low, passionate voice, "You can't get out of this! You're going to marry me. My old man put you where you are and you're going to marry me."

He nodded, and said, "But right now I'm going home."

NEXT day he kept to himself. He had an office, a large one, very modern, but his time was his own. He went to a movie and then to several bars where he wasn't known. He resisted, time and time again, a strong desire to get in his car and drive up to the Ridge. He made a phone call, however, and asked how his father was. No matter how hard he tried to think down a straight course, he always became mixed up. Once, he thought of taking a plane and going away, far away, where no one would ever see him again. But he knew he couldn't do that.

He went back to his apartment building at five. The phone rang but he didn't answer it. It rang an hour later but still he didn't answer it. He went out at nine and ate in a chop house and then he went to a bar and began drinking rye highballs. At ten Ed Shane came in and said:

"What are you doing, giving me the run-around?"

"Have a drink."

Shane's eyes were hard as buttons. "Nuts to you and your drink! I asked you was you giving me the run-around? Listen, baby, when a guy works for me he works up to the hilt and when I ask something, I mean I want it done. Nobody begged you to come work for me."

"No, Ed, you didn't beg me."

"Okay, then. They swing Bennie eleven sharp tomorrow night. You know what I expect you to do. Dodge it, and you're out—you're out of everything. You're out of twenty grand a year and the fifty I was going to give you and Irene. And you're out of that too, marrying Irene. You're back where you started from. Account of any guy that double-crosses me is out. Good night."

Knocking around town, alone, from bar to bar, Ridland didn't get home until three and his brain was so befogged that he went right to sleep. That was what he had wished for, why he had drunk so much.

He got up at noon. The papers were full of news of Bennie Bonofrio and of the last-minute activity of his lawyers. Twice during the afternoon Ridland started downstairs, to get his car and drive the hundred miles to the state capital, yet each time he held back. He wanted to see Madeline, and at five he met her in the lobby of the Southgate.

She was smartly dressed in a gray-speckled suit, a white silk blouse with a gay little string tie, and a kind of jockey cap of black velvet. She gave him a forthright smile but in her eyes there was a watchful look which he did not miss and in the clasp of her hand he felt a peculiarly unsteady pressure.

In a corner of the cocktail lounge a man was mooning over a piano, playing popular songs and old favorites quietly and affectionately.

Ridland said, "You look wonderful, Madeline. Where'd you get the suit, the pretty hat?"

"Do you like them?"

He had always liked the way she dressed and her breeding and the way she carried herself and the way she met strangers, easily and good-humoredly; and the way she used to grow wild, flushed, the times he kissed her. She had a lovely mouth, flexible and warm and just a bit humorous.

Back of her, on the wall, was a clock, gilt hands moving against a frosted glass face. As they talked, drank, his eyes kept wandering to the clock and sometimes he checked it with his watch.

She said, "If you've an engagement, Walter—"

"Are you going back to the Ridge?"

"Yes. I came in on a bus and I can get one outside."

"I'll drive you up. I'm going that way. I have to go to the state—"

Her eyes flickered and the next instant she was grinding out a cigarette, grinding it to pulp in the littered tray. "We'd better go, then. It's six, and anyhow, dinner's at seven."

Driving up the pike, a strange silence rode with them, between them; it was a pointed silence and the point pressed somewhere, sharply and unremittingly, against Ridland's chest. Why go at all? Why not drop Madeline off at the Ridge and then, somewhere beyond, give a jerk at the wheel and pile through somebody's split-rail fence. An easy way.

He looked sidewise at Madeline and saw her quiet, expressionless face, her downcast eyes. In her lap, her hands were restive, but that was all.

"It's a nice evening," he said.

"Yes, it's nice."

That was all they said on the way up and when he stopped in front of her house she opened the car's door instantly and said, "Well, it was sweet of you, Walter—the cocktails and driving me home." She held out her hand, smiling a twisted smile. "I wish you a lot of luck, all the things you want, everything—" Her lip quivered and suddenly her hand tightened on his and her eyes filled.

SHE cried, "Why must you do it? Why must you go against everything, against your people? Oh, Walter, you don't know what you're doing!"

He felt his scalp prickle, grow taut. "You're with them now, too," he said.

"I'm with nobody but you—nobody. I love you, I can't help it. I know you're engaged, but what does that mean to me, if I love?"

"Did Paul speak to you today?"

"Paul is heartbroken. Yes, he did. But, believe me, I'm not with them, with anybody, but you."

He glared at the clock on the dashboard. "I've got to go."

She stepped out of the car and said, "Don't ever think I'll hate you, no matter what you do," and turned and ran through the gate.

He drove on, his eyes glued to the road ahead, and once he came to a turn, a sharp one, and thought, "Here would be a good place." But while he thought of it he was round the curve and on the straightaway again, his headlights streaming up the road. He boomed through small villages, mellow in the spring evening, and past the lights of minor cities, in narrow streets noisy with radio loud-speakers and auto horns. It was ten when he drove up to the governor's mansion.

Barrow received him in his study, a tall, gaunt man, shaggy-haired, standing with his back to a Georgian mantel. "Hello, Walter. How is everything at the Ridge?"

"Father had a slight stroke but Dr. Marberry said he'll recover."

"Good man, Marberry."

Barrow's lids were crinkling over his eyes and there was a ghost of a grimace playing round his lips; he knew, Ridland told himself, what was in the wind.

"I've only ale in the house, Walt. Would you like some?"

"Yes, I would."

"Are they having any more trouble with the elms on Grosvenor Street?"

They sat in big chairs and drank ale from tall straight glasses and Ridland told him about the elms and about George Halcott repairing the old summer house. And watched the hands on the banjo clock turning, turning.

BARROW gave the impression of being calm, peaceful, his long body lying in the great armchair, his shaggy brows shadowing his eyes. Yet Ridland knew what was in the governor's mind and he knew that he had only to ask for Bennie Bonofrio's life and it would be spared.

But he kept on talking about the Ridge, working back from the present to the days when he cut Barrow's lawn and gathered his apples. And always his eyes kept lifting to the banjo clock; while across the hills and valleys, he knew, other men, and one man especially, were conscious of the time also. Sitting straight in a chair meant for reclining, the muscles in his arms and body were taut, the insides of his closed hands were hot with sweat.

At ten to eleven the butler came in and said to Barrow, "Warden Osgood is on the telephone, sir."

"I'll take it here," Barrow said. He rose and went slowly across the room to his desk.

Ridland also rose and stood with his back to the mantel, his eyes shimmering and his hands clasped in a bony knot behind his back.

Barrow was saying, "Yes, hello, Warden." And then he was listening, and in a little while he said, "Just a moment," and lowered the instrument. He spoke quietly across the room to Ridland, "They are about to hang Bonofrio." He waited, his gaunt face expressionless.

There came into Ridland's heart suddenly, all at once, a feeling of great emotion, and in his head there was a sound like music, bells and trumpets. He felt marvelously alone, on his own feet, with no one near him, no one urging him to do this or that. And he knew, for the first time in his life, what it was that was singing inside him. He knew it wasn't weakness. He knew that no one was driving him to this decision which now stood bold and inviolable in his heart and brain. It was his own and it was born of the things he loved and cherished.

He said to Barrow, "I've nothing to offer, or ask, in behalf of Bonofrio. Neither his life nor his death. He means nothing to me."

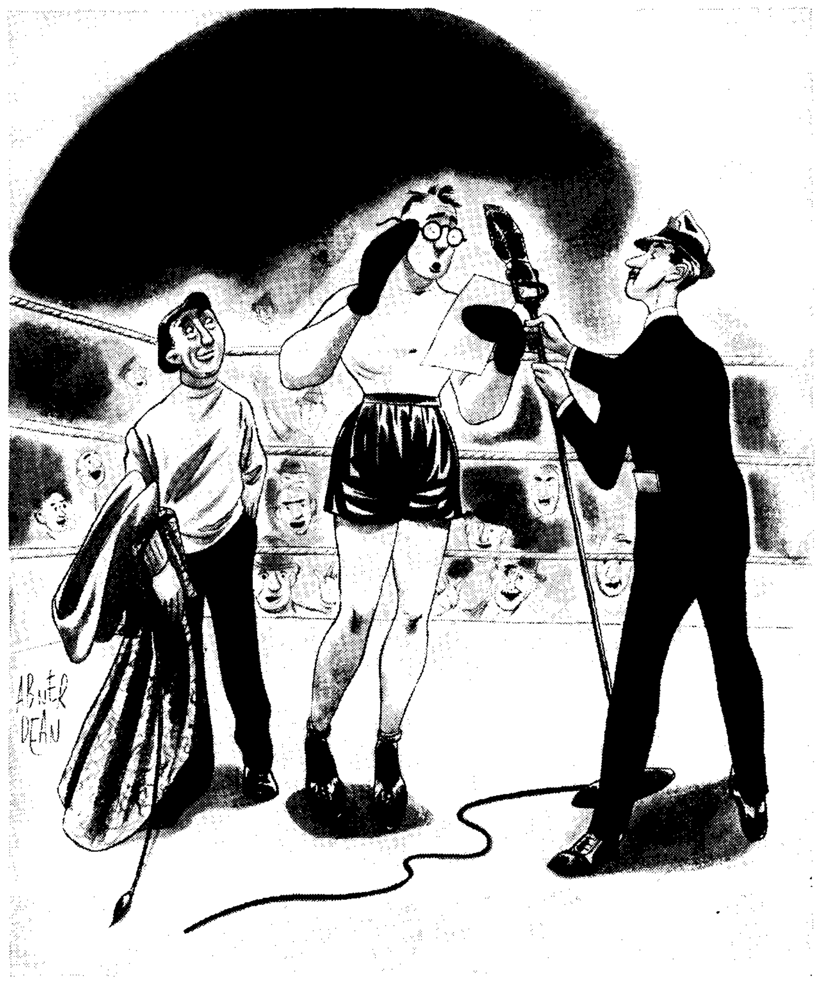
He closed his eyes, but not in shame; in peace, rich and warm and flowing through him, now, like a deep river. He heard Barrow saying on the telephone, "Nothing, Warden. You will carry out your duty . . ." And the deep river kept flowing, undisturbed. For Ridland realized that at last, and for the first time, he was true to himself.

Barrow hung up and came over and put his hand on Ridland's shoulder. "I'd have done it for you, you know."

"I know."

"You can tell Shane that you asked me and I refused."

"No. I want him to know what I did, because then he'll throw me out. That's what I want. And now, if you don't mind," he added, "I'd like to phone Madeline."



"It was a great fight . . . I'm glad I won . . . I'll be right home, Ma"

ABNER DEAN

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THOUSANDS upon thousands of years ago men desperately foraged to get bare subsistence. All they asked for was *Enough.*

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Detroit, Michigan

Love on Credit

Continued from page 17

she was a rich girl working in an office for fun or something. She had read about those peculiar girls.

"Well, I'm glad you finally had the courage," she said—and meant it. They looked at each other so long the impatient doorman had to growl them back inside.

Afterward, idling out with the murmuring crowd, they found a flower-seller on the curb.

"Flower for the lady, mister? Pretty lady, pretty flower."

He looked shyly at Dixie. "I should have sent you some from a florist. But would you mind—these?"

Would she mind! She hadn't had flowers to wear since one of the girls at the office got married and she was the bridesmaid.

"Oh, no, of course I wouldn't mind. I always think it's so much nicer to help out poor people than to go to a regular shop."

"You're a grand girl," he said, and chose three blossoms made of scented snow. White flowers form as nice a collar as white ermine, and she pinned them on not too inexpertly. And that was seventy-five cents and ten cents extra for the poor old lady.

"Now where would you like to go?" It was a natural question because, around them, everyone seemed to be going someplace quickly and gaily.

"To the Heaven Room at the Pierce. I haven't been there in ages." Ages must mean a very long time though hardly long enough, because she had never been there at all. But of course, she read the Night Spot Notes in the morning papers. She had always felt it never hurt to be up on things. Noting his silence, she took his elbow. "As long as we're dressed we might as well go someplace where everyone else is, too."

Another taxi ride got them there, and they flew upward for seconds in a quiet copper cage, dropping practically in the lap of a French doorman who seemed to have been expecting them.

"Two, sir?" he called with a challenging lift of his finger and there they were, at a table with uniforms making a big fuss about ice in the water glasses.

They also received beautiful pale blue menus with navy-blue printing inside and the figures were plain enough to behold, but Dixie, for the first time in her life, read only the left-hand columns.

PHILIP and Dixie could dance. They found that out; hand in hand and arm around waist, they let the music carry them lightly and stop them softly, always in perfect time and always together. They could talk, they found that too. On and on they went, sketching their yesterdays impatiently as though they must have their tomorrows completely together. Love at first sight after seeing each other for six months.

They drank several highballs apiece, and finally decided to move on. Philip helped Dixie with her wrap, signaled for the check and spoke:

"Somehow I'd rather not take you home yet. Let's get something to eat someplace."

She had been hoping for something like that. There were two reasons: First, because she hated to say goodby to him. It was certainly funny how accustomed she was to him already. And, then, there was a smart late-snack place she had read about—and she wanted to see what it looked like.

"Let's. I'm awfully hungry."

"You don't mind staying up so late?"

"Oh, no, I often do. I don't seem to need much sleep." Eight hours was her absolute minimum.

The check was blue to match the menus. Phillip stared for a long time with one hand in his pocket as though the figures might change under his eyes. He was blue to match the check.

It is part of the fable that no lady is able to use her legs to stand unless the accompanying gentleman holds her chair; so Dixie sat, uncomfortably waiting for Philip.

Finally he smiled, dismally.

"Are you good at washing dishes? We might have to in order to get out."

"What's the matter?" A silly question, for she had the answer already.

"They've added a few box-car numbers to the check. I—ah—I didn't come quite prepared."

The little metal brocade evening bag was on the table. She had it open.

"Look—I've got money."

"Gosh, I couldn't."

"Oh, for heaven's sake! That could happen to anyone. I'm just glad I happened to bring it. Please don't be silly about it."

"Sure, now? I'll give it to you at the office tomorrow."

She felt sorry for him because he was embarrassed. And so she was a little uneasy too.

She pushed the bills toward him and he took them as though they were poison.

"And I'm trying to make a hit with you," he groaned. "I'll bet this has never happened to you before, when you've been out with regular guys."

"Oh, often," she said, pulling her wrap about her as though she always carried rolls of bills to furnish escorts.

They departed from the Heaven Room under an uncomfortable cloud.

BUT they recovered quickly under the succulent influence of hamburgers at a dollar-fifty each at the Parrot Bar where a man wheeled a baby piano about and sat down to sing risqué songs whenever the mood struck him. Parked before Dixie and Philip for fifteen minutes, his wise voice went on and on about love and such. Mostly such. The reason Philip tipped him, actually, was to persuade him to go away.

"We'll have to do—something like this—again," Philip said.

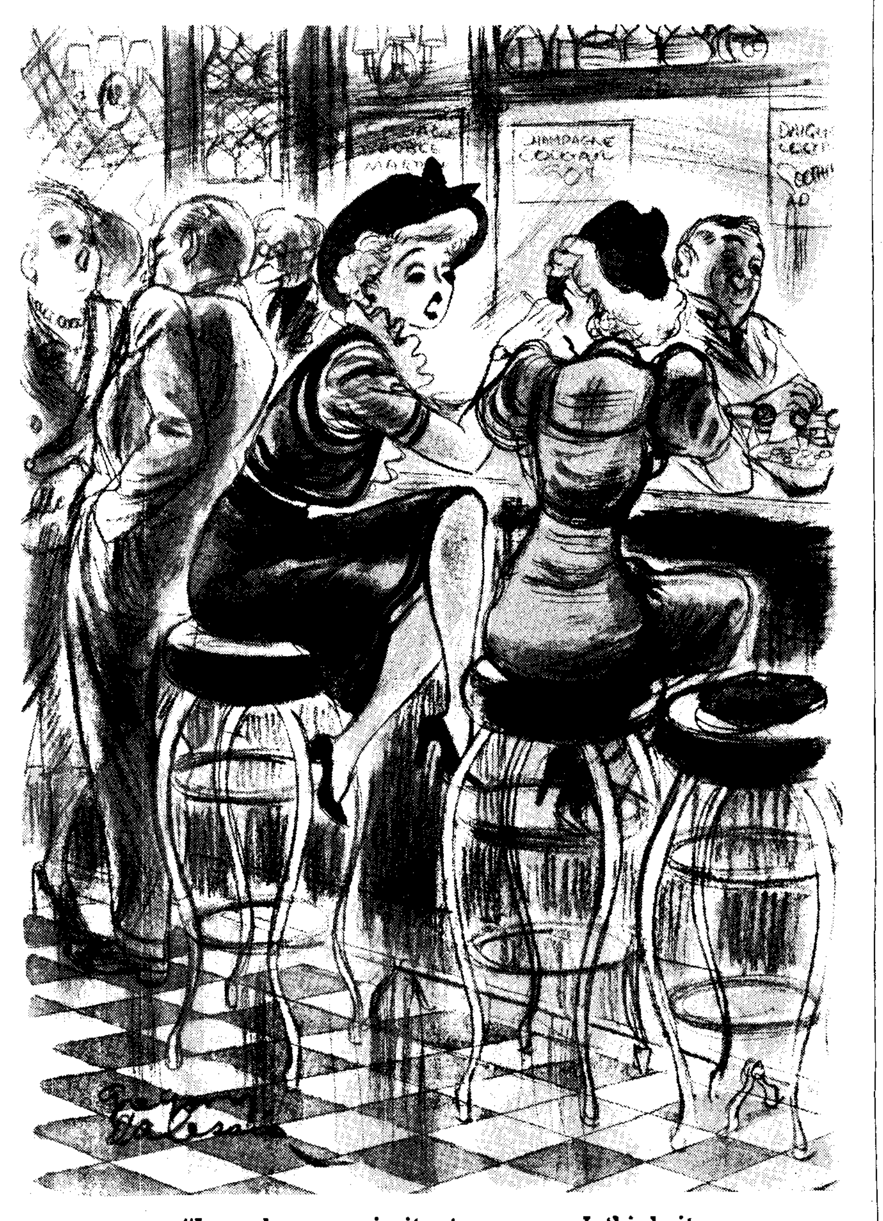
"Yes, let's." She wondered how soon she'd be able to afford another gown. You couldn't wear the same dress very often.

"Other things too. Do you like movies? And art galleries?"

"Certainly. And opera and tea-dancing and French cooking. I like everything," she said, meaning, "I like you."

Going home in the taxi they held hands. He shooed the taxi off and she let him come with her into the foyer of the apartment house.

"Thank you," she said, "for a very lovely evening."



"I reach my majority tomorrow. I think it means I'm allowed to raise some kind of hell" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

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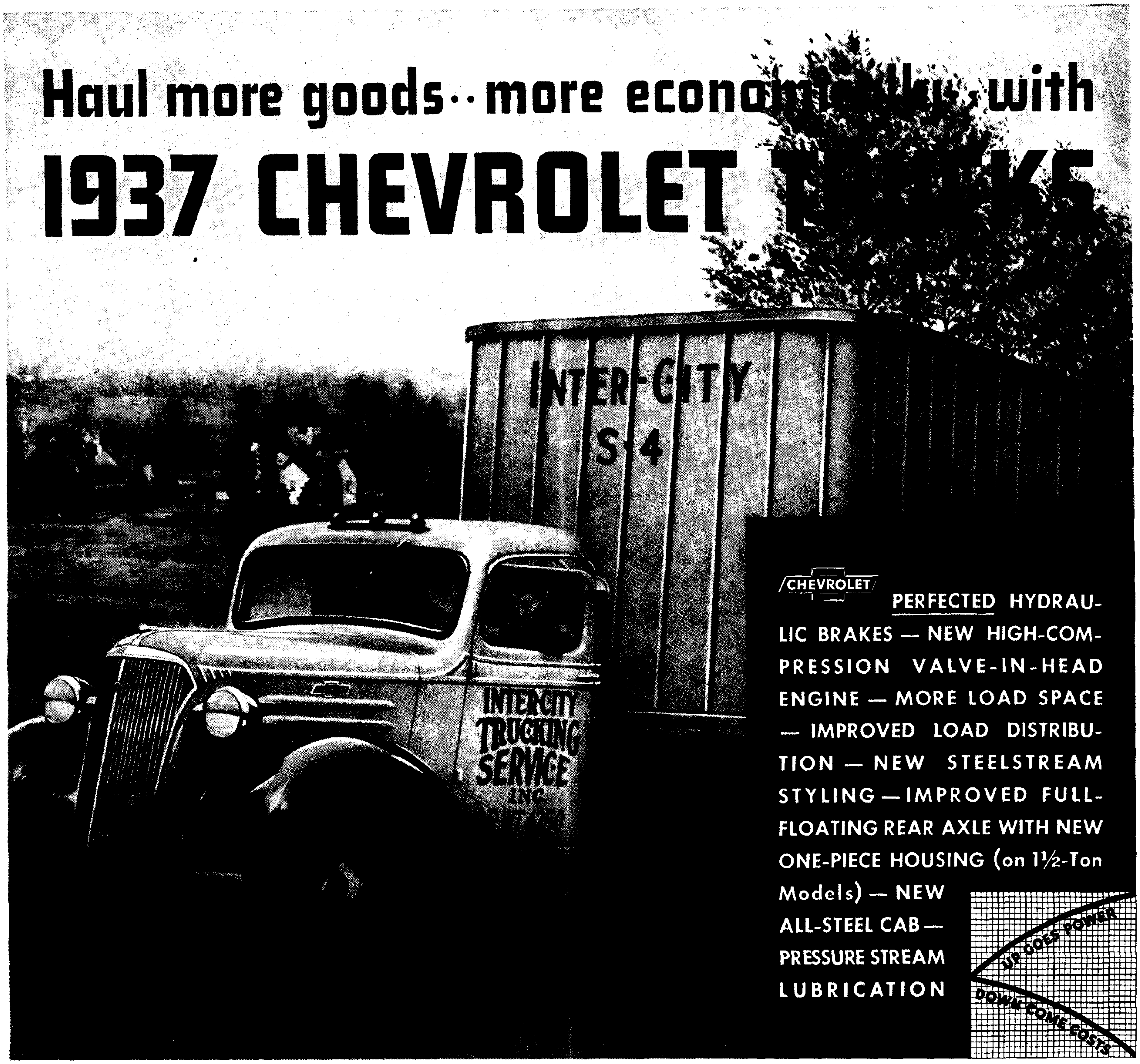

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"You don't know what it's meant to me."

There must have been a light breeze pushing her, for she swayed toward him. And he kissed her. She had been kissed before but those were just practice, leading up to this one.

"Golly," he said, looking at her as though she were magic and might disappear, "life will never seem the same to me after that."

"What will it seem like?" She could have released the lapels of his topcoat, but she didn't.

"Twice as wonderful. Twice as sweet as it has ever been before."

He helped himself to another kiss just to make sure of that and then she swept up the stairs in her black velvet wrap with the gardenias mellowing like old lace and as fragrant as summer because *they had been bruised. She could hardly* stand being so happy. She was in love. She had been to the nicest places in town. And he was an office manager who was probably rich and he loved her too. Or he was going to!

Vera was awake. The only thing Dixie didn't tell her was that he had kissed her.

SHE didn't see him at the office. She was glad of that. She'd never have got her work done otherwise. He had a great deal of dictation and Vera was in with him all morning. She came out flapping her notebook and wiping her eyeglasses.

"Let's go to lunch," Dixie whispered.

"I ought to get these letters out first, honest." Vera looked uncomfortable; her skin was blotchy as though the hives were getting her.

She ate lunch alone at a drugstore and then had forty cents left in her handbag. Even when she got the fourteen dollars back she was going to have trouble smearing it thin enough to cover two weeks. But last night had been worth it. She dawdled over her malted milk and the soda jerk enjoyed her smile.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon, the hour that is the office worker's burden, when time sits on a stenographer's lap and is so heavy she can hardly breathe. Dixie began to wonder why she hadn't seen Philip. He had stayed closed in his little glass coop all day. She missed him, and besides, she really *couldn't pay her share of the groceries* for dinner if he didn't return her money. She wanted so much to see him, to be sure that last night wasn't something she had made up out of her head, that she began to feel as though she must invent an excuse to go into his office.

But he came out as she wavered between pretending he had sent for her and just bursting in, naturally. He leaned across her desk.

"If you're not too busy tonight with more important things I'll pick you up after dinner."

What was that in his voice like sandpaper? Now she looked at him and his gray eyes weren't soft and tender as they had been last night but hard as—hard as—an office manager's.

"All right," she said nervously, straightening the starched white collar of her dark dress.

"About eight-thirty then. And we're not dressing, if you don't mind."

Then he went away and she felt like an orphan. Not one word, not one sign to indicate that he remembered she was the same girl he had held in his arms!

The day, which had bloomed so full of promise, turned out to be one of those bad ones. There's nothing to do about them except pray that they get over before any real damage is done. For Dixie was broke and Vera, it seemed, was going to a dinner meeting.

"But I thought your literary group met on Fridays."

"It does, usually. But one of the girls is reviewing a book with one thousand pages and she's going to do it in two parts. One tonight and one Friday. It's a swell book, I hear. They're making a movie out of it."

"Vera, I hate to ask you, but I've got forty cents to my name—could you?"

"There's stuff in the icebox, left over from last night. I'd like to oblige you, kid, but I told you about paying on my suit." She seemed anxious to get away.

So Dixie ate canned salmon, rye bread and a piece of French pastry with squashed frosting. And then she waited for Philip Nord. Waited and waited and waited.

The Liberty Bell on the day they cracked it could have had *no sweeter* sound than his ring at her door. Her best smile that evening was a little nervous but she put it on anyway.

"Hello, *there*," *she* greeted him, all sugar and roses.

"Hello," he returned in vinegar. "Well, let's go. I don't suppose you'd mind riding the elevated this evening."

And that was positively the last word he said as they walked through the spring rain to the corner and roared across the city for fifteen minutes. He indicated their exit by taking her elbow and marching her out.

"Where are we going?" she shouted at him as their train rocketed away.

"To my apartment."

She thought, I don't know what it's all about but I feel like that Scotch queen—what's her name, Mary?—who had her head chopped off. I shouldn't go to his apartment. I better put up an argument.

"Well, I don't know—"

"Don't worry; I'm not going to hurt you. I wouldn't touch you."

He had no business to read her mind that way. But especially he had no right to say he wouldn't touch her. After all, he had touched her last night and seemed to like it, too. Of all the things that had happened that wounded her most.

None the less, she followed him, meek as a poodle. Two steps to his one stride.

It was a clean building which seemed to say, "I've seen better days but I keep my head up and try to be a lady." The steps were covered with brown carpeting and they walked three flights of them before he unlocked a door and flicked on a light.

"This is my palace. These are the marble halls you dreamt I dwelt in."

There was a desk, and it had papers on it, neatly stacked awaiting the master's touch. There was one of those hypocritical couches which turn out to be beds. There was a blue chair whose lumpy back indicated that it had been sat in for a long time. A table, and a lamp with a tan paper shade. That was all. It wasn't even as nice as the place she and Vera shared.

"Come on in, sit down. I have quite a lot to tell you."

The blue chair sighed and poked her in the back with a broken spring. She kept her coat and hat on.

He was at the desk, flapping papers. His hands seemed to be shaking. He's mad, Dixie thought. She felt guilty, but about what she didn't know.

"Here! I make fifty-five dollars a week. Here's my receipted rent bill—sixty dollars a month. I send about ten dollars a week to my mother. You never thought of me as having someone I had to send money to, did you?"

SHE found a rusty tongue but it served the purpose and spoke for her. "Wait a minute. Start at the beginning. What is this, anyway?"

"This is to explain why I'm not giving back your fourteen dollars."

"I haven't asked you for it, have I?"

"No. And I don't intend to wait till you do. That's why I'm explaining it to you now."

Do men cry? He seemed so hurt, so unhappy that she thought he might. She wanted to take his fine big head in her arms and persuade him that things were not so bad, whatever they were.

"Give me the details. You might as well be talking Greek for all I understand."

"You went out with me because you thought I was rich. An easy mark. I spent more money on you last night than I ever spent on any one girl in any one evening."

The skin of her face began to burn.

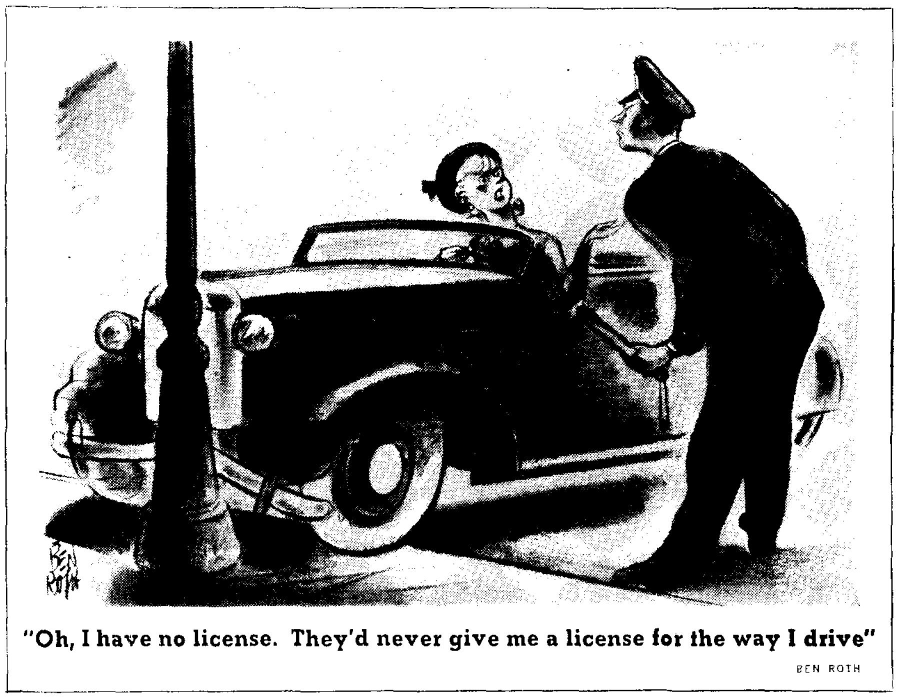
"That's not true. No such thing."

"Yes, you did. Vera reminded me this morning that I owed you money. That you had spent the rest of your pay to buy evening clothes. She broke down and confessed that you'd never had any before. But you had the nerve to make me think you weren't used to anything but caviar. I made her tell me that you'd been looking for someone like me to take you around and show you the sights. How do you think a guy likes to hear that? And what did you think? That you paid me back by kissing me?"

"Don't talk that way. I kissed you because—well, *if that's the way you feel* why should I bother to tell you?"

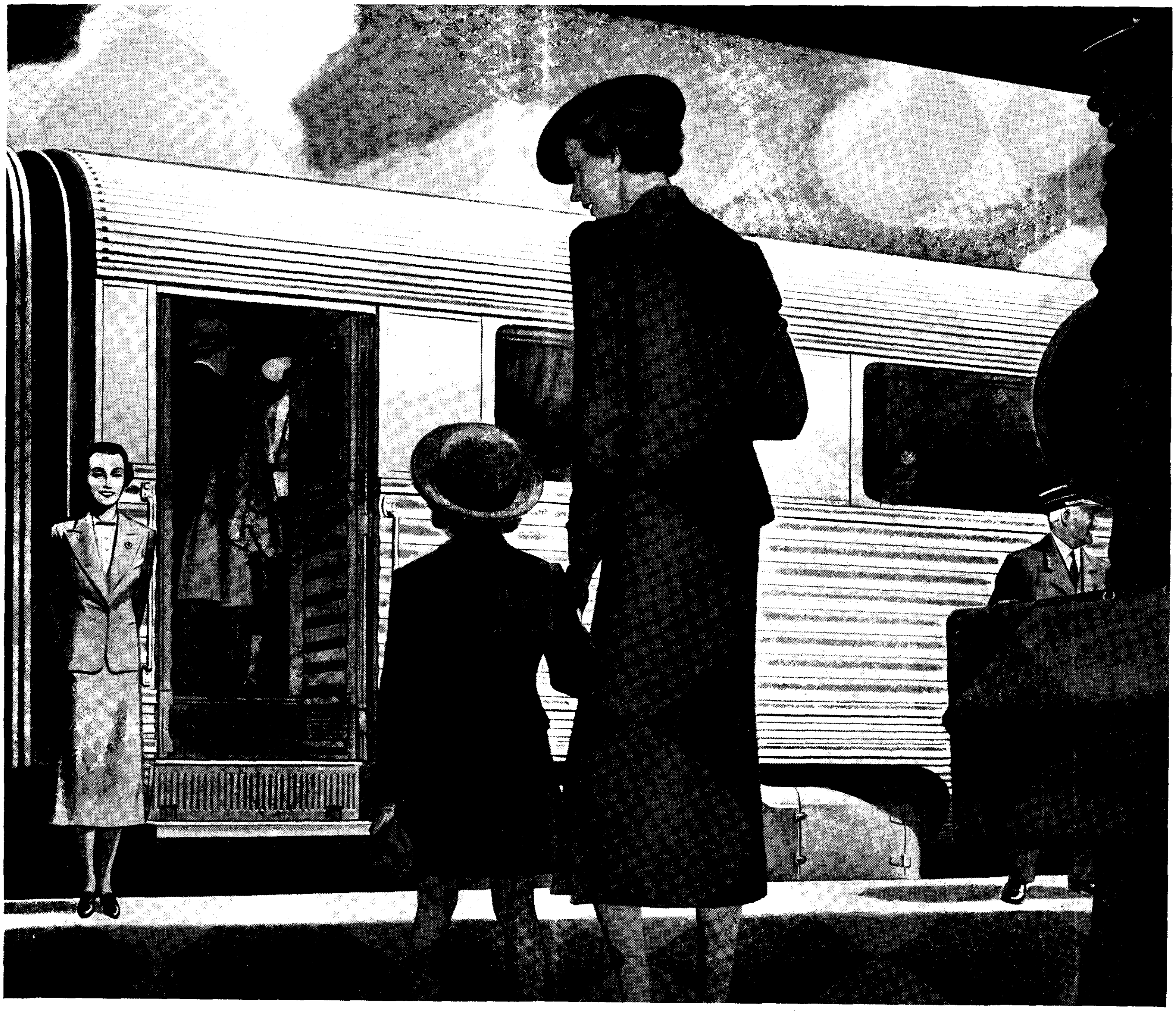
She was angry now.

"Vera told me other things. That you figured I was rich because I went to Yale and wore good clothes. For your information I carried a tray four years to get through school. And as for these damned clothes—they keep me broke and the



"Oh, I have no license. They'd never give me a license for the way I drive"

BEN ROTH



WHEN A LADY TRAVELS

THERE is a new and insistent fastidiousness on the part of women who travel today. Their natural desire for attractive appointments has become a factor to be reckoned with. Ladies no longer accept outmoded facilities. They ask for spacious and lovely accommodations. And they know they will find them on Budd-built trains.

In descriptions of these trains, we have given chief emphasis to new methods of design and construction. We have pointed out that the old fallacy of massiveness-for-strength is being discarded for the new principle of increased efficiency through light-weight-plus-strength.

This principle is of interest not only to railroad men but to the traveling public. It makes possible high speed with safety and comfort.

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Pages could be written about the new beauty and comfort—the added spaciousness of these trains. Travelers have ceased being surprised at air-conditioned cars that defy outside dust and heat. They accept the beauty and charm of superbly appointed lounges and the pleasant excitement of cocktail bars. But one advance in particular has won the grateful approval of discriminating people. It is the fact that rest-room facilities are planned and executed as they might be for a woman's club on Park Avenue. The most fastidious lady may feel perfectly at home on a Budd-built train!

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only reason I have them is because business is such a social game these days you have to dress right or else—"

"Don't bother with explanations. Just let me out."

"Wait till I finish with you. Girls like you don't look at a man as a human being. He's just a pocket with money in it to be spent on you. Isn't that right? And, damn it, isn't it mercenary? You don't give a man a chance to be romantic and hold your hand—he needs both hands to fish in his wallet. Well, you'll just have to go shopping for another sap. I found out about you before I fell too hard—"

Melting from her frozen fury, she started for the door.

"You can go now—but first I'll write you that check after all."

"Never mind—" Then she made it to the door and freedom.

Of course she cried, of course she stumbled as she bumped down the brown-covered steps holding the lean bannister as though it were a friend's hand. Her soul was crushed but she managed to get it home along with her pinkened nose and tear-studded eyes.

Vera came in just as she climbed into bed after having passed the wet stage of weeping and progressed into the hiccoughs.

"Oh, dear," said Vera, flinging down that thousand-page book. "I was afraid of this. I'm sorry, Dixie. It's my fault but how'd I know he was going to take it that way."

"Oh, no; it was my fault. But you should have heard the way he talked to me. *I can never face him again.* Oh, Vera, I'll have to quit my job."

Vera's excursions into mashed potatoes had made her roomy and comfortable to cry against.

"And the heck of it is I love him. I do—I do."

"Shh. . . . It's not that serious."

"And he liked me, too; I know he did. And now I'll never see him again and he'll think terrible things about me."

Then, in her misery, she collided with a thought. Up from her bed of grief she went in search of paper and pencil.

"I'll figure out how much I owe him and pay it back. He'll know I'm sorry. He won't have to hate me."

"You're so broke now you better apply to one of those loan companies. And if you quit your job, *they* won't even help you out."

"No, I've got to pay him back if I scrub floors to do it."

THEY had to telephone the Heaven Room to find out how much drinks cost, and Dixie wasn't exactly sure about the tax on theater tickets, but finally they got it added up, cover charges and all, to twenty-three dollars and fifty cents for her share of the evening's entertainment.

"I ought to pay his too. He wouldn't have gone to those expensive places without me. Imagine, Vera! Forty-seven dollars all in one evening."

Vera looked at the paper as though it added up in more than figures.

"Yes, he must have liked you plenty to turn loose that way."

Dixie woke with a headache and a broken heart and it was hard to tell which hurt the most.

Furthermore, she had a cold and no job.

"No, sir. They'll never get me into that office again. If I have to starve for it."

"You will have to. You've got about twenty cents and what'll that buy you?"

"Vera, please give him this note." The note had been written while the breakfast coffee chirruped.

"Can I read it?"

"Sure, I wish you would. See if it's all right."

Vera read the note. This is what it said:

"DEAR MR. NORD:

"Please do not trouble yourself to return my fourteen dollars. I quite agree that I owe it to you, and more too. There is a balance due of nine dollars and fifty cents and I will make payment as soon as possible. Also, I wish at this time to tender my resignation to Hendricks, Hendricks & Hendricks. I am sorry not to be able to give more notice but feel sure you comprehend. Tell the new girl the date stamp is in the lower right-hand drawer. Sincerely,

"DOROTHY MARGERAN."

"You really meant that, Dixie? About quitting? Well, never mind. I just won't pay on my suit this week. I'll take care of you till you get another job."

Vera ate an extra sweet roll in two bites and took the note with her as she left.

IF WORKING for a living is tough, Dixie felt during the melancholy hours that not working is not living. Instead of reading the Night Spot Notes this morning she read the Help Wanted, Female. It all left her very sad and the cold in her nose didn't help. She barely had the pep to dress and straighten the apartment.

How lucky that she did! Because one o'clock came and with it Philip Nord. And with Philip Nord a sack of sandwiches and milk shakes in paper cups.

"Can I come in and have lunch? Or will you throw me out?"

So tall, so smiling, so nice he was. If she'd had a tear left she would have cried it.

He walked past her and into the kitchenette. He found plates as though he were a born housekeeper.

"I can only stay my lunch hour. So help me set the table."

There was a clean tablecloth, praise be. She went to work in a dream.

"You know you're not quitting," he said, "because I won't let you. Because I owe you an apology. I guess I just had my feelings hurt, thinking you went out with me just to paint the town red. Your note told me you felt as miserable as I did. And Vera told me—well, never mind—I want you to tell me yourself. It's that damned inferiority complex of mine; I didn't think it could be true that as beautiful a girl as you would like to be with me just for my own sake."

She giggled. Here she had been thinking that a man like Philip Nord, an office manager, wouldn't look at anything not stamped genuine guaranteed debutante.

"Funny, huh?" For a second his suspicions returned but she held out her hands and he kissed them. "You know, honey, there isn't enough money in the world to show you the kind of time you deserve. I'm going to be rich some day, don't you worry about that. And you shall drink champagne from beer mugs."

"I've never tasted it." Then, quickly, "And I don't care if I never do."

"And after we're married—yes, we're going to be—then you can give up the job. If two can live as cheaply as one we'll do it. And if they can't, at least we'll be living together."

That was the time for a kiss and they couldn't spare a moment for lunch.

"But you don't get the money back," he said. "I'm starting a savings account for you with it."

She sat on his lap and blessed Vera for playing cupid. He was going to ask her if she'd said she loved him and she was going to tell him yes. She noticed the stamp on the brown paper sack containing lunch.

"You bought those sandwiches at Meyer's? And Rosen's at the corner charge a nickel less!" All of a sudden she wanted him to save money so they could be quite old and rich and peaceful together.

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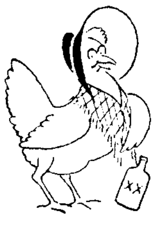
We'll Never be Refilled!
SNAP
Telltale metal seal breaks when cap is unscrewed.
You're SURE of genuineness when you buy liquor sealed this way.

THE SECRET OF MIXING GOOD COCKTAILS

Manhattan or Pink Lady, first of all you have to have *good, genuine liquor.* And the secret in selecting genuine brands made by licensed distilleries is the seal on the bottle!

If it has an Alseco Pilfer-proof Seal, it *can't* be a counterfeit, a refilled bottle or liquor that's been tampered with and "cut." These seals are used for your protection on many fine brands of whisky, gin and brandy. *Some are advertised in this magazine.*

See Inside Front Cover and Page 66



My boy friend, Hector, wonders why
He's feeling punk this morning.
He didn't look for Pilfer-proofs,
In spite of all my warning.

Melissa, the egg's mama

Alseco
ANTI-COUNTERFEIT SEALS
ALUMINUM SEAL CO. NEW KENSINGTON, PA

Now! Now! Now!

Continued from page 21

stalwart charges. "Now! Now! Now!" the coxswains shout as the stretch is reached, and the rowers respond with a speed-up in the stroke. Down under the majestic Poughkeepsie Bridge and toward a flotilla of launches that marks the finish line sweep the nation's foremost college crews. In a few seconds one boat will flash across the last line ahead of the rest, and will thus become the American champion.

I have watched this spectacle on a dozen occasions—three times as a varsity oarsman and nine times as a varsity coach. The thrill has never worn off; it still is as vivid and dramatic to me as when I first saw it in 1924.

Watching those thousands of people at Poughkeepsie, I have always wondered how many of them realize what an unselfish sport college rowing really is. If the word "altruistic" fits any branch of athletic competition, I think that branch is crew racing. You can be sure that every boy seated in a varsity boat at Poughkeepsie is there because he loves to row, and for no other reason.

No Place for Prima Donnas

Certainly he is not there to get his name in the headlines. Crew pays no dividends in publicity. All the attention goes to "the boat." There are no individual stars. The glory falls on the crew as a collective unit. An eight-oared shell is no place for an athletic prima donna who feels that a well-stuffed scrapbook is an indispensable part of his career.

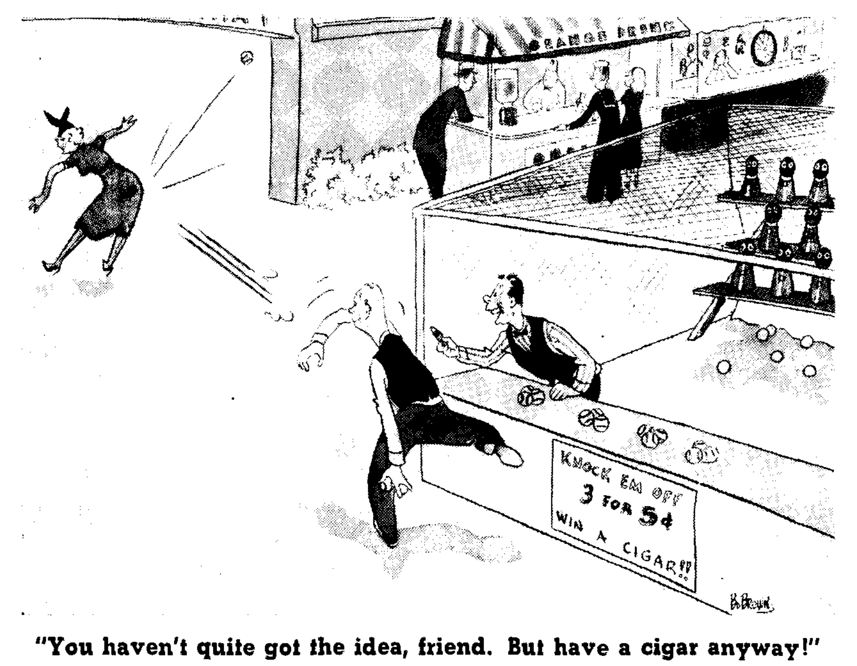
There is an old aphorism that goes like this: "All an oarsman needs is a weak mind and a strong back." It is derived from the fact that college rowing pays so few tangible rewards. Sometimes when people see us floating off for an early-season practice, the rain beating down in torrents and the lake still studded with floating ice, they sadly shake their heads and mumble sympathetic phrases. They cannot understand how anyone could be so foolish. There are no fair co-eds to cheer us as we leave the dock, and no bands to welcome us as we return. We merely ease the shells into the lake, and row off through the rain to get ready for another varsity season.

Repeat that obsolete platitude about the oarsman's mind around our shell house and you have a valid ticket for an involuntary dip in Lake Washington. We are as proud of our scholastic record as we are of the Olympic wreath. In the nine years I have been coaching at the University of Washington, every man who ever pulled a sweep in a varsity boat—with one exception—has walked up to prexy and gotten his sheepskin. We insist that our rowers keep up their grades; we don't want anyone on our crews who has not come to college for the primary purpose of obtaining an education.

In recent years there has been considerable discussion of the overemphasis on athletics. So far as crew is concerned, I can say that there is not an iota of proselyting or subsidizing. A student either wants to be an oarsman or he doesn't—and no amount of recruiting or pleading will change him.

The fact that we make no effort whatsoever to recruit rowers insures almost all our oarsmen's being home products. Each of the nine boys who rode our prize shell, the Husky Clipper, to victory in the Olympics was a resident of the state of Washington. This has given us a wide degree of support among the general public. The money to send us to Poughkeepsie is always raised by popular subscription among the people of the state. Thousands of citizens have contributed their nickels and dimes to make our trips possible. Whenever we dip our oars in the Hudson River, persons as far apart as the president of Seattle's largest bank and the donkey-engine operator at a lumber camp in the high Cascades hold a personal interest in our success.

These enthusiastic supporters ask me many questions. Among the most frequently repeated is: "What kind of boys make the best rowers?" A definite and unequivocal answer to this question is pretty hard to venture. I will say this, however—tall, rangy lads are best for one all-important reason. They have better leverage when they pull on their oars. A short-armed rower is decidedly handicapped. But equally important as a qualification is the ability to co-ordinate mind and muscle. Just as in football, baseball, boxing, tennis, and almost every other sport, timing is a salient element of crew racing. The oarsman who has no rhythm, who cannot time his motions, is merely excess baggage. The boat might as well have an



"You haven't quite got the idea, friend. But have a cigar anyway!"

BO BROWN

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WE make this generous offer so that new thousands of car owners will try No. 7 Duco Polish immediately and see how greatly it improves the appearance of the car. Even if your car is fairly new-looking, you should use this polish to preserve the color and lustre of the finish. Or, if the finish is dulled by grime and Traffic Film, you can still bring back the original beauty by using No. 7 Duco Polish.

This polish is made by du Pont, creators of "Duco" and "Dulux," the modern car finishes. It stands to reason that du Pont should best know how to make the right polish for your car. Millions of car owners have found No. 7 Polish to be the quick, easy way to car beauty.

Now we offer, for a limited time, a Du Pont Cellulose Sponge (regular 25c size) FREE to everyone who buys a pint can of No. 7 Duco Polish. (Offer good in U. S. only). This sponge, created by du Pont chemists, is ideal for bath and household cleaning, as well as for the car. Dealers everywhere can supply you. Get yours WHILE THEY LAST!

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TODAY'S

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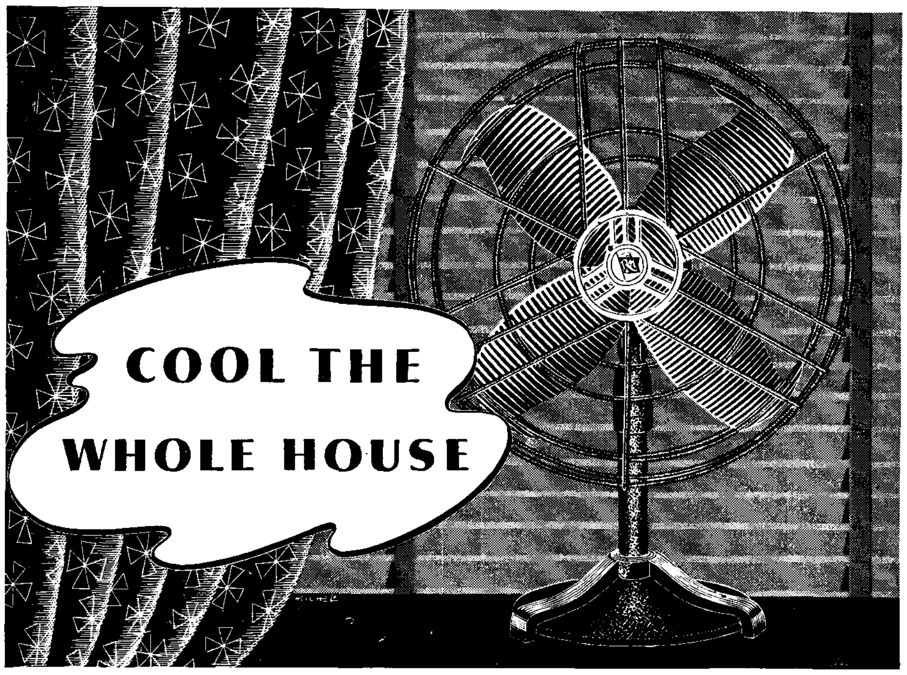

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There's no other fan like it—and the results are astonishing. Before bedtime, start the R & M Air Circulator blowing *out*—6600 to 10,000 cubic feet a minute!—through a bedroom window. Open other bedroom windows and connecting doors. Soon every inch of hot, stuffy day-time air is replaced by cool night air. And you can have a cool breeze through the room all night long. Astonishing—but true! . . . The patented R & M blade tip sends all the air *forward;* does the job of a dozen ordinary fans. The rubber-mounted motor runs like a whisper. . . . It's the fan for those who'd like to "air condition" but aren't quite ready. Don't go through another summer like last year's. And don't just buy "another fan." Ask your dealer about the big 20-inch to 30-inch R & M Air Circulators, priced at $40.00 and up. *Robbins & Myers, Springfield, Ohio; Brantford, Ont.*

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anchor as a rower who fails to co-ordinate his power. That is why I like to find prospective rowers who have had experience in other sports. If a boy has been a good halfback, a heavy baseball hitter, or an agile tennis player, the chances of his being a crack oarsman are greatly improved.

Some people ask me if a lad should start to row at an early age to become an expert varsity crewman.

"It helps, but it isn't necessary," I answer. "Tennis or basketball or handball is just as good."

Weather conditions are the controlling factor in crew racing. Time means practically nothing, because it is the current that dominates the speed. For example, at Berlin we made better time in the Olympic preliminaries than in the Olympic finals. The difference was that for the preliminaries the weather was still and quiet; there was so little wind that the Olympic pennants hung motionless against their standards. The water was as smooth as a lagoon. That afternoon we set a new world's record. In the finals a lively breeze spanked the course into mischievous little waves; we were almost 25 seconds slower than in the preliminaries.

The Coxswain Saves a Race

Before every race, I go over each lap of the distance with the coxswain. We try to anticipate all emergencies, and plan how to meet them. But sometimes difficulties arise which I have not foreseen. Then it is that the fate of the entire season rests in the coxswain's hands. Last year at Poughkeepsie I told Bob Moch to keep just a length behind California, which we regarded as our most formidable opposition. But California and Navy started out like express trains. They set such a terrific pace the opening two miles that our entire schedule of strokes was thrown off. Moch had to make a split-second decision. Should he maintain the fairly nominal pace we had outlined, or should he step it up and keep back of California? He had to make up his mind at once, and he could not let the boys see he was worried. He decided to stick to our previously arranged number of strokes. His choice was a wise one. At the halfway mark—two miles down the course—we were far behind, but we had conserved our strength. We were strong enough for a powerful sprint finish, and came in first. Moch's quick thinking had made the decision which sent us to the Olympics.

Between the coxswain and his crew a lot of good-natured bantering and hazing goes on. The coxswain must be able to take it, because he is one little fellow against eight big ones. Last year en route to Europe there was a big cage on the top deck of the Manhattan in which the passengers kept their dogs. It was full of every kind of canine, and I often wondered that they didn't fight more than they did. Maybe they were seasick! One day several of the varsity rowers saw this cage and had a bright idea. They innocently asked Coxswain Bob Moch to go for a promenade with them, and when no one was looking seized his 118 pounds and stuffed him into the cage.

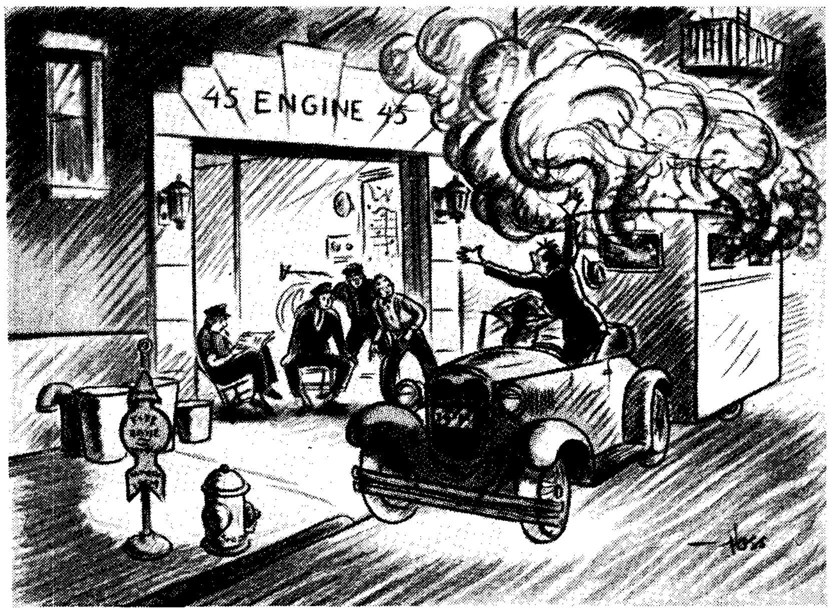
Then they came down to my stateroom and told me if I went up to the top deck I would see something interesting. I found Bob on his hands and knees in the cage, peering out through the netting between a mournful-faced St. Bernard and a quizzical little fox terrier.

Not all the hazing is reserved for the coxswain. Occasionally it is dished out to the freshmen. One season we had an exceptionally tall freshman crew. A few days before our transcontinental trip to Poughkeepsie, the varsity captain called the freshmen into conference. He told them he was worried. They were so tall that ordinary Pullman berths would not fit them, he said. They would have to go down to the railway station to be measured for special berths.

Most of the freshmen rowers had never been very far out of Seattle before, so they obediently boarded a streetcar for the depot. In the meanwhile the varsity captain telephoned the Great Northern passenger agent and informed him of the delegation he was about to receive. They tell me it was an epochal incident in the history of a great railroad when those eight long-legged freshmen stood at the King Street station in their stocking feet and were carefully measured by a galaxy of solemn-faced Pullman conductors.

All this is part of the tradition and lore of crew racing. It is the background of a great sport—a sport which combines the grandeur of the American outdoors with the American qualities of fortitude and tenacity and democracy. There is real democracy in an eight-oared shell. On each man depends the success of his fellows, and on the crew as a whole depends the success of each man. The rallying cry of the Three Musketeers applies aptly.

I have been connected with rowing for a long time. It is my life, and I think it holds incomparable zest and enjoyment. There is only one thrill to match that of watching your boat sweep majestically across the last line, victorious at Poughkeepsie or in the Olympic finals. And that thrill is being in the boat yourself.



A. ROSS

Career Girl

Continued from page 20

ambitions of returning to the stage, where a good Lupino belongs.

Before we go into that we should perhaps explain about the traps which were invented by George Lupino for the Christmas Pantomimes, which are as completely a part of English life as is Big Ben or Buckingham Palace. They are the traditional form of English entertainment and are apt to run as much as six months after starting. The themes are based on old fables: Cinderella, Ali Baba, etc., and Lupinos seem always to have been in them. The traps are of various kinds. With the star trap the player stands on a sort of round float ten feet under the stage. A lever is released and he is lofted abruptly through a star-shaped hole in the stage. The head must strike exactly in the middle of the points or he is likely to be impaled, which has happened with sad results. The force of the impulsion hurls the player fourteen feet in the air, causing an effect on a youthful audience which can be imagined.

This is the sort of life Ida had at home. The first Lupinos had started in Naples 350 years ago, when the family estate was confiscated and they were exiled. In those days it was a crime to be an actor, with burial in consecrated ground refused to the players and with many minstrels ending up in the stocks when they invaded a new town. The Lupinos became vagabonds, gypsies, rogues. Alfredo, the first of the group to emigrate to England, was a combination ballet-acrobatic dancer and troubadour. The line, starting with him, has never wavered.

Ida put all that behind her, however, when she went over to the British International studios and got a job in the movies.

Twenty-one Hours a Day

"I did crowd work," says Ida. "Which means being an extra. I was fourteen and Lupino Lane, my second cousin, insisted that they give me a job. Since I had done all the Shakespeare stuff and wasn't afraid to act and couldn't be kept from acting, they gave me bits after a time and finally a real part. It was terrible work. We had to do full-length pictures in six weeks. The equipment was poor and nobody knew too much about pictures, which meant that we worked all the time. For weeks we would work from nine in the morning till six next morning, twenty-one hours straight. I didn't have time to go home so I had a room over a butcher shop where I tried to get a few hours' rest, but it was a noisy neighborhood and I'd still be stirred up by the excitement of the work and many times I wouldn't have any sleep at all. If we finished at four in the morning we thought it was a short day."

After four years of it she had a nervous breakdown.

When she got back in the films, she managed to take it a little easier and eventually got in a production Bernard Vorhaus was doing for the English section of United Artists. This one happened to be Money for Speed, which was passable. It got Miss Lupino a contract with Paramount and she came over to Hollywood.

With her came her mother, Weenie, who had been Connie Emerald, a member of the famous Irish dancing team, the Emerald Sisters.

"The loveliest legs on the stage," says Ida proudly. "Also the fastest tap dancer of her day."

What Paramount thought they wanted Ida for was Alice in Wonderland. After one test they discarded the idea.

"Where'd you get that foghorn voice?" they wanted to know. "We might as well let Wallace Beery play it."

What they had her in after that were hot-cha parts, which fitted her not at all. She wanted to protest but could never find anybody to listen to her. They put her in Search for Beauty, where she was supposed to be a light comedienne. That was enough.

"I'm not funny," she said. "I'll never be funny. If I can't get a part I can get my teeth into, I'm going back home."

Stanley, the Family Backlog

This was easy enough said because there was always a part waiting with Stanley. He had come over to America with Mitzi Hajos in 1928 and had signed with Ziegfeld just before the great man died and had then played opposite Peggy Wood in Nightingale. But the real money was in England, where he wrote successive hits, all of which played over a year and kept bringing money in provincial tours and stock rights for years later. At the moment Stanley Lupino is playing in Over She Goes, of which he wrote the book and half the music.

But when Ida kicked at Paramount, she got a slightly different role and was being loaned out last year for such hell raisers as Sea Devils with Victor McLaglen and Weather or No with Ralph Bellamy.

The Lupino family is related to the Barrymores through the Lanes. Lupino Lane, Ida's second cousin, is well known on the stage and has appeared in several American musical comedies.

Ida is pretty well fed up on Hollywood and spends her leisure time at home.

"On the highest mountain in Hollywood," says Ida, dogmatically, as if somebody might want to make something out of it.

What she is most interested in at the moment is music. She has written the score for Aladdin's Lamp, which Warner Brothers is thinking of doing as a stage production. The last news of it was to the effect that it was to have an orchestra of twenty-six made up of members of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, led by Maury Rubens, who has orchestrated the score.

On the personal side the information about young Ida is quite complete. She is a skinny little dame standing 5:6 in heels, weighing 110, possessing a turned-up nose, violet eyes and a violent opinion about Hollywood. She has a younger sister, Rita ("The Italian one; very dark"), who is in British movies and will do National Velvet when it is screened. Ida is a blonde, wears sneakers whenever she can get away with it, whistles through her teeth like a boy, speaks the deaf-and-dumb language, sleeps without a pillow (this is particularly important), is known in England as "Loopy," plays the piano and does imitations.

"Her Garbo is said to be more like Garbo than Garbo," says the studio press release.

She drives a car, plays tennis and golf, swims, dances (ballet, tap and ballroom) and speaks French. She adores George Bernard Shaw (which is sensible of her); hates picnics (which shows good taste); prefers grapefruit juice; knits, has a steady beau; hates the Trocadero, world premières and candid cameras.

She's a Lupino and that is the point of the whole fable.

"It's just 8:08

. . . those lights must be Albuquerque"

TWA RELIES ON HAMILTON ACCURACY ALOFT

Miss Beatrice Miller, TWA hostess, checks the plane's position over Albuquerque by her Hamilton.

"*WE WERE flying through the night. Suddenly we soared toward a sea of tiny lights. I asked the hostess where we were. Glancing at her wrist, she replied, 'Albuquerque.' Then she added, 'I judge by my Hamilton—it's just 8:08, and at this moment we're due over Albuquerque.'*"

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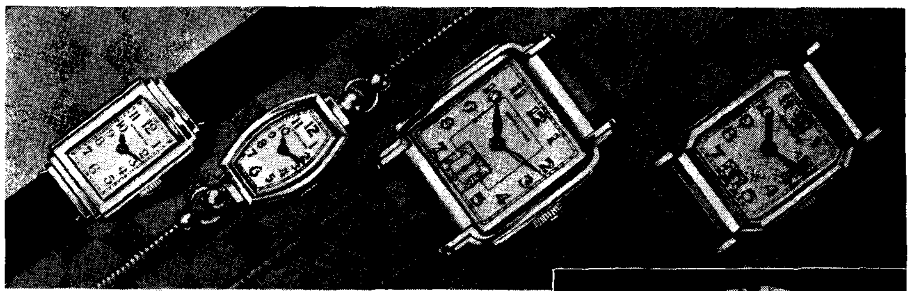

(Three Watches, Left to Right) PAULA. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. Silk ribbon. $37.50. FAIRMONT. 17 jewels. 14K gold-filled. Gold-filled chain. $50. HEYWARD. 17 jewels. 10K gold-filled. Applied gold numeral dial, $40. Black numeral dial, $37.50. (Other Hamiltons, $37.50 to $1500.)

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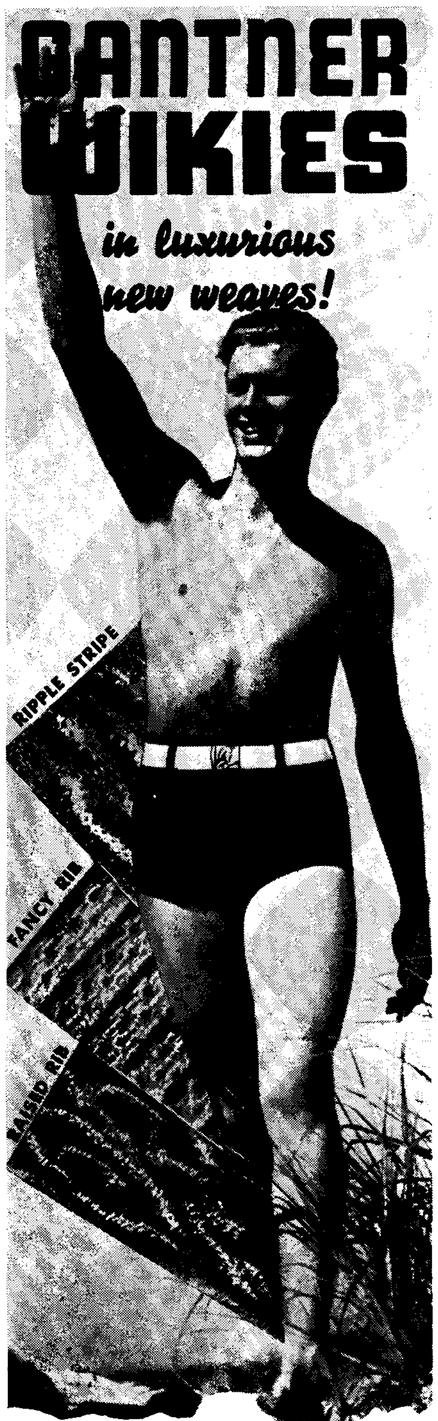

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No More Walls

Continued from page 18

The other man grunted.

"Here's the trick," said Val unconcernedly. "Pete an' me, we need a good job of penwork. A letter an' a certified check. We brought the blanks an' some writing for you to look over."

"I'm never going to touch a pen again," said Kent.

Val Downy waved a hand toward Kent. "This guy," he said admiringly to his companion, "he pulls the slickest break that anybody ever pulled in the world! He's a bookkeeper in the office up in stir. An' he sees a pardon an' a order of release that's come through. An' what does he do but fix up some ink, somehow, an' take his pens, an' he writes himself a pardon. Nothing else! He hasn't even got a letterhead, so he writes one. He hasn't got a order-of-release blank, so he letters one with a pen. An' he phonies a envelope with a canceled stamp on it, an' he slips it in the incoming mail—an' he's out a week before anybody notices that that swell-lookin' pardon is phony!"

"I'm through!" said Kent. "I was a damned fool. I got in trouble for a girl who played me for a sucker. But I'm through!"

Val Downy looked at him and sighed. "But you're good, guy!" he protested.

"I'm not interested," said Kent. "I'm through!"

The man behind him said in a toneless voice, "Will I bop him, Val?" and Kent felt the hard gun muzzle again against his neck. He sat still. Val Downy looked at him.

"Y'don't mean that."

"I do," said Kent curtly. "I'm finished."

"But look here," said Val indignantly. "You was in stir with me. You used to talk in your sleep about gettin' a prize for your handwritin' when y'were a kid in school. It pestered you. An' you used to talk about this place, namin' it. An' then you made a break, leavin' me behind, when you coulda made it two pardons just as easy as one. An' I didn't spill what I knew. I coulda told 'em what place you dreamed about, but I didn't. An' now I'm askin' you to do this writin' for us. You can do it. An' you'll get paid for it."

"I'm out of the business," rasped Kent.

"All I got to do," said Val Downy, "is write a letter tellin' somebody where you are, an' you go back in stir again. I coulda done that any time. I can do it now. Want me to?"

THE feeling of constriction in Kent's chest grew horrible. His head swam in a despairing rage. Walls. Bolts. Bars. Walls. Stone corridors and stone floors and walls and bolts and barred doors and more walls. . . .

"We got a honey of a trick," said Val complacently. "I blow in town an' hand over a letter of introduction to the big bank. I'm a private dick representin' a insurance company. We're makin' a deal to get back some stolen jewelry. So I hang around town a coupla days, an' then Pete turns up an' he's the contact man, an' I shove my certified check in the bank an' get the cash, not marked, see, an' I pay it to Pete an' give the bank a package to ship on to the insurance company. An' then we blow. It's a honey. You write the letter an' the certified check. That's all."

Kent said, strangling because of the constriction in his chest and throat:

"I—I won't!"

The man behind Kent withdrew the gun from his neck. There was a sudden crashing blow on Kent's head.

"Guy," said Pete Shims' voice, "you ain't decidin' what you'll do or won't do. We're decidin' that!"

Blood trickled down Kent's neck. Val Downy said stridently:

"Quit it, Pete! He's only gotta think a while. He knows that if he don't play with us, all we gotta do is drop a letter in the mail. He's goin' to do what we want. Hell! He's gotta!"

A chair scraped. Pete Shims sat down disgustedly. Kent bent his head in his hands. But the blow had done something to him. A deep, a horrible anger began to burn in him. This was not his doing, this talk of forgeries and crime. He had done wrong, to be sure. There had been a girl with a wheedling voice, and he had been insane enough—he must have been insane!—to feel that there was no service or crime he could deny her. And he had done the things she wheedled him into, and the men she called her friends had undoubtedly prospered by Kent's doing those things. But he—well, he'd become acquainted with the bars and locks and stone corridors and walls with guards upon them.

NOW Val Downy proposed to blackmail him into a continuation of his folly. *He was an escaped convict. . . .*

There was a sudden clicking sound a long distance away. Kent knew what it was, of course. The click of a horse's hoof on stone. His eyes gleamed furtively. But the other men heard it too. Their eyes met.

"Somebody comin'. We duck. We take him along."

A hand wormed into Kent's collar. It heaved upward. Val went swiftly to the door while Kent, half choked, yielded to the threat of strangulation and rose and moved ahead of Pete Shims.

"One man," said Val Downy, listening. "On a horse. I got a idea, Pete. Outside! You keep him from squawkin'. We'll pull a good one!"

The three of them moved out into the vast, cool night as the horse came nearer. The starlight was bright, but not bright enough to reveal it or its rider.

Val Downy had a gun in his hand. He looked singularly alert and evil. Kent, knowing him, could see very clearly just what he would have planned. But a yell of warning from him would do the trick. Val or Pete Shims would kill him. He didn't care. But he wouldn't go back behind walls. Shaking with rage, Kent filled his lungs to shout. He must plunge forward so Pete Shims' grasp on his collar would be broken—so his yell would be complete. His muscles tightened—

He flung himself forward, his mouth jerking open for the cry of warning. He heard something like the bare beginning of a strangled squawk issue from his throat. Then it was as if a bar of red-hot iron crushed in his throat. He felt his body spinning and a horrible crashing blow. Then nothing.

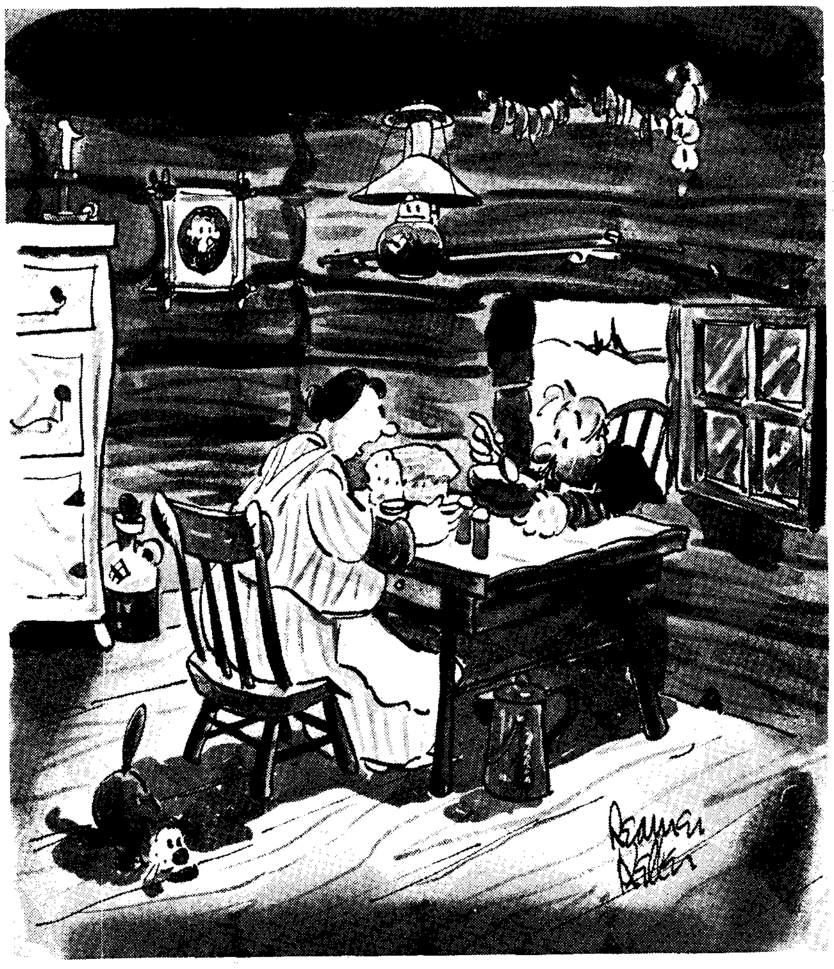
A vast throbbing pain was his next sensation. A hard floor beneath him. Light. Voices. Val Downy's voice. It held a mocking satisfaction. As Kent stirred dazedly, Val's voice stopped.

"He's comin' to," he said in a different tone. "Souse him some more."

Cold water, in floods. The whole upper part of his body was wet. His head throbbed unbearably. Something insistently warm flowed down his cheek despite the water. He knew what it was.

He raised his head. Val Downy grinned cheerfully at him. Kent saw the sheriff, tied in a chair. There had been a fight. The sheriff looked stonily at Kent, who had been his friend.

"Back in town again, huh?" said Val. "Y'were kinda obstinate. But it's all



"Why don't you bring your chair inside, Paw, or are you too tired?"

REAMER KELLER

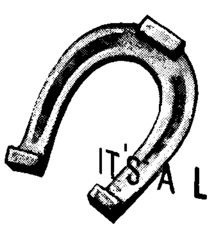
HYVIS

Mileage-Metered

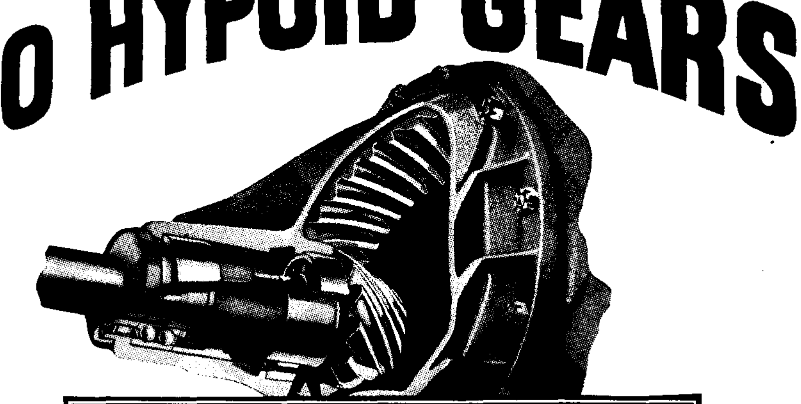
LUBRICANTS

TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Identified by the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association Emblem, Permit No. 4



IT'S A LONG WAY FROM HORSESHOES TO HYPOID GEARS



for **3**-*figure mileage* . . .	*up to* 999	*use* HYVIS **3**
for **4**-*figure mileage* . . .	*from* . . . 1000 *to* 9999	*use* HYVIS **4**
for **5**-*figure mileage* . . .	*from* . . 10000 *to* . . . 29999	*use* HYVIS **5**
over **30,000** *miles* . .	*from* . . 30000 *to reboring* . . .	*use* HYVIS **6**

(After reboring always count mileage as if car were new at that time.)

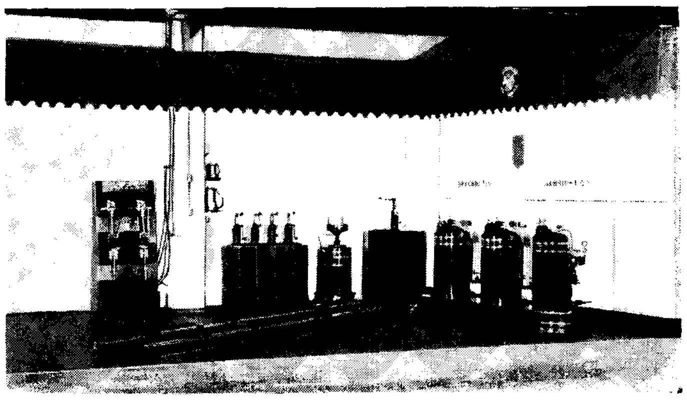
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The HYVIS Mileage-Metered Chart shows you at a glance what motor oil your car requires at any point in its lifetime. HYVIS matches oil to motor wear. In respect to body and chassis lubrication, any HYVIS dealer will gladly explain to you the HYVIS Lubrication Cycle, which assures you of proper lubrication at all times.

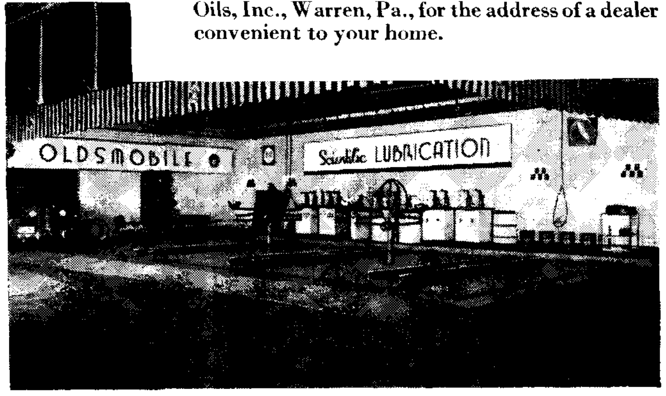
In the days when motor cars looked like deformed buggies, automotive lubrication was a hit or miss proposition — and plenty of times it missed! But the automobile mechanism was simpler then, and pressures were lower and passable lubrication could be effected by almost anyone who could smear a lump of grease over an axle-shaft. Any second-rate blacksmith could qualify as a lubrication expert.

It's a different story now. The modern motor is a complicated and expensive piece of machinery — and woe generally betides the owner who doesn't treat it as such. If you want your car to function smoothly as long as it's yours, make sure that the correct lubricant is applied to every moving part by someone who knows exactly what he's doing. The best way to do this is to take your car regularly to a place where HYVIS Mileage-Metered Motor Oils and Lubricants are used. There you'll find the materials, the equipment, and the experienced men to do a good job of lubrication. Four such places are illustrated on this page.

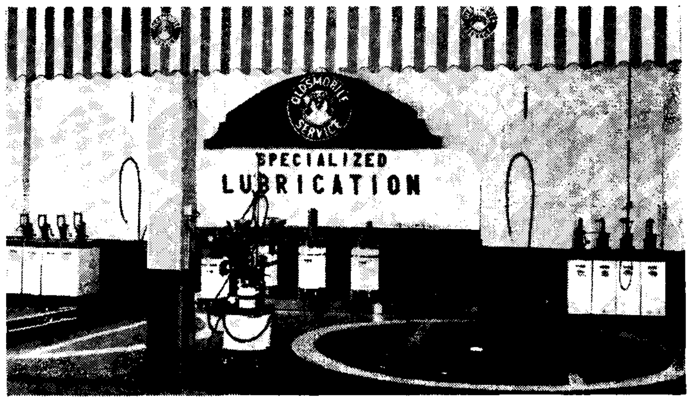
The reason why HYVIS Mileage-Metered Motor Oils and Lubricants do the lubrication job *right*, is because they are made for that purpose and no other. Each is a primary lubrication product — not the by-product of another process. HYVIS Mileage-Metered Motor Oils are 100% pure Pennsylvania; and the heavier lubricants are the *only* complete line of automotive lubricants in which a base of pure, highly refined Pennsylvania Motor Oil is used. Likewise, the service-men who use HYVIS are competent lubrication specialists. You can rely on them to lubricate your car properly, and to help you avoid unnecessary repair bills. If none of the dealers listed on this page is located near you, write to HYVIS Oils, Inc., Warren, Pa., for the address of a dealer convenient to your home.



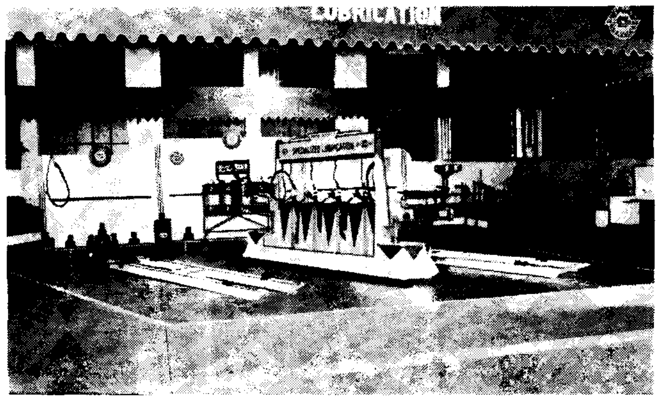
Sumner Motor Sales, Buick Dealer, Birmingham, Mich. . . . *A good place to go for good lubrication!*



Fincher Motors, Inc., Oldsmobile Dealer, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Lubrication is a business here!*



Tyson Oldsmobile Co., Seattle, Washington . . . *Experts in scientific lubrication.*



Phoenix Motor Co., Buick-Chevrolet Dealer, Phoenix, Ariz. . . . *You're safe when you take your car here!*

A FEW of the 15,000 places to go to get HYVIS Mileage-Metered Lubrication. This partial list is typical of the outstanding dealers featuring HYVIS.

ABERDEEN, WASH.	Whitney's Inc.
ABILENE TEXAS	Hilton Garage
AKRON, OHIO	Conart Motor Sales
ALBANY, N. Y.	Kennedy Garage
ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.	Roland Sauer & Co.
ALLENTOWN, PA.	Wink Motor Co.
ALLIANCE, OHIO	Superior Auto Service Co.
ANSLEY, NEBR.	Ansley Service Station
BETHLEHEM, PA.	Miller Motor Co.
BILLINGS, MONTANA	Nybo Motor Co.
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.	Sumner Motor Sales
BLOOMINGTON, IND.	Curry Buick Co.
BOISE, IDAHO	Boise Super Garage
BOULDER, COLO.	Arnold Motor Co.
BRAWLEY, CALIF.	Applegate Service Station
BUFFALO, N. Y.	Geo. W. Diehl
CANTON, MISS.	Herron Motor Co.
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.	B. P. Espy & Son
CHEYENNE, WYOMING	D. & D. Motor Mart
CHICAGO, ILL.	Logan Square Buick Co.
COBLESKILL, N. Y.	Cobleskill Garage Co.
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO	Koenig Motors
COLONIE, N. Y.	J. J. Naughter
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.	Scott Oil Co.
DENVER, COLO.	Stovall-Hilliker Motor Co.
DETROIT, MICH.	O'Dell's Service
DETROIT LAKES, MINN.	Midwest Chev. Sales Co.
EAST AURORA, N. Y.	East Aurora Motor Corp.
EAU CLAIRE, WIS.	Eau Claire Automotive Sales Co.
EL CENTRO, CALIF.	Rogers and Tison
EL PASO, TEXAS	Auditorium Garage
ERIE, PA.	Monarch Motor Sales
EUGENE, OREGON	Silva Chevrolet Co.
FAIRFIELD, CALIF.	Donald J. Wilson
FORT BENTON, MONTANA	Central Service Station
FORT WORTH, TEXAS	Cliff Magers Chevrolet Co.
FRANKFORT, IND.	Kimble Auto Co.
GASTONIA, N. C.	Loughridge Motor Co. Inc.
GLENDALE, CALIF.	Allen Gwynn
GRAND ISLAND, NEBR.	Hesselgesser Bros.
GREAT FALLS, MONTANA	Thisted Motor Co.
HELENA, MONTANA	Smith Motor Co.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.	Vine Street Garage
IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO	Preston A. Blair Co.
IMPERIAL, NEBR.	Leech Chevrolet Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO.	Benton Garage
KNOXVILLE, TENN.	Park Motors, Inc.
LARAMIE, WYOMING	Will Goodale
LIBBY, MONTANA	Libby Motors
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.	Lasker Motor, Inc.
LONG BEACH, CALIF.	Young & Gresham
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.	Paul A. Ziegler
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.	Chapman Park Garage
LOS ALTOS, CALIF.	Los Altos Garage
LOUISVILLE, KY.	Wm. F. Attix
MANSFIELD, OHIO	"Mud" Gardner's Garage
MARYVILLE, TENN.	McNutt Motor Co.
MIAMI, FLA.	L. A. Jones Service, Inc.
MIDDLESBORO, KY.	Pinnacle Motors, Inc.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.	Hall Chevrolet Co., Inc.
MITCHELL, S. D.	Auth & Simcoke
MODESTO, CALIF.	L. E. Service
NASHVILLE, TENN.	Cadillac-Oldsmobile Co.
NEW YORK, N. Y.	Devoe Garage, Bronx
NEW YORK, N.Y.	Goodman Service Station, Bronx
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.	E. R. Rackley Service Sta.
PASADENA, CALIF.	Earley-Bassett Co.
PEORIA, ILL.	Garden St. Auto Sales
PHILADELPHIA, PA.	Shields & Bro., Inc.
PHOENIX, ARIZ.	Phoenix Motor Co.
PIPESTONE, MINN.	Steinberg Oil Co.
PITTSBURGH, PA.	Murdoch Chevrolet Co.
PORTLAND, OREGON	Washington Park Garage
PORTSMOUTH, VA.	Archie Hutcheson Buick Co.
PUEBLO, COLO.	Walker Motor Car Co.
REHRERSBURG, PA.	Paul R. Webber
ROCHESTER, MINN.	Plein's Service Station
ROCHESTER, N. Y.	Fincher Motors, Inc.
SACRAMENTO, CALIF.	Miller Auto Co.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.	Hetzel-Phipps Motors
SAN DIEGO, CALIF.	Dorman's
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.	Brown Chevrolet Co.
SAN JOSE, CALIF.	Anderson & Himes
SEATTLE, WASH.	Tyson Oldsmobile Co.
SPOKANE, WASH.	Halstead Motor Co.
SYRACUSE, UTAH	Rampton Garage
TERRE HAUTE, IND.	Bill's Auto Service
TONAWANDA, N. Y.	Weber Service Station
TROY, N. Y.	Alber Bros. Garage
VALLEJO, CALIF.	Ray M. Nutting
WATERVLIET, N. Y.	Clyde Poole
WICHITA, KANSAS	Ferguson-Olander Motor Co.
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS	Zimmer Motor Sales
YANKTON, S. D.	Christopherson & Larson
ZANESVILLE, OHIO	Black's Garage

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GOODBYE DANDRUFF!

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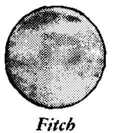
The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. This photograph shows bacteria and dandruff scattered, but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by the Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo

THERE is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos, Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

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15 MINUTES A DAY

fixed now. We been explainin' to y'friend the sheriff here just how we came to call on you. He didn't dream that you'd been in stir for forgery, an' that you wrote y'own pardon so you could get out before th' warden was tired of y'company. He knows now."

Kent made no answer.

"You been obstinate," said Val, "an' I aim to settle that up right now. We're goin' to leave him tied up—"

Kent said in a strange voice:

"There aren't three people a month come up here. He—he might die without ever being found!"

"Yeah?" Val seemed pleased. "If we leave you, we leave you tied up with him. D'you want to come with us or not?"

Kent's mouth was filled with a sticky substance that made speech almost impossible. He made sounds—and Val Downy suddenly said venomously:

"I don't trust you, Kent. Not a damn' bit. You sneaked out o' stir by y'self. Y'wanted to give us the run-along when we found you. Now we got you where you got to do like we say or it's too bad. Are you goin' to do our writin' for us?"

Kent swallowed. He said thickly:

"If you'll let—"

"I'll let y'come," snarled Val, "when I'm sure of you. An' you're either goin' to prove you're finished foolin', or we're goin' to tie you right up alongside him! An' if somebody does come along an' cut him loose, they'll send you right back in stir to stay there till you rot. See? You're goin' to prove you're with us."

Kent's mouth worked.

"Get me?" demanded Val. "I ain't tryin' to persuade you any longer. But you throw in with us for good—or you stay right here. An' if you want to know how to prove you're throwin' in with us permanent—" His voice rose stridently. "If y'want to know—why, plug 'im! The sheriff! I ain't goin' to' an' Pete ain't. But either you plug 'im, or y' stay right here with him an' it's back to stir when they find you—if you're alive!"

Kent strangled. Val Downy watched him.

"It ain't phony," he warned. "He knows who we are. He knows I'm wanted. I ain't goin' to leave him loose while I make my getaway. An' I ain't goin' to take you with me unless you're in the game for keeps. Plug 'im or stay with 'im! You got y'choice. One way or the other. What you goin' to do?"

KENT made futile, ineffectual gestures. To stay with the sheriff would surely mean return to the place of walls and bars. But—the fact of murder aside—to go with Val Downy meant also to stay in many dingy hideouts with walls; to hide perpetually from the sun and stars in a fashion no less horrible. But—

"Give me," said Kent thickly, "a gun."

Val Downy's head went on one side. He smirked wisely.

"Yeah! Give 'im a gun, Pete. But—get behind him! I'll get behind 'im too. An' we'll have our guns on 'im. Until he's finished the sheriff. An' watch 'im, Pete! Watch 'im till it's over. Then he'll be our little pal. He'll have to be!"

The sheriff eyed Kent stonily. His face hardened. He believed he was going to die. A little of the blood drained away from beneath his skin, but his eyes did not waver. He looked at Kent scornfully. His jaw clamped. He wouldn't beg, anyway. He didn't weaken when Kent went unsteadily over to him. His eyes were hard and accusing when Pete put a gun in Kent's hand, from behind him.

Kent poked the gun forward. It almost touched the sheriff's breast. He leaned toward the man who had been his friend.

"Bob," said Kent thickly, "Bob—"

The gun went off. It was thunderously loud. It was a cataclysmic explosion.

Kent wavered. Then he turned slowly, the smoking weapon still in his hand.

"You asked for it," he said indistinctly. "You asked—"

Then the gun suddenly roared itself empty. Val Downy's face wore an expression of extreme astonishment. Pete Shims' face twisted suddenly, as if in agony. The thing happened in the half of a second. Pete Shims' gun went off as if by a reflex contraction of his muscles. Kent's body jerked suddenly.

Then Val Downy's knees buckled and he sank suddenly to the floor, still wearing that expression of extreme amazement. Pete Shims pitched forward. Then there was silence.

Kent put his hand clumsily to his side. Then he drew a deep breath. He turned about again.

"I'm not going back to stir, Bob," he said thickly. "I didn't kill you. I wouldn't. You saw me switch the gun aside so I didn't shoot you, close as it was. But I'm not going back to stir. They've got walls there! They've got bars there! I'm not going back to stir!"

The sheriff swallowed. He had thought he was going to die.

"I'm going away from here," said Kent, speaking harshly, "if you'll promise to give me a start. I'll cut you loose. I can take your word. But I'm not going back in stir!"

THE sheriff's face slowly regained a nearly normal coloring.

"You, Kent," he said unsteadily, "was what they said about you the truth?"

"It's true enough," said Kent bitterly. "I did what I went up for, and I escaped. But I'm not going back!"

"I'll give you time," said the sheriff quietly. "Sure! Turn me loose. I promise you time to get away—if you go."

Kent cut him loose. The sheriff moved his muscles experimentally and bent over the two figures on the floor.

"Dead," he said. He looked under his eyebrows at Kent. "Let me bandage you up, Kent. You need it. I—uh—I got an idea. This fella—" he indicated Val, who looked very much amazed. "This fella is wanted bad. This one I don't know anything about. But I'll send off a couple sets o' fingerprints, havin' buried 'em, an' report they shot it out with you an' me when they was cornered. Here, let me get at that hole in you." He tore away Kent's shirt and was relieved. "This ain't bad. Doc'll fix it up. Easy."

He worked, his brows creased.

"It seems to me," he said, almost defensively, "like the fella that these two birds were huntin' for—that forger fella that escaped from jail—it looks to me like he's dead. I ain't breakin' my oath!" he added violently. "You're my friend, an' you're a law-abidin' citizen, an' that escaped prisoner they were talkin' about—he's dead. I got proof! Uh—Kent—will y'give me a set o' prints to send off an' prove he's dead by?"

Kent looked at him strangely. The sheriff grew vexed.

"Hell!" he said. "Look outa that window. Mountains. Valleys. All outdoors to look at. There ain't a wall in a hundred miles. In a thousand! Nobody to stop you from walkin' wherever you please! Dammit, Kent, you don't want to go away from here!"

Kent's breast heaved oddly. He gulped.

"It's settled," said the sheriff severely. "An' if you ever mention this thing to me again, after we've got our story together, damned if I don't whale hell outa you! You're goin' to be a prominent citizen after this." Then the sheriff swallowed. He caught one of Kent's hands and squeezed it convulsively. "Dammit, Kent! I felt that bullet goin' right through my gizzard! You got guts, Kent! You got 'em!"

Two to Macao

Continued from page 19

wake. Occasionally one gets rammed and sunk, but no steamship ever stops for a rammed junk.

Macao itself is a small peninsula on the west side of the Pearl River mouth, a few miles below Canton, where the revolutions come from. It is only five square miles in extent, and half of this is reclaimed land. About 200,000 people live in the city. About a million more live roundabout in everything from ten-foot sampans to 500-ton war junks. The harbor is hard to get into. The river brings down silt by the ton from Kwangtung province. The Portuguese recently spent $4,000,000 dredging out a channel —which the river spent four months in filling up again.

Macao was all right for old-time sailing ships, but no modern liner can get near it. So its trade is by junk—and American seaplane. Once upon a time the colony made huge profits, most of which were siphoned off to Lisbon. But of late years it has only made expenses, mainly from farming out the gambling concessions. The official figure is an income of about $300,000 a year from this, plus five per cent of all bets.

A Whirl at Fan-tan

Things were running along pretty well for the place, with boatloads of gold-encrusted tourists arriving regularly and Pan American building a clipper base, when two things happened. Politics and international rivalries held up the clipper plans and a rival gambling hell got up steam at Shum Chun, just across Lyemoon Pass from Hong Kong and thus easily available for persons with a yen to see if they couldn't beat the fan-tan games.

Things looked pretty black for Macao for a while. But just as the city fathers were about to relinquish the title of the Wickedest City in the Orient and put in a line of old temples, ruined palaces and cocktail bars, the luck turned. The Canton government had another attack of severe morals and closed up Shum Chun. And Pan American finally ironed out its difficulties and went ahead with preparations for landing its transocean tourists.

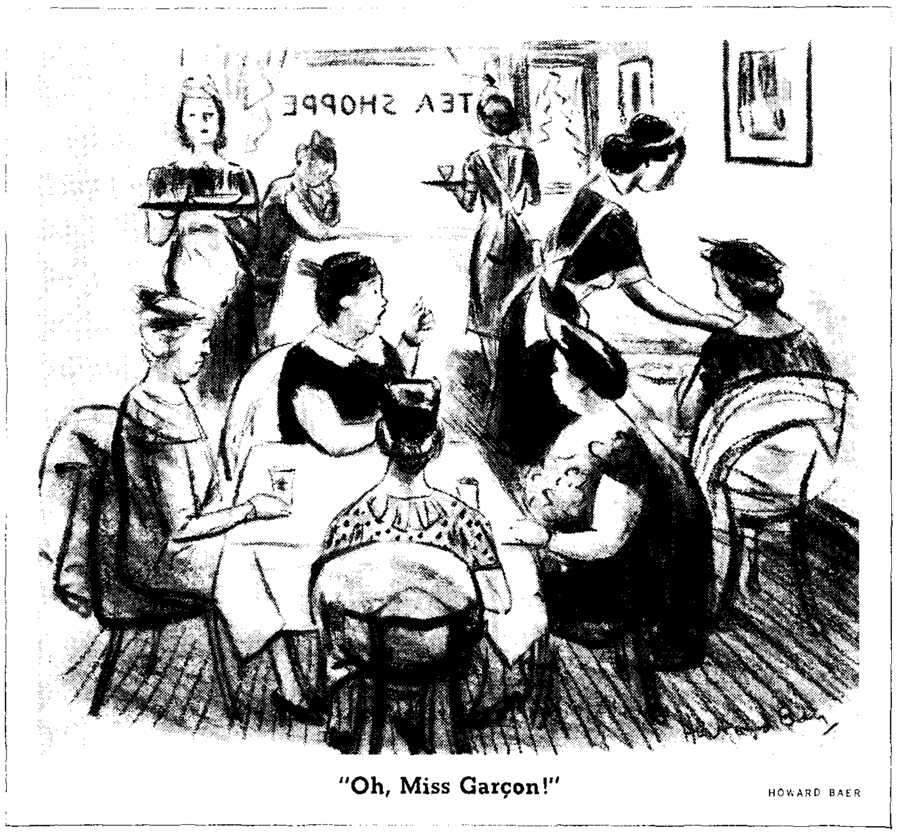
Today, if you fly into Macao, you'll see the old Kinshan plowing slowly up the muddy channel far below. China's ahead. Colonial Portugal is the small peninsula sticking out into the gray sea. Rows of armed junks—with a glass you can spot the old muzzle-loaders leering out through holes in boiler plate along the bulwarks. There's a baby-blue Portuguese gunboat with a red, green and gold flag. A couple of dark gray Chinese gunboats with red, white, blue and gold flags.

As you slide in, you note lines of coolies carrying filled bamboo-stave buckets from water junks. Macao is short of water—not that the visitors ever drink any—and imports most of her supply from China. On the pier are lines of ricksha pullers, who will tow you around thirty minutes for an American dime. Cops armed to the teeth saunter about —Portuguese and Macanese and Indian and Chinese and burly Negroes from East Africa. Three minutes from the plane landing and you're in the gambling district.

Probably as much gambling goes on in the average American city of a quarter of a million as in Macao, only in America the stranger usually has to ask a cop. In Macao it's all advertised in Chinese, Portuguese and English electric signs. Even if they didn't bother about English, hardly anyone could go wrong on "Loteria Chinez" anyway.

The big gambling places are all much alike. Typical one is the Vitoria. On one side is a huge dance floor with small tables around it and a railing enclosing it. The dancing girls sit inside the railing. A Filipino orchestra blares away and the crowd reels around—an all-nation throng trying rather wearily to be wicked. The Americans find it hard going, being unable temperamentally to get a kick out of anything unless it's illegal. And practically nothing is illegal in Macao—except crap shooting. . . .

It seems that one time a couple of Alabama colored boys got into Macao with some college-bred dice. In four days they had educated almost everybody in the game and were trying to buy the post office for conversion into a Temple of the Rolling Cubes. The Chi-



"Oh, Miss Garçon!"

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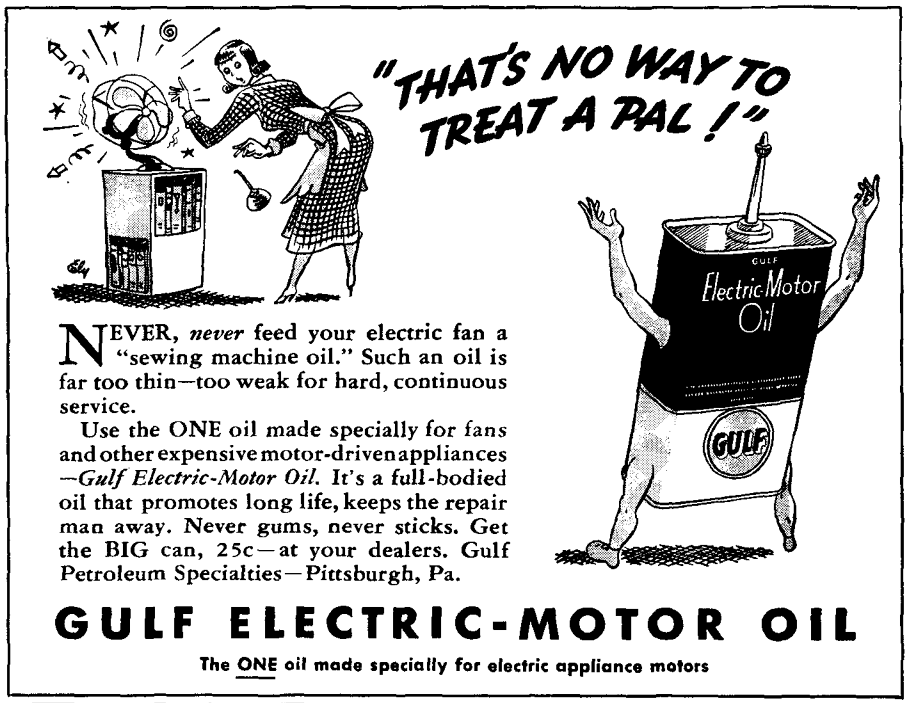


NEVER, *never* feed your electric fan a "sewing machine oil." Such an oil is far too thin—too weak for hard, continuous service.

Use the ONE oil made specially for fans and other expensive motor-driven appliances —*Gulf Electric-Motor Oil.* It's a full-bodied oil that promotes long life, keeps the repair man away. Never gums, never sticks. Get the BIG can, 25c—at your dealers. Gulf Petroleum Specialties—Pittsburgh, Pa.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL

The ONE oil made specially for electric appliance motors

If you appreciate fine things, your choice will be Venus Drawing Pencils. You pay twice as much, but they are worth it.

AMERICAN PENCIL CO.

VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

nese, who were paying good money for the regular gambling concessions, chattered away to the authorities and Alabama went away on the next boat. Now there is a law.

Across the dance floor is the gambling section. Above it is a wide balcony, set with fan-tan tables. The tables downstairs are under holes in the balcony floor. If the upstairs tables set you back, you can gather around the holes and lower your bets—and maybe raise your winnings—in a basket on a string.

A typical fan-tan table is twelve feet long and three wide. At one end sits the croupier; to his right sit the cashier and bet taker. Between them is a rack full of every sort of money, including rolls of American silver dollars. In front of the cashier is a foot-square silver plate. Its sides are numbered from one to four. In front of the croupier is a heap of old Chinese brass cash, square-holed. You lay your bet against any side of the silver plate you wish.

The croupier then starts pulling the cash toward him, by fours, with a small pointed stick. This lasts a minute or so and heightens the thrill. At the end, if there are three coins left, No. 3 wins. If you have bet $1 on No. 3, you get $4 less 20 cents tax. The winning number corresponds to the number of cash remaining after the last four have been withdrawn.

After a whirl at fan-tan you'll probably be ready for a meal. You climb twisting narrow stairs to the third floor at Fat Sui Lau's place, recline on an opium divan with its blue china headrests, order a dinner and send out for a couple of singsong girls. The singsong girls come around, poker-faced, strum a little on a two-stringed mandolin, warble a couple of songs, collect two dollars Mex and go away. The usual delicacy in Macao is roast pigeon, followed by roast crabs—although you can have fifty-two kinds of rice, eighteen kinds of pork, twenty-four varieties of chicken and twenty-four sorts of soup anywhere along the Rue da Felicidade. Ham sandwiches, being a wild barbarian dish, will set you back eighty cents Mex—but a plain steak off a Chinese cow costs only one fourth of that. Three people can have a crab-and-pigeon banquet, with singsong girls, for an American dollar apiece. They can also have lobsters, frogs, abalone and *vinho e licores* for a few dimes extra.

After lunch, it's a good idea to drive around and see the place. It's clean, with concrete streets, American signs and freshly painted buildings in every hue of the rainbow. Out through a yellow arch, guarded by ferocious Portuguese Negroes, and you're in the neutral zone—a red earth spread of cactus and banyan. A few yards farther on there's a palm-thatched shack in the center of the road, a trim, khaki-clad Cantonese soldier—and you're in China.

Boss of the Colony

The crowds are surging now up and down the main stem—the Avenida Almeida da Ribeiro. American cars with two horns blat for passage. Ricksha coolies, sweating in the heat, shout as they lope. The arcaded sidewalks are jammed with a dozen nationalities. The electric signs outside the Loterias Chinez blaze away. You can buy flimsy lottery tickets every five feet. Outside the main lotteries are huge glass frames—enormous replicas of the tickets sold by the place. Inside are the squirrel-cage wheels into which the numbers go.

In its simplest form, playing the lottery consists of buying a ticket and marking half a dozen numbers out of the twenty or thirty printed in Chinese characters on the paper. You hold onto this ticket. Four times a day the squirrel cage spins and the numbers drop, by chance, into a bowl below. As each number drops, an attendant flips a switch and the great electric ticket outside flashes the number. If you happen to have marked, on your ticket, the six numbers that come up, you collect heavily—sometimes up to 100 for one.

Next, you roll down to the Riviera, on the water front, for a Gimlet in the Sala d'Espera—which is the lounge. After a few drinks, you will get a handful of paper and silver change. Back in Hong Kong, you will find most of the paper is worthless Macao dollars and most of the silver is phony.

Macao has its streets of pleasure girls—olive-faced Chinese, dark, brooding Macanese—all the tribes of South China mixed up with all the tribes of Europe to produce exotic types that are usually small and dainty and sometimes startlingly lovely in their simple, clinging silk Mandarin frocks, open on each side to the knee. And Macao has its opium dives and its heroin hideaways.

And in Macao, if you wish, you can arrange to buy a Chinese slave girl—a *mu tsai*—for $30 American. She will be brought down from a Kwangtung farm—about fifteen years old, bought from her poverty-stricken parents, and she is yours as much as your watch and chain. You're not hiring her; you're buying her outright, as you would buy a necktie or a bottle of beer. In Macao, they deny there is much slave-buying—but in Hong Kong the practical British admit it and protect wealthy Chinese property rights in slave girls from the interior.

Macao is ostensibly run by a governor sent out from Portugal, but nobody pays much attention to him and a local fiscal court can stop him from spending a dime if it wants to. Boss of the colony is small, dark, energetic Pedro Jose Lobo, whose title is Director of Economic Services.

The Americans, says Lobo, can get anything they want to have in Macao—in a nice way. He fixed it all up for Pan American—the permits, the land, the taxes. Nobody else can get a landing place there, says Lobo. Not long ago the Japanese offered a loan to the Macao waterworks, which was badly in the red—in return for a landing field. The loan, which had been turned down in Hong Kong, was about to go through when somebody started pulling the wires in Lisbon and London and Washington. So the Hong Kong bankers found that, after all, they could make the loan.

Government profits from the gambling concessions go to public works, hospitals and children's homes. Officially, it is denied that the bulk of the colony's income comes from gambling, but the only other industries it boasts are fishing and making of firecrackers and incense sticks.

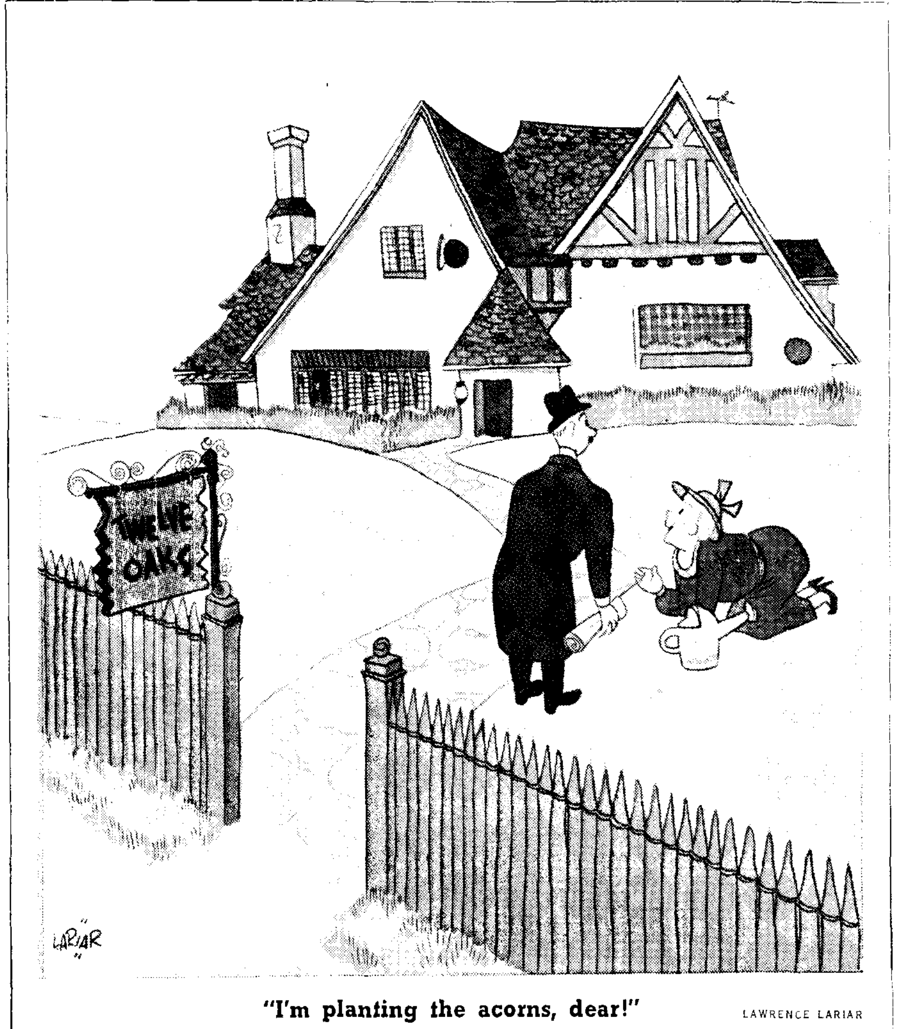
Eight o'clock in the hot evening, and the afternoon boat from Hong Kong is pouring its 2,500 people into Macao, to sift through the narrow, colorful streets and in and out of the fan-tan palaces and the lotteries and down the pleasure streets.

No Alabama Accents Allowed

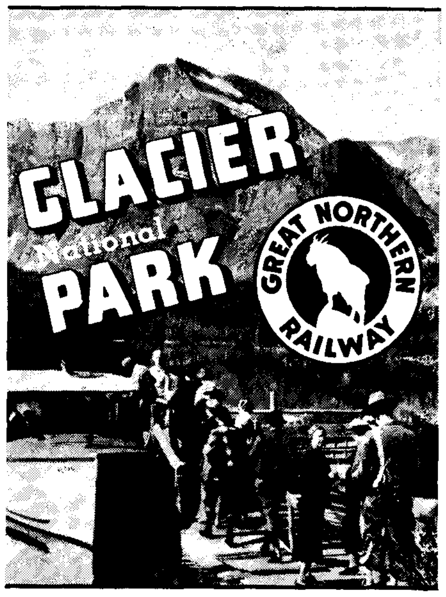
Through the crowd march the cops—the Chinese and the Portuguese and Macanese and the black, curly-whiskered Indians with their color-touched turbans. The electric lights flash out behind the glass lottery-ticket replica as the squirrel cage whirls and drops its lucky numbers inside the dark room.

Down on the water front—it's a mud front now—the little charcoal fires burn redly under the cooking pots on the sampans, and the boats skim about among the junks, selling bowls of congee—a sort of everything-but-the-kitchen-sink stew—for a few pennies. The old cannon leer behind the boiler plate on the cargo junks and their people huddle in deck corners fast asleep.

Uptown the South Orient's hell-on-wheels is going full blast—with everything rolling except the educated dice from America. The dark-skinned guards on the pier have strict orders not to let anyone ashore with a dark face and an Alabama accent. After all, there's gambling—and gambling.



"I'm planting the acorns, dear!" LAWRENCE LARIAR



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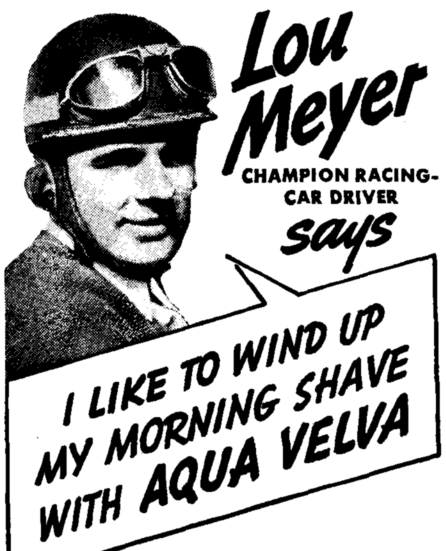
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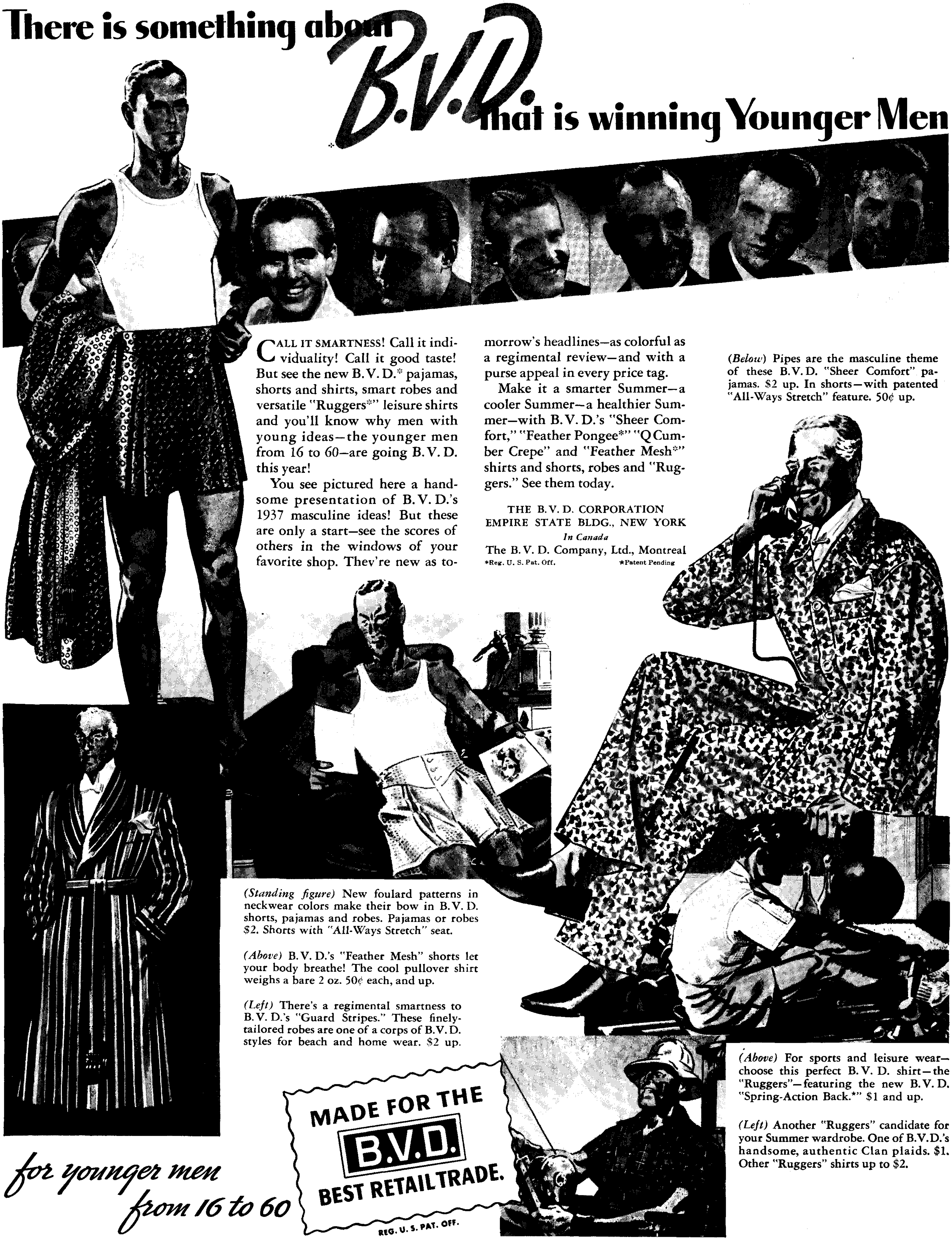
There is something about B.V.D.* that is winning Younger Men



CALL IT SMARTNESS! Call it individuality! Call it good taste! But see the new B. V. D.* pajamas, shorts and shirts, smart robes and versatile "Ruggers*" leisure shirts and you'll know why men with young ideas—the younger men from 16 to 60—are going B. V. D. this year!

You see pictured here a handsome presentation of B. V. D.'s 1937 masculine ideas! But these are only a start—see the scores of others in the windows of your favorite shop. They're new as tomorrow's headlines—as colorful as a regimental review—and with a purse appeal in every price tag.

Make it a smarter Summer—a cooler Summer—a healthier Summer—with B. V. D.'s "Sheer Comfort," "Feather Pongee*" "Q Cumber Crepe" and "Feather Mesh*" shirts and shorts, robes and "Ruggers." See them today.

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(Below) Pipes are the masculine theme of these B. V. D. "Sheer Comfort" pajamas. $2 up. In shorts—with patented "All-Ways Stretch" feature. 50¢ up.

(Standing figure) New foulard patterns in neckwear colors make their bow in B. V. D. shorts, pajamas and robes. Pajamas or robes $2. Shorts with "All-Ways Stretch" seat.

(Above) B. V. D.'s "Feather Mesh" shorts let your body breathe! The cool pullover shirt weighs a bare 2 oz. 50¢ each, and up.

(Left) There's a regimental smartness to B. V. D.'s "Guard Stripes." These finely-tailored robes are one of a corps of B. V. D. styles for beach and home wear. $2 up.

(Above) For sports and leisure wear—choose this perfect B. V. D. shirt—the "Ruggers"—featuring the new B. V. D. "Spring-Action Back.*" $1 and up.

(Left) Another "Ruggers" candidate for your Summer wardrobe. One of B.V.D.'s handsome, authentic Clan plaids. $1. Other "Ruggers" shirts up to $2.

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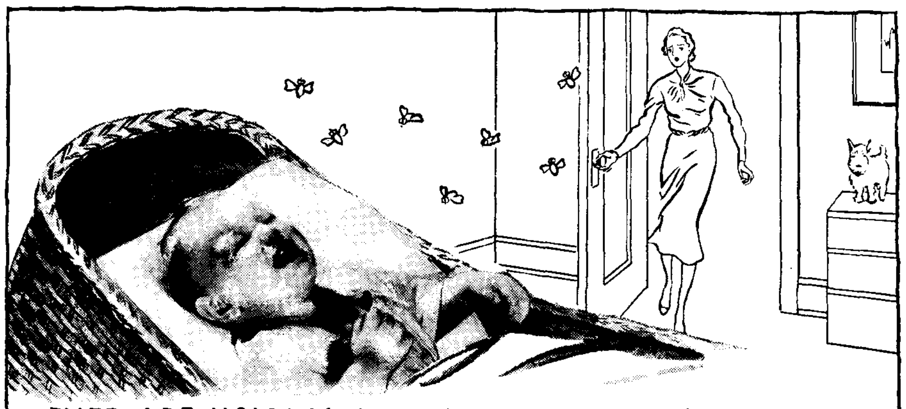
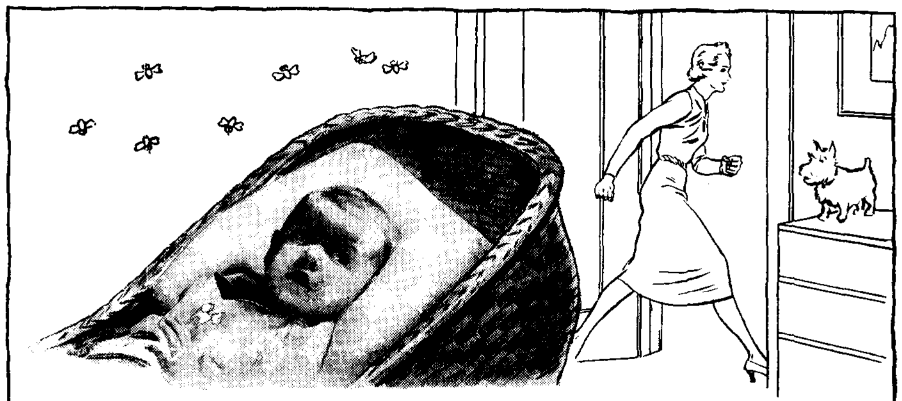
for younger men from 16 to 60

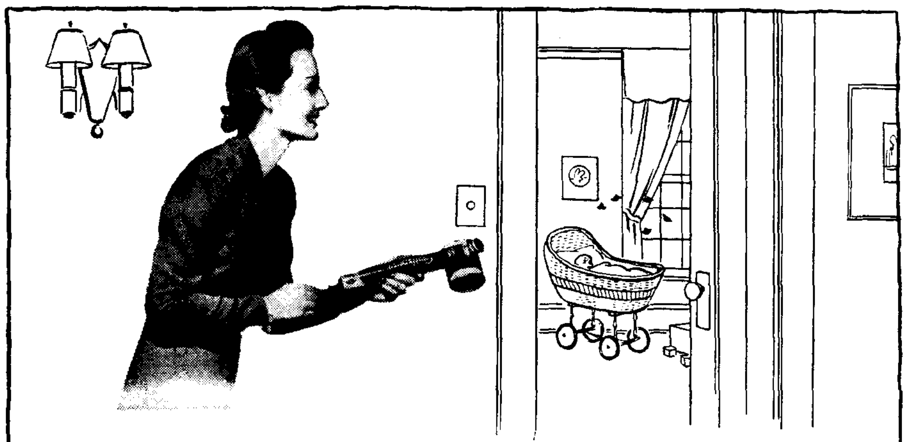
A one-sided battle in the Eaton nursery –



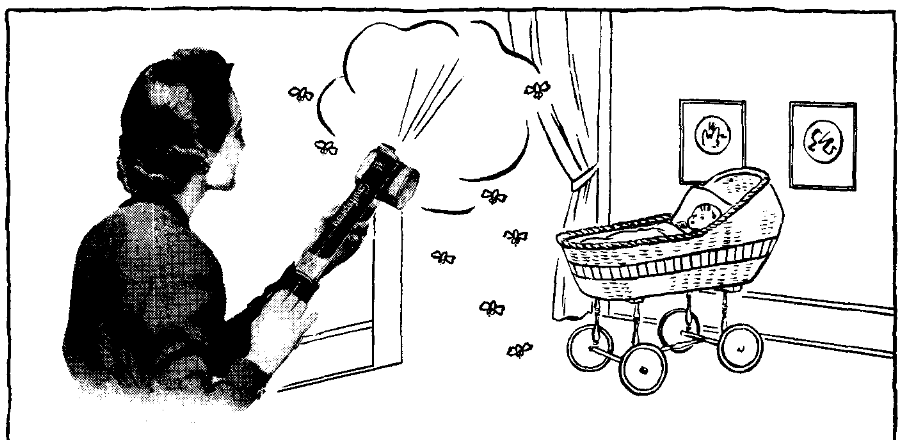
FLIES ARE HOLDING AIR MANEUVERS ABOVE THE FACE OF MRS. ARTHUR EATON'S YOUNGEST. A HUSKY S.O.S. BRINGS MRS. EATON TO THE NURSERY ON THE RUN.



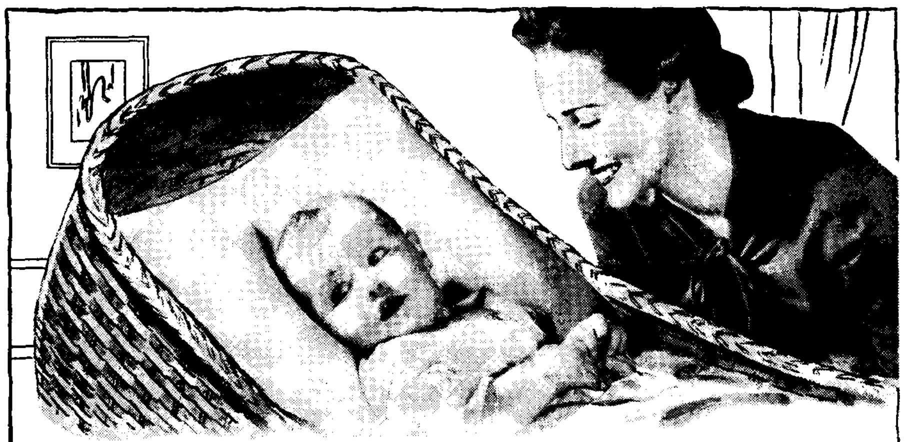
EATON, JR., FROWNS AS MOTHER TAKES ONE GLANCE AND LEAVES. "GOODNESS, DOESN'T SHE REMEMBER ABOUT THAT GULFSPRAY DAD BROUGHT HOME?"



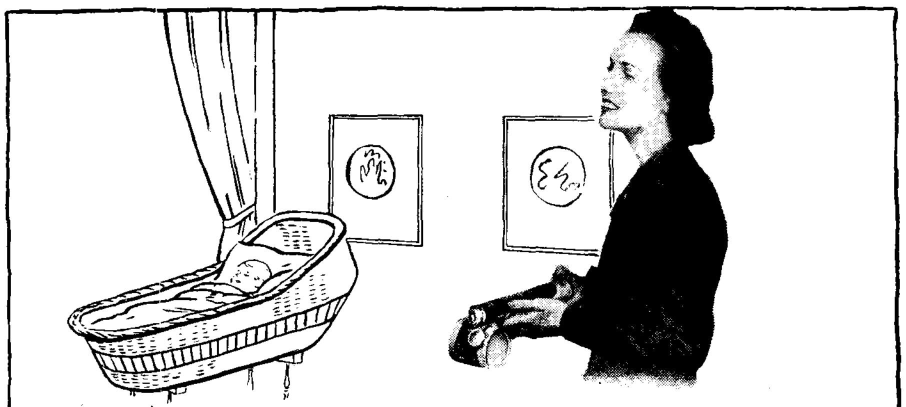
YES, SIR, SHE REMEMBERS... SOMEBODY TELL THOSE FLIES TO SAY THEIR PRAYERS.



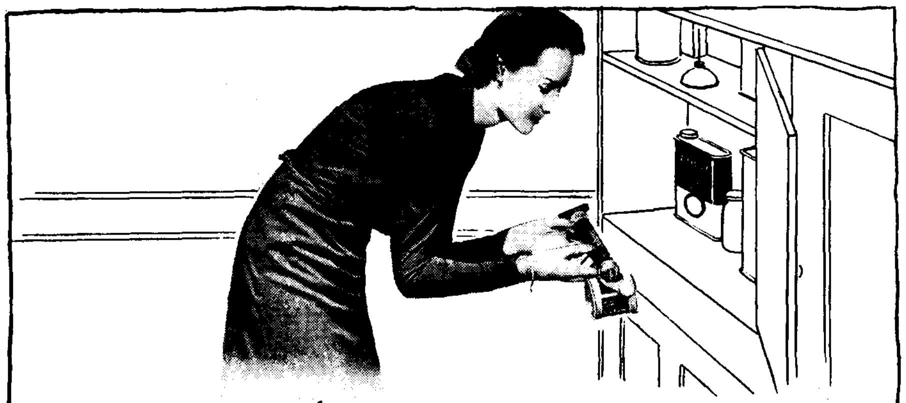
MRS. EATON SENDS A BARRAGE OF GULFSPRAY INTO THE AIR. AS IT SETTLES, THE FLIES TUMBLE, TOO.



LOOK AT THAT, WOULD YOU! EVERY FLY IS DOWN. AND THEY'RE ALL DEAD AS AN OLD ALPHABET BLOCK.



MMM! SMELLS NICE AROUND HERE, TOO. NO "INSECTIDE ODOR" LINGERS. GULFSPRAY'S ONE SPRAY THAT'S PLEASANT TO USE.



MRS. EATON DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT THE REASON GULFSPRAY KILLS INSECTS FASTER AND SURER IS BECAUSE IT CONTAINS MORE PYRETHRINS, THE ACTIVE KILLING-AGENT.

GULFSPRAY WON'T STAIN ANYTHING. AND IT GOES FARTHER. WON'T IRRITATE OR SMART THE EYES OR NOSTRILS. HARMS NOTHING BUT BUGS.

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GULFSPRAY,

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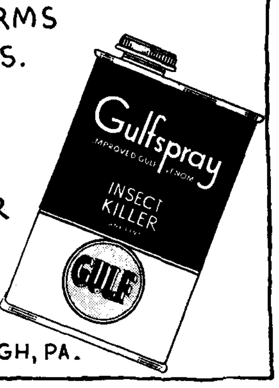
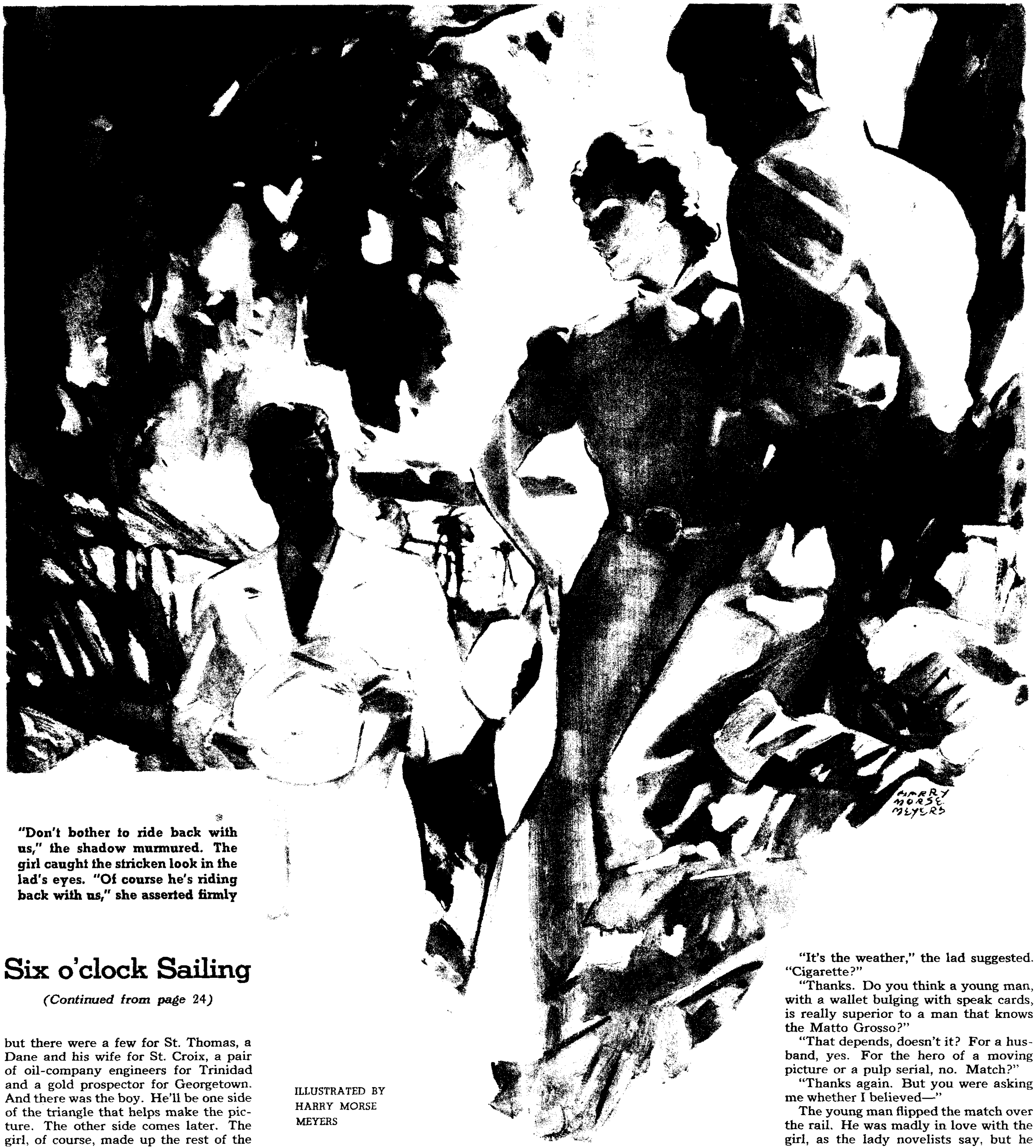




"Don't bother to ride back with us," the shadow murmured. The girl caught the stricken look in the lad's eyes. "Of course he's riding back with us," she asserted firmly

Six o'clock Sailing

(Continued from page 24)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

but there were a few for St. Thomas, a Dane and his wife for St. Croix, a pair of oil-company engineers for Trinidad and a gold prospector for Georgetown. And there was the boy. He'll be one side of the triangle that helps make the picture. The other side comes later. The girl, of course, made up the rest of the geometry. The boy was taking the cruise.

The passengers had no high opinion of him. Full of the latest dance steps and the smart patter of the moment, or what he thought was smart patter. A product of the beginning of the speakeasy era. He was a salesman for a maker of road-making machinery and this vacation trip, though he would deny it, was an event in his life.

And the girl turned it from an event into an epoch. They went to the top deck the night before the ship was due to dock at St. Thomas. The orchestra below was playing something by Victor Herbert. What a man he was! They leaned over the rail and stared down into the white-green soapstone the Malagua's white sides were parting.

"Pamela," said the lad, after they had watched the water below for a matter of a century or two, "do you believe in love at first sight?"

A white bit of gauze floated about the girl's shoulders.

"Mr. Whitethorn asked me that—last night," she said, her head bent low to the rail.

Whitethorn was the prospector on his way to British Guiana. A lean bird with a stiff red mustache who always wore a cummerbund and talked about gold and bauxite, with a dash of diamonds.

The boy laughed. Very sure of himself, this lad, as most on the ship agreed.

"Don't let that black silk band get you," he counseled. "Whitethorn's all right but—"

"But he isn't—really," the girl corrected him with a smile that her bent head hid. "He couldn't get into any of the best speaks, could he? And he probably doesn't know any worth-while headwaiter by name. Or—"

"It's the weather," the lad suggested. "Cigarette?"

"Thanks. Do you think a young man, with a wallet bulging with speak cards, is really superior to a man that knows the Matto Grosso?"

"That depends, doesn't it? For a husband, yes. For the hero of a moving picture or a pulp serial, no. Match?"

"Thanks again. But you were asking me whether I believed—"

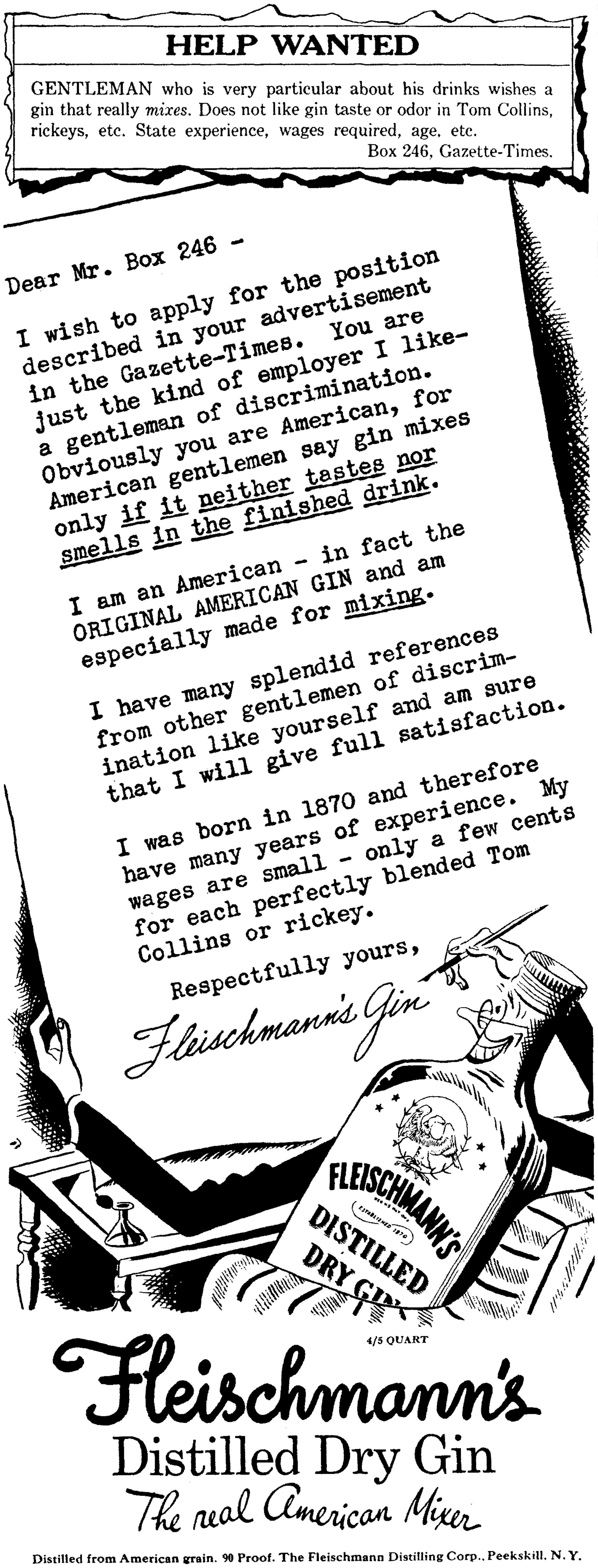
The young man flipped the match over the rail. He was madly in love with the girl, as the lady novelists say, but he was also a wise young man. You can't sell road-building machinery to political contractors without knowing your way around. He knew that the spell that the glittering Dog and Victor Herbert had helped to weave was broken for the moment. Being a pretty young young man he knew a great deal about women.

So he shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly.

"Forget it," he advised.

"That's hardly romantic advice," the girl pointed out. "Shall we go below?"

So down they went. Pamela danced with the bauxite gentleman and the side of our triangle had himself a Scotch and


HELP WANTED

GENTLEMAN who is very particular about his drinks wishes a gin that really *mixes*. Does not like gin taste or odor in Tom Collins, rickeys, etc. State experience, wages required, age, etc.
Box 246, Gazette-Times.

Dear Mr. Box 246 -

I wish to apply for the position described in your advertisement in the Gazette-Times. You are just the kind of employer I like-a gentleman of discrimination. Obviously you are American, for American gentlemen say gin mixes only if it neither tastes nor smells in the finished drink.

I am an American - in fact the ORIGINAL AMERICAN GIN and am especially made for mixing.

I have many splendid references from other gentlemen of discrimination like yourself and am sure that I will give full satisfaction.

I was born in 1870 and therefore have many years of experience. My wages are small - only a few cents for each perfectly blended Tom Collins or rickey.

Respectfully yours,

Fleischmann's Gin

Fleischmann's
Distilled Dry Gin
The real American Mixer

Distilled from American grain. 90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corp., Peekskill, N. Y.

soda, which was his principal object in taking a British boat, and refused to be annoyed. The girl liked him, he knew that. The boat would be cleared of all moving-picture characters and pulp heroes by the time the Malagua slipped away from the yellow mud around Georgetown. The lad had himself another drink and went to play poker in the smoking room. Whitethorn joined the game toward the end. When he got up he was twenty-two dollars out. The lad was nearly fifty dollars ahead. He gave the steward a five-dollar bill. So much for the Matto Grosso. That for a cummerbund.

Whitethorn expected two members of his expedition to join him at Trinidad. Coming up from Rio in a Prince liner. So Whitethorn got off to wait for them. The old gentleman—Pamela's uncle—couldn't stand the heat and toddled back to the tender after lunch. Pamela, Whitethorn and the lad rode out to the Asphalt Lake and then, in the dusk, Whitethorn saw them off for the Malagua. The tender had left and they hired a small boat for two shillings.

Whitethorn waved to them until the light snuffed him out. Pamela and the lad were in the rear, together. The lad spoke first:

"Farewell, romance! Exit the Prisoner of Zenda."

"You're a thoroughly cheap and hateful person," Pamela told him.

"You're the most wonderful girl in the world," the lad assured her with a grin.

"A conceited—"

"Beautiful."

"I hate you! I mean I could hate you if I cared enough—"

"I love you! And I care enough—"

Pamela and the lad were busy at a world-old game.

To give him full credit, it wasn't just a ship flirtation with the boy. She filled his mind and his heart like a pillow full of feathers. His head soared with dreams of the future. Ambition pumped at him. Being a salesman of road-making equipment suddenly seemed small and unimportant. To a man with imagination love is a veritable milk bottle full of adrenalin.

They docked at Georgetown. A saucer of land barely out of the water. Hot land that steams when the rain falls as it does three and four times a day in late January. Shops tumbling over one another with gold ornaments. A fringe of civilization on a shawl whose over-all pattern is jungle green.

THE International Construction Company was raising the sea wall, turning up the edge of the saucer. Same way it handled work at Puerto Cabello, and La Guaira and Colon. And the visit of the Malagua was a play, a moving picture, a book, a newspaper and a letter from home, all bound up in one package, to the Americans on the job. Radio wasn't what it is today. Good but not that good. They swung up the gangplank as soon as they could, as many as could get away. Their lips were gay with many a whistle but their eyes were hungry.

A lad came along with them.

He wore white duck pants and his white shirt was open at the neck. His skin was as brown as a school blotter, darker than the blue of his eyes. He was twenty-six and the tropics hadn't sucked away the bulk of his shoulders or scuttled his energy. He saw Pamela and after that she was all he saw, or ever wanted to see. He looked at his wrist watch and saw that it was two o'clock. The Malagua sailed with the tide. It had to sail in order to sail at all. Heaven closed at six o'clock!

When a boy faces a closing time so close as that, he wastes no precious time. He knew the second officer, a chap named McLachie with a wife and two children in Trenton. Mac introduced him but he warned him beforehand that it was the ship's best guess that the lists were closed.

The boy never even heard him.

How could he with the beauty of her drumming in his ears like the fall of water at Kukenaam or the cataracts above Kaieteur? What did he say when he met her? To this day he doesn't know. Words tumbled from his eager lips like hard candy from a jar, but the only things that made sense with him were the curve of her neck below the ebony of hair, the straight line of the lips when they lifted and the sheer music of the words he never even heard. To men whose feet get cold in bed such words may seem foolish, even silly. But let them dream of the days when their hearts rode too high to be touched by the frost of time.

The girl was not alone. In a dim way the boy realized that. A male to whom he had nodded carelessly, and forgotten. This male reminded the girl that they had a date to go ashore. He stood up and looked pointedly at the lad in white ducks. The girl was slower. She said something about the sights. The boy stood up. A dozen suggestions overflowed from him. The male remarked that their plans were made. The boy never heard him. Why should he? The girl was smiling.

THEY got into an automobile. It was like most cars that are for hire in the tropics. It was of rather ancient vintage and the paint was better than were the springs or motor.

They rode out to the botanical gardens. The boy talked to the girl about the back country. About the source of the Demerara, which was known only to the Indians; of the forest water, dark brown with humus; of the milky-white savannah streams.

He was dimly aware, as a man in a fog is aware, that shadowy shapes are in reality solid things, firmly planted, that beyond the girl, in the back seat, another voice arose. From time to time it asked questions of him. Did he wear a cummerbund? Had he ever read the Prisoner of Zenda? How much did a fellow make in British Guiana running a concrete mixer?

He didn't mind the questions because they seemed to bring new beauty into the girl's cheeks, a warm flow of color under the smooth sheen. An attendant at the garden pitchforked mowed grass into a gigantic maw that the boy explained belonged to a sea elephant. The girl shuddered. Beyond her a voice made a brief comment:

"They run to big mouths down here."

The girl swung around angrily.

"I'm sure their good taste doesn't depend on the size of their mouths," she said heatedly.

But the boy cared nothing for such repartee. He had no time to fret over words, which, as far as he was concerned, came from nowhere. He showed the girl orchids but the rarest specimen dropped out of focus when her hand brushed his. The voice beyond the girl inquired if he had ever been to Luigi's or Number 42. But the girl's voice rushed in to ask about the work and the difficulties of it and what was the name of the disease that turned the dark legs of Negroes into monstrous, unrecognizable shapes.

THE boy told her. He also told her about the swamps and phthisis and the mountains Pacaraima and Merumé, which ride west to east. His watch raced on. The girl's lips were often parted and her eyes bright, dancing with lights that made the male shadow on the left laugh derisively.

He told her about the northern part of the Pacaraima where the sandstone assumes table-shaped forms and waterfalls descend 2,000 feet amid jungle color and quiet.

"It's time we were getting back," the shadow said and for the first time the boy made solid substance of his form. No words dropped from his lips. He looked at the girl. The frank dismay of the urchin who has lost his penny. Cold reality made ice of his blood.

"I'm afraid it is," the girl agreed.

"Don't bother to ride back with us," the shadow murmured. "Thanks for your time and trouble."

The girl caught the stricken look in the lad's eyes.

"Of course he's riding back with us," she asserted firmly.

It was pleasant riding in silence beside her but beyond the mere intoxication of her nearness there was, for the boy, the urgency of saying certain things.

"I—I know it may sound sort of forward of me," he began.

The male voice across the girl spoke: "Forward. You!"

"You were saying—" the girl said quickly.

"I HOPE to be getting back home next summer. I wonder—I mean— That is, would you think I was trespassing too much on your good nature if—if I dropped in to see you?"

"Tell him, Pamela," the voice beyond suggested. "A bit cheeky if you ask—"

"Of course," the girl broke through. She gave him the address, her small jaw set. "You've been very kind," she added.

"It's you that's been kind," the boy said. "Do you believe—"

"In love at first sight?" the voice beyond inquired mockingly. "It's the password of the lodge. You see—"

"—believe you might be interested in hearing more of this place? I—I—mean by—by letter?" The lad's words slowed up. He flushed at the palpable falsity of the reason he gave.

"Pardon me for being in the automobile," said the voice.

"Write, of course," Pamela said.

"My folks live in East Orange," the boy said. "That isn't far from Montclair. I mean—"

"I'll call them if you like," the girl said.

The lad nodded.

"I wish you knew my mother," he said suddenly, then blushed.

"Step on it," the voice directed the colored jehu.

"I'm almost sure to be back next summer."

"I'm almost sure to be in Montclair."

"Would you think I had an awful crust if I told you this has been a wonderful afternoon?"

"Do you tell that to all the tourists?" the voice inquired.

"Pay no attention," the girl began. Then the car took another corner, twisted along with screaming brakes for a dozen feet, then stopped.

"We're here," said Pamela and smiled. She held out her hand.

The lad looked at his watch. They were getting a block ready for the gangplank. "There's a few minutes," he said as his fingers went out. "I mean could we talk here for a few—I know it sounds balmy—"

"Balmy's a weak word," the shadow assured him grimly. "After all, Mr.—Mr.—whatever-your-name-is, there comes a time when the guidebook must be laid away. Goodby again."

Passengers drooped over the rails of A and B deck. Men and women from *ecru* to *jet* hawked loudly, or sat laconically over such widely varied wares as baby alligators and guava jelly, worldly-wise-looking little monkeys for two dollars and fifty cents and tiny, twittering birds. Men shouted and laughed loudly like dark children, stumbling over littered cargo. "Deckers," passengers on the open deck, for Grenada and other islands screamed to gesticulating friends below. The Malagua's asthmatic whistle went into action. The captain was on the bridge, white and bulky.

Other members of the construction-company colony came clattering down the gangplank.

"Goodby," said the girl.

The boy mumbled a reply. It was only seconds to closing time for heaven and there was an important question. He stumbled over it with desperate urgency.

"I—I know it is none of my business. If—if—that is, it may sound like a—a strange and impertinent question but if—if you wouldn't mind—"

A sailor said:

"I'm afraid, Miss—"

The lad raced through with it. "Are you—you engaged?"

"She—" the voice behind her began.

"No," said Pamela steadily.

"Now then," said the voice behind her unpleasantly, "if you will kindly unleash the lady's hand—"

The lad dropped it hastily. For the first time he gave recognition to this presence. His coffee-colored arm went out and the young man beyond Pamela sat down promptly at the feet of the sailor. Then, abruptly he turned away and walked along the quay.

The girl went to the top deck. The orchestra was playing a gay tune for the leaving. A bruised but still confident figure followed her, stood beside her against the rail. The keel of the Malagua started to slip through the ocher water.

Down on the tip of the quay, all alone, stood the lad. He stared up at the girl. She stared down at him. She waved, briefly. He raised his hand and moved it mechanically.

It was a picture that needed no words. An unimportant picture if you take your vitamins in capsules. The color of evening was stealing the brass out of the sky. Before the pilot would slip over the side it would be dark. But the lad would still be standing on the quay because the picture was so terribly important to him. His straining eyes picked up the pin points of light and his ears sought to capture the dying notes of music before he would turn backward toward the still hot days and the low-hanging heat and the whisper of rain and the knowledge, based on bitter experience, that six months might stretch out to a year, or even longer.

It was an important picture to the other lad too, the one standing beside the girl still staring out into the growing dark. Something was stirring in him underneath the wallet containing all the cards of admittance to the best speakeasies.

CAPTAIN DAN HICKEY took a deep pull at his orangeade. "Talking is a dry business," he observed placidly.

I nodded absently.

I looked across at the boy talking to the girl. I looked at Captain Dan with his ramrod back. The smoking room of the Lirigua was filling up as passengers returned. I became the sympathetic philosopher.

"I suppose she finally married a nice boy in Montclair," I observed.

The captain shook his head.

"No," he said, "she married the lad from Georgetown. He was transferred back to the States about four months later. He's out on the San Francisco bridge job now. They have two children—both boys."

"But—"

The captain's blue eyes twinkled. "You are thinking of the other lad? He went home and quit his job selling road-making machinery for a construction job with the International. Hickey was his name."

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OUT here in the sagebrush, men talk a lot about cattle. Cattle talk, here, amounts to shoptalk in town.

The cattlemen can never understand why their women don't seem much interested in all that. When a man has trouble with his wife he goes out and tries to square himself by increasing his cattle, and when she leaves him he decides that he didn't increase them enough. And it's a great mistake.

It's the same mistake Jess McMann made, in the one hour of his life in which he was truly great.

He could have had anything, then, and he knew it. Even the girl. Colette St. Denis had never noticed him much before, but now she was about to marry him, at last. For Jess was the man who had shot it out with Windy Millard.

And yet, Jess McMann knew that he could not go on from there. For Jess, and only Jess, knew one sure thing—that he was a complete fake.

Except for Colette he would have gone on bluffing it out, as he had bluffed it out so far; using his phony reputation to accomplish a lot that needed it. A good deal, in fact, had been accomplished already. Until Windy Millard had hollered his last holler, nobody but Millard men had been able to get anywhere for a long time. Millard had had a way of gathering around him men like himself—coyote-eyed, night-riding men, raffish and violent, with whiskers in their noses. With these riders doing his dirty work, Windy Millard was spreading himself over the open range like a dust storm, making uncouth use of every way there is for a big outfit to harass its small neighbors clean out of existence.

GUN smoke has a peculiar, dizzying smell, unpleasant to many, and no one cared to face it out with Windy Millard through the smoke of the forty-fives.

Then, beside a lonely coulee, Windy Millard drew on young Jess McMann; and two seconds later found himself going over the Great Divide in high.

By one of those flukes which creep into almost every gun fight, Millard was not actually shot. But Millard's horse went down, pitching over the lip of the coulee upon its rider, and getting virtually the same result. Everybody agreed that it was the guts of the thing that counted—Jess McMann standing up to this man whose gun nobody else had dared face.

But the benefits might easily have been lost. Millard's forty-odd men, headed by that twisty little gun thrower, Smoky Smith, would surely have reorganized to carry on.

That was where Jess McMann had stepped forward and made a bluff that astonished himself. What had happened was that the news had been brought in, garbled, by men who had jumped to conclusions. Jess had meant to make known the truth; but when he saw he had been elected hero of the Circle River country he thought of Colette St. Denis, and could not.

Instead, he accepted the credit, and with hoarse shouts he rallied the little ranchers, urging them to have a drink and get mad. He prodded them out, and he got them into their saddles; they turned upon the Millard night riders; and within three short weeks of smoky action they had swept the valley clean.

It was only after the action was over, and when he found himself close to Colette at last, that Jess was ashamed of the fact that he was a fraud and a sham. Against his will, he knew that he was going to have to tell Colette the truth.

And he knew that he was a fool to tell her. He had been trying to catch Colette's attention for a long time, without much luck. To speak out now was to lose her—he knew that.

Yet in the end he decided it was what he had to do.

"Colette," Jess made himself say, "I'm a fraud."

"Sure," said Colette agreeably.

"You're going to be through with me, when I tell you this," he went on. "The whole Circle River country is going to be through with me. I know how much women stake on accomplishment. What a man's good for, what he's accomplished—that means everything to a woman."

"Who told you all that?"

"YOU never could see me at all," he recalled, "until Millard was down."

"Millard? What's he got to do with me?"

"Maybe you've forgotten. But until a little while ago—until I got credit for the shoot-out with Millard—you always looked at me kind of cold."

"Well, you never made a pass at me before."

That bogged him down; but after a minute he pushed on with his story. "Colette," he said, "I never shot it out with Millard at all. Everything I've done since then, I've been doing on false credit. I met Millard in the trail, and he told me to draw. But I wouldn't. He pulled and fired, and the shot scared his horse, and it fell on him. I shot the horse later, because it had a busted leg. But when Millard cashed his chips, I was sitting with my hands up, in the trail."

"With your mouth open," Colette supplied.

"Huh?" Jess was pulled up short. "How's that?"

"I was sitting my pony at the top of the rise," Colette said, "and saw it all."

"Then you knew all the time?"

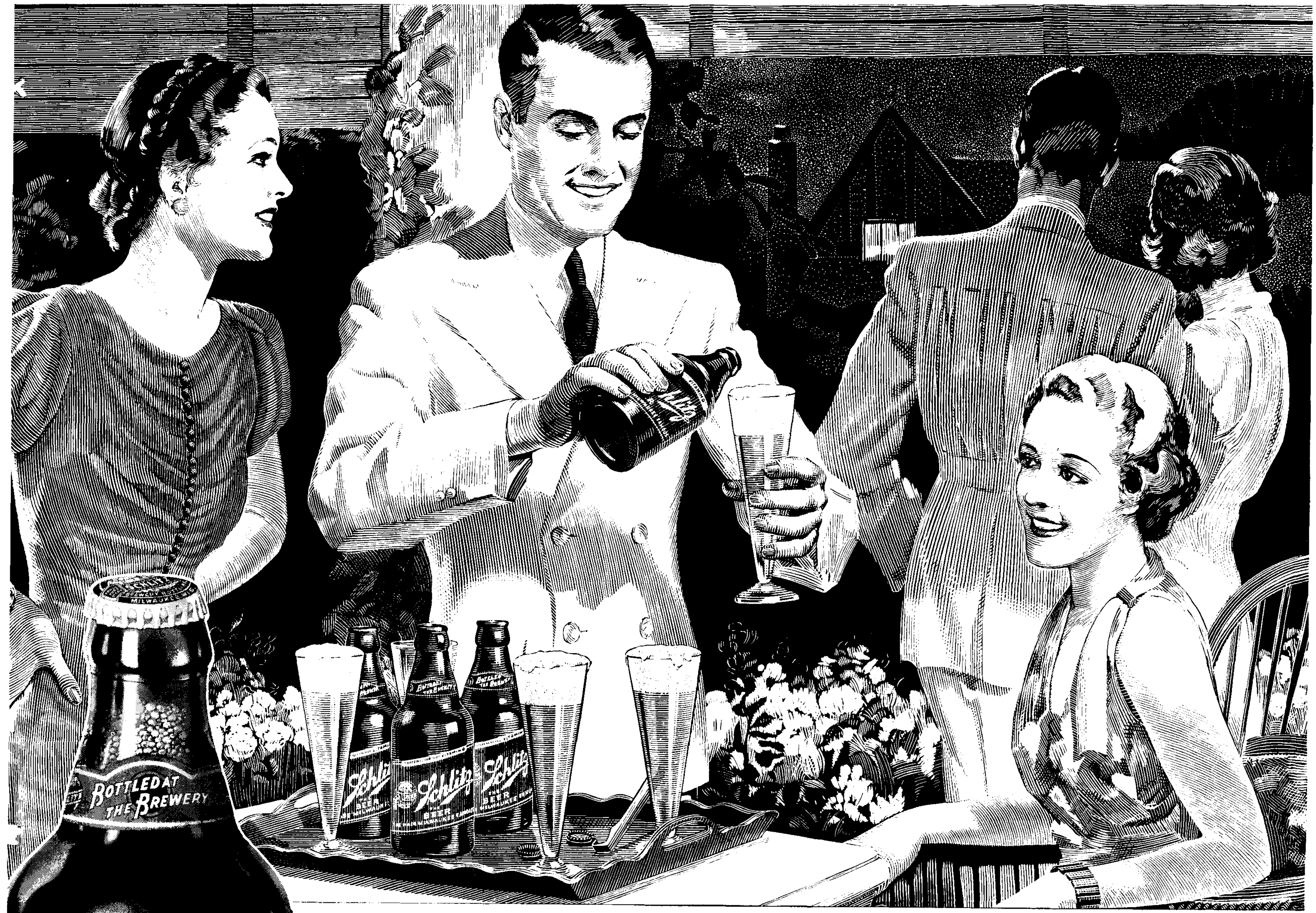
"Naturally."

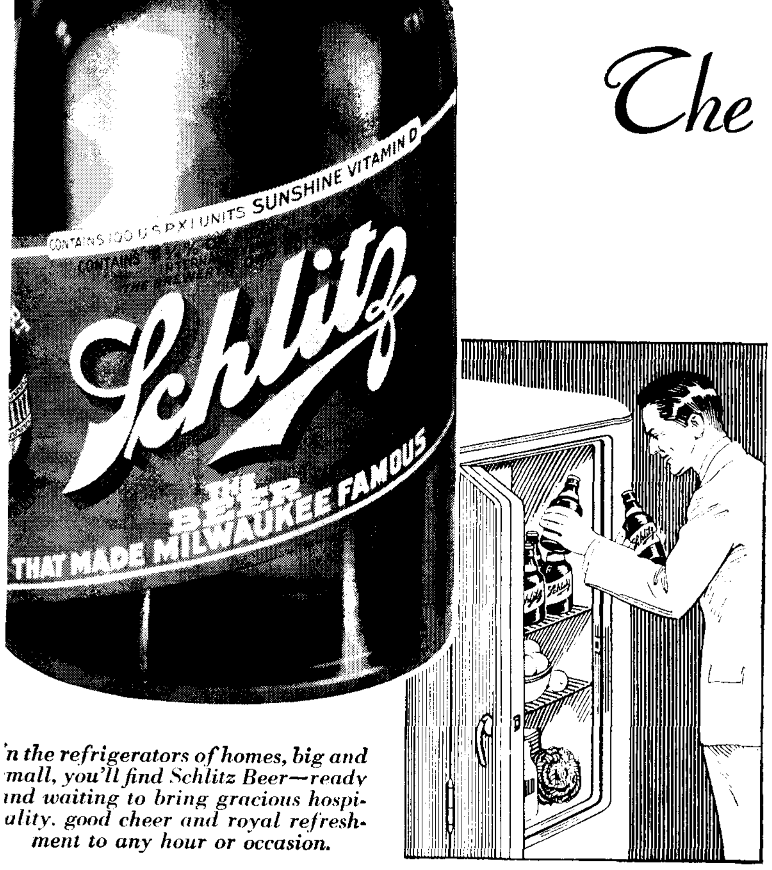
Jess was stunned. "Colette," he said at last, "all I can say is, I didn't go to take all that credit, for something I never done. But after the valley riz up, and I thought what it would mean to the range to clean 'em out, and I thought of the cattle, and I thought of the feed—"

"Now you wait a minute," Colette said. "We might as well have this out, right here and now! I was born and raised in a cattle family. I cut my teeth on a darn' cow's horn. And cattle talk is all I've heard all my life, morning, noon, and night! Can't you ever talk about anything besides the goddelmighty cattle business?"

"I was born and raised in a cattle family," Colette said. "And cattle talk is all I've heard all my life"

The Beer That Made Milwaukee Famous

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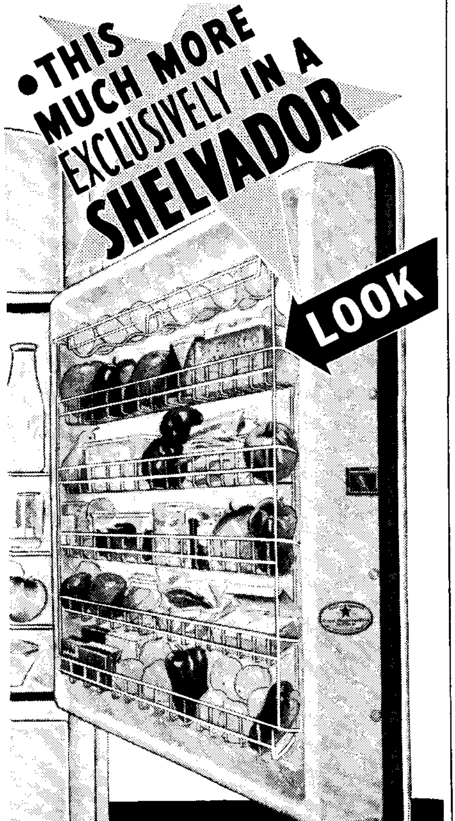

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Continued from page 11

of the boy who hadn't lived. It was suddenly easy for Cornelia to talk to her, and telling her about it was like telling herself about it for the first time. The anguish had dimmed, but the emptiness that remained was even worse to bear; and because it was so hard to bear she could never talk to Andy about it, for it had been his loss, too. Although it seemed a violation of the integrity of their relationship to reveal herself to an utter stranger, Miss Lee, oddly enough, was not like a stranger at all.

"Of course you've got to do something," she agreed with Cornelia when the conversation had resumed a more casual note. "You mustn't just settle back into a rut."

"I know it, but what?" Cornelia begged her. "There just aren't jobs to go round, and the one thing I really want to do is closed to me."

"And that is—?"

Cornelia clasped her hands. "I want to act. Ever since I was a little girl, I've always dreamed of being a great actress."

Miss Lee sighed. "And when that urge is in us, we can never be happy, truly happy, until in some way or other it is expressed."

"I'd do anything!" cried Cornelia impetuously. "I'd be willing just to be a stand-in to begin with."

"But it's so terribly hard, especially in pictures," Miss Lee went on, frowning. "The screen isn't the theater, you know. It isn't what you can do. It's what the camera can see you do. And getting started is terribly hard— Tell me, do you know David Morris?"

Cornelia shook her head. The only people she knew were the casting director's secretaries. "Do you know him?"

Miss Lee's face seemed to light up from within, and her voice took on a strange huskiness when she answered. "He's my best friend, the dearest friend I've ever had."

Cornelia gazed with awe at her. "It must be wonderful—"

"In fact," Miss Lee went on, preening a little, "I'm having dinner with him tonight. He wants to talk to me about a sequence in the von Loben picture."

"A part?" breathed Cornelia, with her eyes wistful and envious.

"A part for the school."

"For the *school?*"

Miss Lee nodded. "Trust David to pioneer. They need some classroom scenes, and he wants to use normal, regular school children in the normal, regular routine of a school day instead of the spoiled brats off the extra lists."

"But won't that mean that you'll be in it, too?"

Miss Lee smiled happily. "Yes, I will. There'll be a scene or two written for me. I almost have a feeling that David's doing this to give me a chance to stage a comeback. You see, it will be my first appearance since sound."

"How thrilling!" exclaimed Cornelia.

"It's a great secret," Miss Lee hastened to warn her. "I shouldn't have told you. The industry" (she used the word with weight) "doesn't like to have its thunder stolen."

"I won't say a word," promised Cornelia earnestly.

ABOUT two weeks later, Andy came home one evening and found Cornelia in the midst of a voluminous correspondence, with Jennifer-Jenny glued to her side and breathing down her neck while she watched. Stacks of small square envelopes, already addressed and sealed, lay neatly to one side on the desk, and Andy had only to glance at the gaily colored invitation which Cornelia was filling out to know what was afoot. He leaned down and kissed both his daughter and his wife, nuzzling his cold nose into their necks and making them squeal.

"I'm having a party," said Jennifer.

"How nice of you; for my birthday?" queried Andy, who was going to be thirty-one the following day.

This struck Jennifer as being very funny. She doubled up. Her capacity for mirth was always a surprise and an enchantment. Laughter would roll over her in gusts and shake her little body and chase across her small serious face, transforming it completely into crinkling hilarity. Andy alone, and occasionally Cornelia, knew the secret of evoking merriment in her. It never failed to fill them with delight. They smiled at each other now as Jenny wiped the tears out of her eyes and hiccoughed helplessly, saying:

"Oh, excuse me—"

"Don't start her off again," warned Cornelia. "No, but seriously, Andy, we're celebrating Jennifer's birthday a little ahead of time. . . ."

ANDY nodded gravely. He had expected something of the sort. Cornelia was lonely, and she wanted friends, the right kind of friends. It was going to be her party, in some subtle way, even more than it was going to be Jennifer's party.

"It always helps break the ice in a new school," she continued earnestly. "I'm going to have it just as I can. Make everything myself, but even so, it will cost quite some. Thirty children, you see."

Andy whistled.

"You can't leave any out. I'm inviting the kindergarten and the lower grades en masse."

"Need some extra money?"

"No, thanks. You've been having the same leg of lamb for three days and tomorrow you're going to have creamed turkey on toast made out of it."

"That's all right with me," said Andy good-naturedly. "Only don't kill yourself—it isn't worth it."

"Yes, it is," said Cornelia contentedly.

For days following, the house was littered with ribbons and crepe papers and paints, and both Jennifer-Jenny and Cornelia were in a pleasant dither of excitement. On the morning of the party they were up at sunrise.

"Oh, it's going to be a lovely day, Mummy!" called Jennifer-Jenny in a loud whisper from her room.

"Isn't it though! Shhh—don't wake Daddy. . . ."

"I'm awake—what do you think?" mumbled Andy. "Go back to bed, you goops!"

He ate his breakfast off a tray and was invited not to return for lunch. "If you do, you'll get sandwich crusts, with bits of lettuce and paste stuck to them. But be sure to come home before the party's over, not later than five," she begged him. "You must, really, Andy, I mean it."

"Oh," said Andy. "So you want to show me off."

"How did you guess? You are handsome, darling; didn't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it."

She threw her arms around him and hugged him tightly. "You're such a satisfactory idiot."

"Love me?"

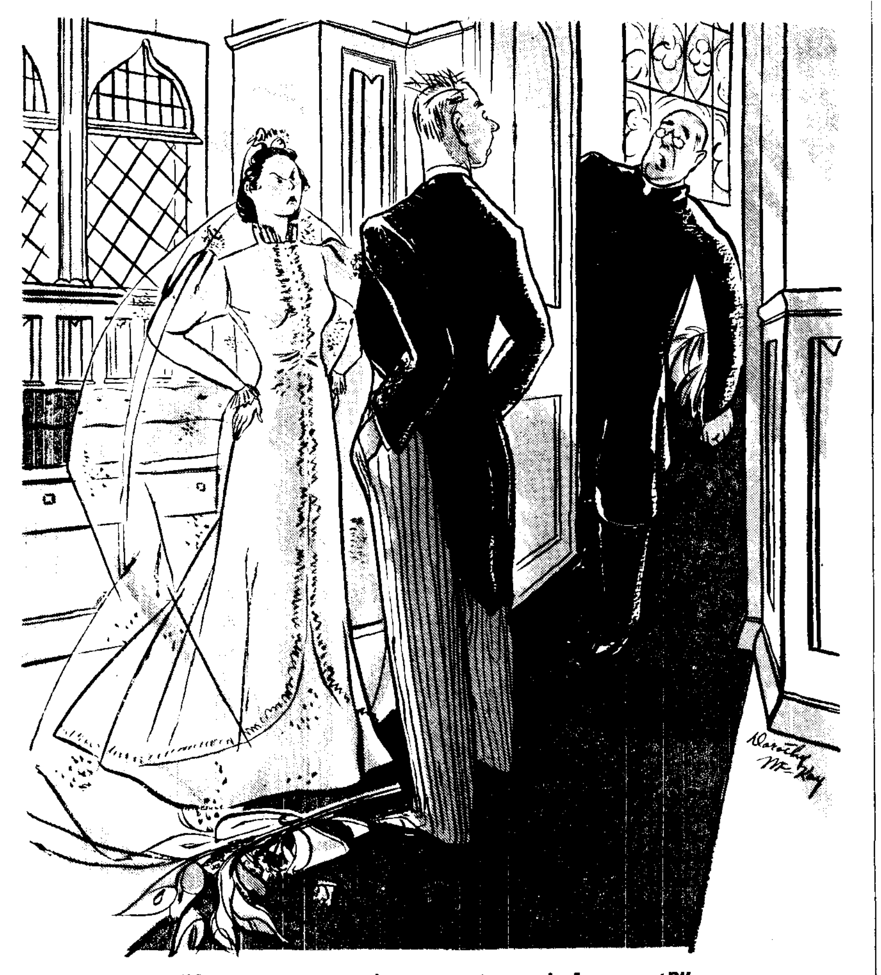
"Nuts about you."

"Happy?"

"Busting."

He thought, with gratitude, that she was nearer to being her old self than she had been for months. It took so little to make her happy.

By the same token, it took so little to plunge her into the depths of despondency and self-distrust. He curtailed his clinic hours that afternoon and, as he



"Are you two going to get married, or not?" DOROTHY MC KAY

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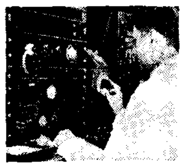

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had promised her, arrived home shortly after five o'clock. As he turned the corner he was a little surprised to see no evidences of festivity on the block. There was a bakery wagon, with bells on, and the ordinary number of small cars parked as usual. Funny, he thought, not a limousine in a carload.

He drew up before the house. It was quiet and empty as a tomb. He leaped out of the car and hurried up the walk. Still not a sound. Swiftly he let himself in with his latchkey. From the doorway, he could see into the living room. Gladiola, the good-natured but half-witted colored girl (just back from a long siege of Jennifer's measles), hurried past him. The living room was empty, except for Jenny, who was sitting in the middle of the floor in her party dress, playing absently with an elaborate musical toy, the tinkling tune sounding a note of macabre gaiety in the somber room. She heard his step and scrambled to her feet. She ran to him, flinging herself into his arms.

"Hey, where's the party? What happened?"

"Nobody came," said Jenny. "I mean, only three came, and they went home right after they had some ice cream."

"Oh," said Andy slowly. "I see."

"Millicent came, though," continued Jenny. "And brought me this carrousel."

"That was very nice of Millicent," said Andy quietly. "Millicent must be a nice little girl."

He sat down on the edge of the sofa and drew her between his knees. "Where's Mother?"

"Upstairs."

"Who were the other children who came?"

"I don't remember their names. Kenneth was one, I think."

"Why didn't they stay longer?"

"They didn't like it. They wanted to go swimming in the swimming pool."

Andy's lip twitched. "I see. What did you say?"

Jenny kept twisting the button on his coat. He let her do it, although he did not like to have his buttons twisted. "What did you say?" he repeated gently.

"I told him we used the bathtub," she said.

"Good for you!"

"Then he wanted to know if Mummy was my governess—he was a funny boy," she added reflectively.

"A very funny boy," agreed Andy. "I think I'll run upstairs and say hello to Mummy."

"All right," said Jenny.

She sat down on the floor again and the tune began once more. Andy turned at the door:

"Jenny—"

She looked up at him.

He cleared his throat. "I wouldn't say much about the party to Mummy. Tell her you liked it—"

Jenny said simply, "I did."

"Good for you!" said Andy again.

He found Cornelia lying across her bed, with her head buried in the pillow. He sat down beside her and drew her in his arms. There was no need of saying anything.

CORNELIA took Jennifer to school the next morning, prepared to speak her mind to Florabel, although Andy had advised her that the most dignified thing to do would be to ignore the entire incident as if it had never happened. "You have to be fair," he had argued with her. "These kids are blasé—they're probably invited to a dozen parties every month."

"Well, they'll never be invited to one of mine again," Cornelia had replied with blazing eyes.

Nevertheless, she forgot all about her grievance the minute she came within sight of the school. "What are those big wagons for?" asked Jennifer, as Cornelia stopped short with a little gasp.

"They're sound trucks!" Cornelia cried. "For goodness' sake, they must be going to shoot those scenes today!" She started to run so fast that Jennifer could scarcely keep up with her. "I only hope they're not, though," she threw out, "you've got your oldest dress on!"

At the gate, they had to climb over a maze of wires and a clutter of reflectors. The whole school was in an uproar. There was no one to ask what it was all about. Florabel was dashing about in a frenzy of excitement, looking, thought Cornelia, like an over-baked Filipino with a deep tan grease paint on her face.

SOMEONE pushed against her as she stood there, gaping. "Please! Out from my way."

It was Fritz von Loben. Cornelia recognized him because he was just like the photographs she had seen of him in the magazines. Only from a picture, it was hard to realize how really different he looked from other human beings. His shiny, close-cropped bullet head was thrust forward like that of a mongoose, and he wore a monocle. From his chin down, he was a riot of contradictory self-expression—a brown polo shirt, with a red-checked scarf tucked in at the neck, riding breeches of green tweed, and highly polished laced boots. As he turned from her, his bristling importance was a little compromised by the fact that his pants, from the rear, had a tendency to assume the generous sag of an elephant's stern. Cornelia wanted to smile and at the same moment gasp with joy for her nearness to this remote genius whose direction she so profoundly admired.

He waved his arm to clear a camera angle and she and Jennifer stumbled back obediently over a tangle of equipment. He screwed his black monocle into one eye and squinted the other shut. "Imbossible. Is all imbossible. A crazy man's idea. Lights all wrong, children all wrong, setting all wrong. And why shouldn't? Is not a von Loben picture? Always nothing easy. Was ever an artist with good materials? No!"

An assistant director yawned and seated himself in a near-by camp chair, waiting for von Loben to deliver himself of these meditations. Jennifer, soon losing interest, picked up two pebbles and began inexpertly to juggle them while Cornelia stood, an eager, wistful spectator to everything that went on.

One of the pebbles skittered across the cement walk and hit von Loben in the leg. He wheeled sharply. He didn't like interruptions. He saw Jennifer and grunted. Suddenly his head went out, in its mongoose fashion, and he came over and squatted before her, and again there was the ritual of screwing the black monocle into his eye. He studied her for a long moment and she gazed at him frankly and gravely in return.

Cornelia was mortified. This was one of Jennifer's off days. She could change like the weather, and today she not only looked particularly wan but she had spilled milk on her dress at breakfast, causing the cotton material to dry in an unsightly blister.

Von Loben's face, however, showed no expression, either of criticism or approbation. He rose, and said blandly. "A type. Will do. She is poor child. Not much chance in life. Comes from nowhere. But is coming." He jerked his head and exploded into a sudden bark, "Make-up!"

A man with a tray in his hands rushed to von Loben's side and stood silently at attention. Cornelia wanted desperately to explain about Jennifer—she wasn't a poor child at all, she was the daughter of Dr. Andrew Lane, but how could anyone know that this was to be the day for taking pictures? Lucky that she herself had worn her good suit and fur piece, and had had a fingerwave on Saturday for the party. She pulled her

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HOW can I earn an extra income?

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hair a little forward on the left side, and powdered her nose. But von Loben didn't notice. He was busy smearing Jennifer's face with grease paint.

He plastered some of the stuff on her hands, and then let her own imagination go to work. She did a good job of messing herself up. The final indignity was when he carelessly wiped his hands on her skirt and, as an afterthought, ran his still greasy finger down her cheek. "Gut. Gut," he muttered to the assistant director, who had approached. "Always in the background, she is. Remember that. Never up front to the camera. Always walking away from things."

Cornelia wanted to go somewhere and cry, but Jennifer did not know that she had been insulted. She was walking off by herself as von Loben had dictated. But it was her way, thought Cornelia proudly, and not because she was poor.

As though to add to her discomfiture, a long, foreign car rolled up, and a child who looked like a French fashion plate was assisted to the ground by the chauffeur. Von Loben observed her from afar and then his gaze caught Cornelia. He darted up to her, head thrust forward. "You would like to be in pictures?" He did not wait for her to answer but seemed to know the way her heart turned over in her breast. "Excellent. What I am looking for. You are mother of this rich child. Perfect. An inspiration. Assistant director! Make-up!"

FROM that moment on it was all a dream. Vaguely, she remembered Florabel's sibilant whisper, cutting into space, "*He noticed you! It's your chance!*"

Cornelia's knees were weak beneath her. She forgot Jennifer, she forgot everything. The blunt, short fingers of the make-up man were angel's wings that bore her up to heaven. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was a different person—mysterious, glamorous, provocative.

"Everybody this way!"

It was a grueling, tiring ordeal for the school, but Cornelia found it completely thrilling and breath-taking. True, everything had to be done time and again, and there were momentary fireworks when one of the children sneezed in the middle of a perfect scene. Von Loben paced back and forth and mouthed German enormities about his trials, while everyone stood still and waited until he called, "*Camera.*" Then they went on with the shooting.

Cornelia put her heart and soul into every movement. From time to time, she wanted to reassure Jennifer and tell her that it wasn't because people didn't like her that she was put off in a corner. But Jenny didn't seem unhappy about it. She was just being herself as usual, and for the most part playing contentedly alone.

Directly after luncheon Baby Kitty, the famous child star, arrived in two limousines for a few group shots with the other children. Florabel explained in an aside that most of her scenes would be done in the studio.

Mrs. Edwards, Baby Kitty's mother, was also in the entourage, which consisted of a dresser, a maid, a special make-up artist and a private guard. She was a gimlet-eyed, overfed-looking woman, suspicious and dominating. She wanted this and she wanted that for her daughter.

Baby Kitty took the color of her mother's attitude. She was an arrogant little thing, thoroughly spoiled and demanding. "I'd like to spank her," thought Cornelia, "and I'd adore to push Mamma Cat right in the face."

When it was time to go home, the make-up man offered to assist Cornelia to remove her make-up. But she wanted Andy to see her in her professional guise. She cleaned up Jennifer, however, and promised to bring her to school in the same dress the following day.

Of all nights, Andy had to be late. Cornelia almost froze, waiting out on the porch for him. At last he came. She pulled him into the living room, pushed him into a chair, and then walked about him like a mannequin.

"You look like a sunburned hell," he commented. "What's it all about?"

Jennifer-Jenny made a flying leap into her father's lap.

"Ouch, you young devil!"

"Don't you see it, Mummy's a moving-picture actress, Daddy!"

They could talk of nothing else during dinner. "It must have been fun," Andy joined in sympathetically.

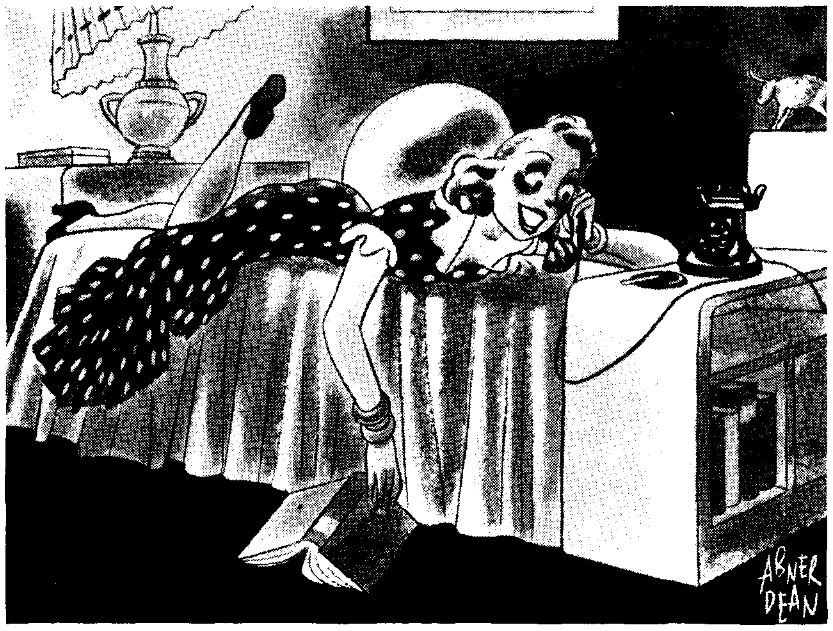
"It was fascinating!"

He felt an undercurrent which told him that it was more than just a casual experience for Cornelia. Later, he watched her before her dressing table. She was studying herself in the glass before attacking her make-up.

"Hurry up and get that stuff off so I can kiss you," he called as he started for the bathroom.

When he did kiss her, her thoughts seemed elsewhere. He was aware of her, alive and wakeful in the bed, and as he slipped off to sleep he decided that it was probably all a very good thing for her. It got a lot out of her system.

(To be continued next week)



"I'm so glad you called! I was just going to read a book"

ABNER DEAN

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Drive On

A GOOD motorcar is a pleasant possession. The wide world calls these bright June days. It is fun to be out on the road bound for new places or even just traveling.

It has not taken us long to get used to the motorcar. Forty years ago it did not amount to much more than a hope and a dream. Men and women still in vigorous middle life drove the first marketable cars.

When we found the new engines would run and the new buggies would actually take us there and bring us back, we adopted the motorcar. We were lucky both in the manufacturers who tried to interest us in their new wares and also in our own traditions.

American motorcar manufacturers sought to sell everybody. Europeans thought automobiles were luxuries for the few and the rich. It was their mistake. Our national tradition of equality helped us. Many of us were flattered when it was first suggested that we might own an automobile. We quickly got over that. The motorcar became an essential tool in our scheme of living.

It has remade our civilization. That is no exaggeration. The automobile made practicable modern suburbs and even modern sports. How long would golf survive without motorcars? We redistributed ourselves and our homes after we learned about automobiles. We rebuilt our schools. We changed our eating habits.

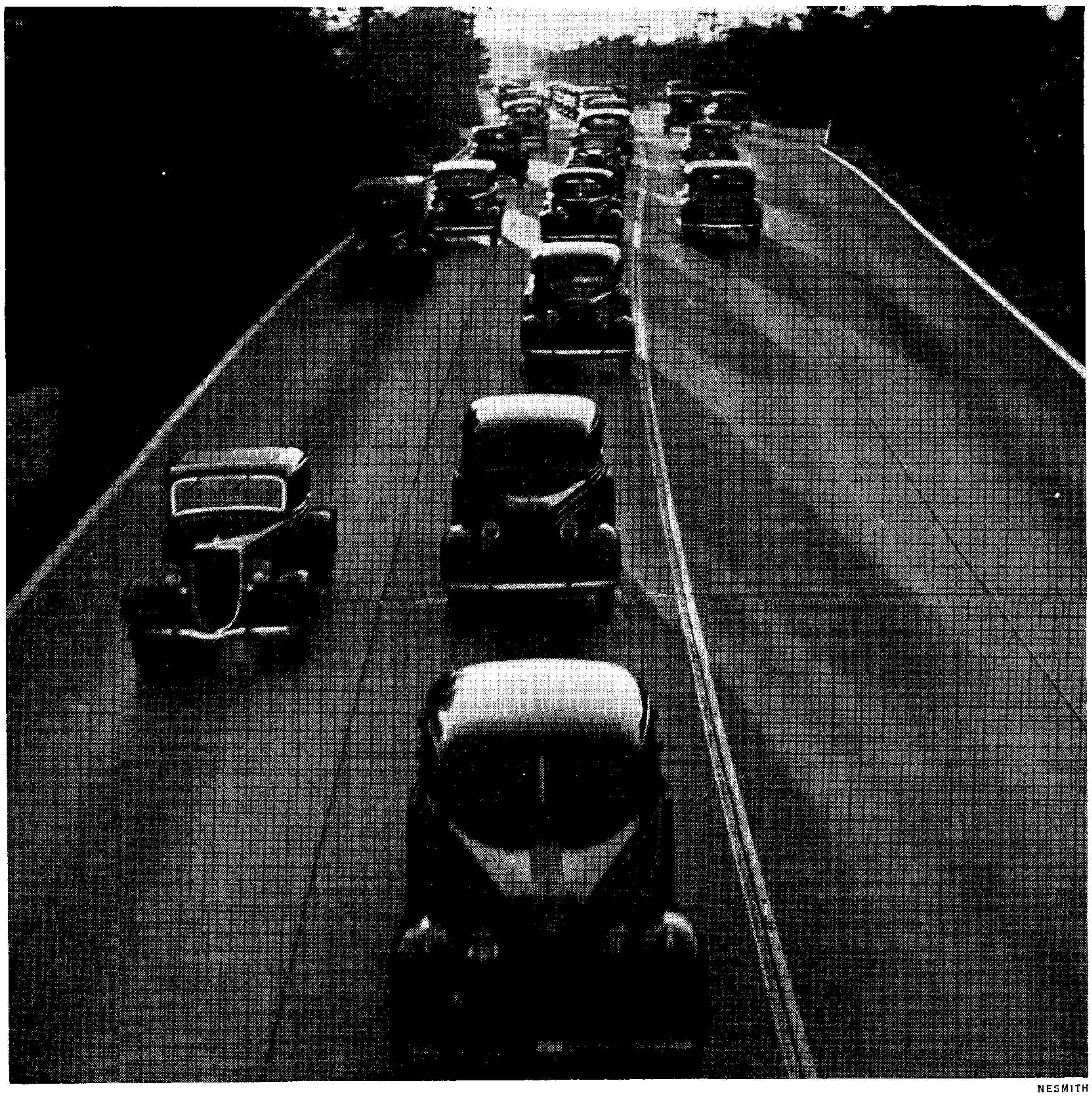
We lost our isolation. It is hard to find a spot now toward which some enterprising motorist is not pointing the nose of his motorcar. Hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of us now have taken to trailers. Not contented with mere travel, we want to live on wheels.

Forty years ago not many people were paying much attention to the possibilities of the automobile. A few mechanically-trained men of inventive turns of mind were experimenting in barns and machine shops. They had no grandiose expectations. The most they hoped for was to make a vehicle which would run and which could be profitably sold.

None of these inventors and none of the investors and speculators had any notion of changing anything of public importance. All they wanted to do was to sell at a profit what they made. It was as simple as that.

Now look at it. As you drive along the road [illegible] the way to work or pleasure listen to your [illegible]orcar. Forget the squeaks or engine noises, [illegible]ere are any, and whether you should ask the service man to attend to this or that. Just take a good long look at your automobile and try to place it in this civilization.

As an American yours is just one of some 28 million automobiles registered this year. We have the vast majority of all the motorcars built, 70 per cent of the entire world supply. Many of them, incidentally, seem to be crowded on that particular bit of road you wanted to use last Sunday afternoon.


NESMITH

The motorcar is more than our biggest business; it has been the most compelling force in shaping the world we live in

This toy, gadget and dream engine of forty years ago is now the biggest business in America. One out of every ten of us has a job which in some way is dependent on the motorcar.

We have heard a lot about technological unemployment, about abolishing jobs because of the improvement in machinery. Some of what we heard was true. But look at it in perspective. Last year not less than 6,225,000 Americans had jobs because of the automobile. That is something in any nation's economy.

Not every one of these millions was engaged in the actual manufacture of motorcars. About 400,000 of them were working on the highways and roads. Others were drilling oil wells or working in filling stations. Some were digging coal and raising cotton and tapping rubber trees in far-off Pacific islands. All for the motorcar.

You would be amazed if you attempted to recall the role which your motorcar plays in American industry and world trade. A fourth of the cement produced goes to making roads for your car. The automobile demands more plate glass, more steel, more leather, more mohair—we shall sound like the census if we go on—than any other industry.

Nobody planned or even foresaw any of this. Like Topsy, the motorcar just growed. Think about the differences between the lives of your parents and those of your children or of yourself. How much of the difference is due fairly to the motorcar and how much to the statesmen or politicians?

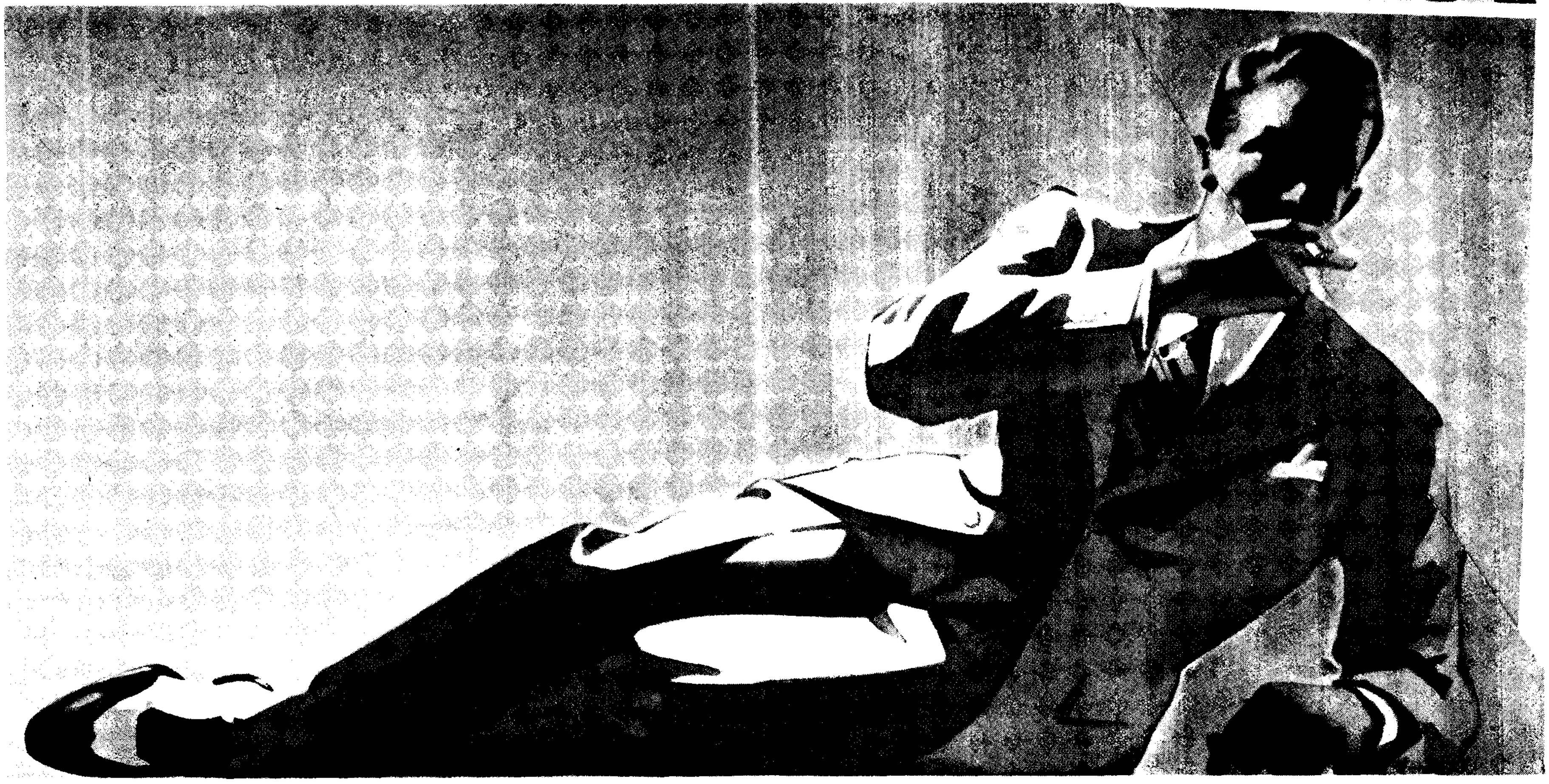
Nor need this comparison be used to belittle the statesmen and politicians. They are not much better or worse than the rest of us. But they are much less important in the history of American progress than are some other citizens who were attending strictly to what they regarded as their own business.

Samuel Morse, the New England painter who invented the telegraph, did a lot more to change the course of history than, for example, Andrew Jackson, the old fire snorter, who seemed so menacing to the good people of his time and so saintly to the subsequent politicians who wanted a durable political idol.

We are no more prophetic than our fathers were but it is a safe guess that some boy or girl of imagination will invent some other tool of such utility that it may take its place in history alongside the telegraph, the telephone, the radio, the motorcar, the motion picture and the airplane.

These are the things which have changed our material environment. Environment, in the long run, is much more influential than even the most persuasive oratory. Enjoy your drive and listen to your motorcar. In miniature its story is the record of our modern civilization. We may be moving blindly but we are getting along.

SETTING THE PACE IN VALUE



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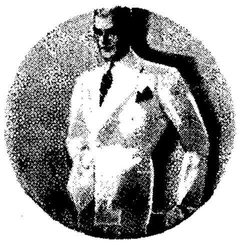
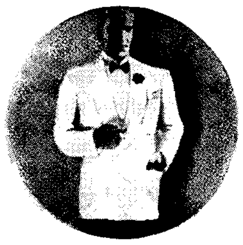


FOR VACATIONS

The new drape model...*in Palm Beach white, with easy breadth and slenderized waist line. Shown in several new white weaves...all cool and shape retaining.*



FORMAL WEAR

The Palm Beach Dinner Formal. *White single or double breasted Tux...with black Tux trousers. Shape retaining, comfortable, correct. $18.50.*

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These smart sport models *give the body free play. Shown in new checks, glens and pastel tones. The clever Slacks are $5.00...the new self belted Sandbags, $6.50.*

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These darker Palm Beach Suits *are ideally cool for business or travel. Blues, grays, tans and browns. In Bradford and Harlequin stripes and solid shades.*

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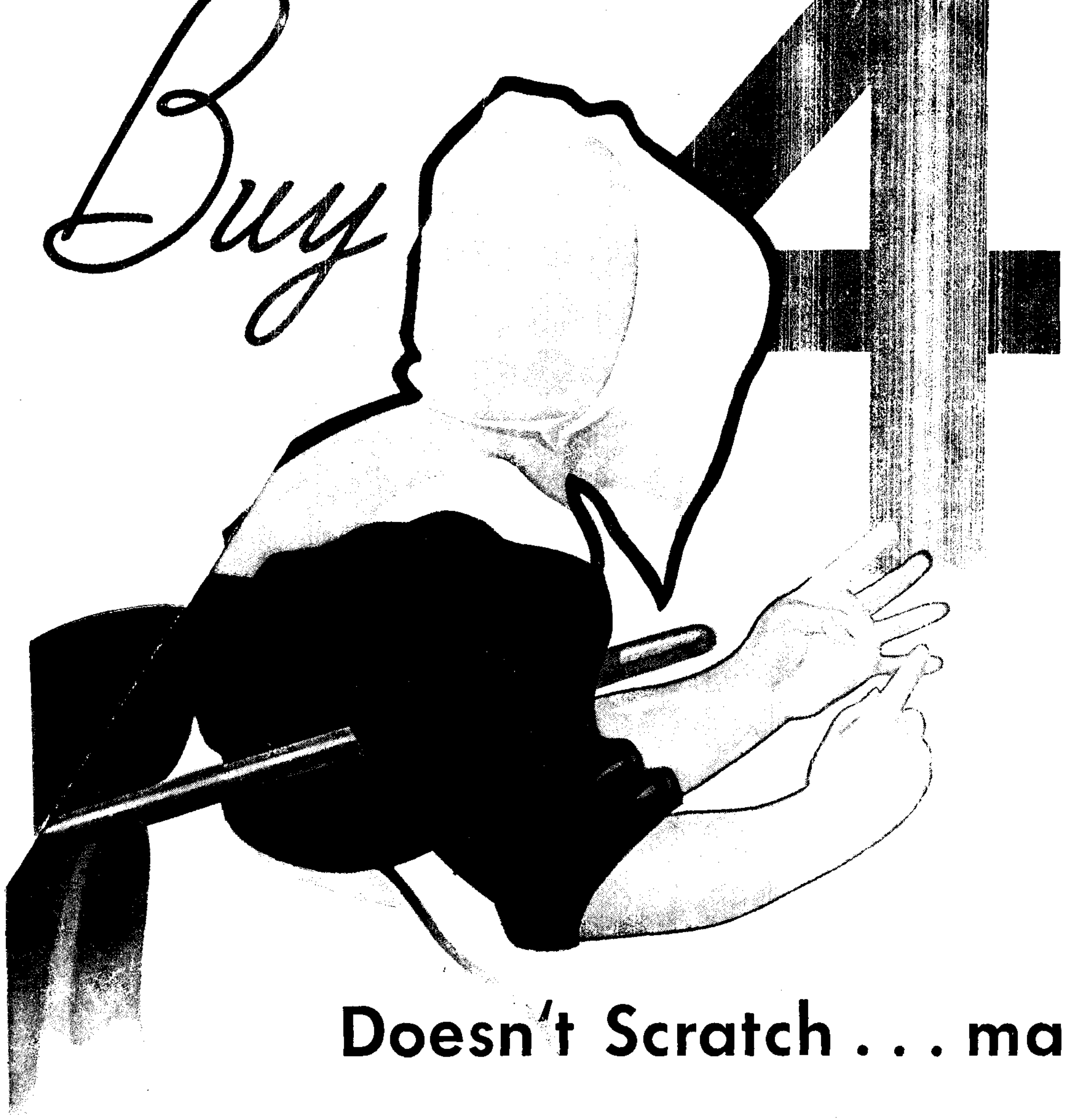

one for the bathroom

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one for the laundry

one for the garage

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BATHROOM

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KITC

LAUNDRY

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"YOU'VE NO IDEA HOW HANDY OLD DUTCH IS IN THE GARAGE. It's swell to have a package of my own that's always there where and when I need it. And that's often, because there's nothing else like Old Dutch for cleaning white sidewall tires, wheels, brigh metal, windshields an windows. It gets the (and grease off my han in a jiffy, too."

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